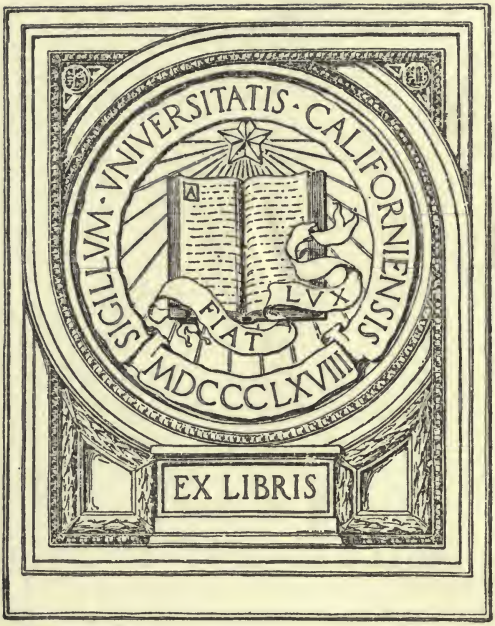
The Mexican Southland



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A Plantation Scene near Tehuantepec

THE MEXICAN SOUTHLAND

By Kamar Al-Shimas
Celebrated Persian Philosopher and Traveler

An account of the author's wanderings upon, and of the plants, animals, people, commerce and industries of the Isthmus of Tehuantepec.

Illustrated

Fowlor, Indiana
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1922

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DEDICATED

TO

EUNICE

THE

CHILD OF MY HEART

TRANSLATOR'S FOREWORD.

It is with a feeling of deep satisfaction that I lay down my pen upon having translated from the original Persian the last line of Kamar Al-Shimas' great work on southern Mexico; for not only is the field one hitherto uncovered by any writer, but the work itself is of such exceptional value, the author's insight into local conditions is so profound, that in making the translation I can not but think I have conferred a special favor upon all lovers of Mexico.

As to the form of translation, I have thought it in the best interests of all concerned that it be phrased in the most approved modern diction, in a few places only, where the expression was peculiarly happy, preserving the antique phraseology of the venerable author. In these few instances I feel sure a discriminating public will approve my action.

Not much need be said on behalf of the original work, which speaks for itself. The field, as has been noted, is in large measure a new one. While the American reading public is annually deluged with a fresh assortment of books upon Mexico, these books are invariably either limited to the northern or central parts of the republic, or are superficial accounts of the whole country written by some globe trotter who has seen much and noted little. Only occasionally are as much as a dozen pages devoted to the Isthmus of Tehuantepec. On the other hand the work of our master deals exclusively with southern Mexico. Nor is this its only merit; the author's style is in pleasing contrast with the flamboyant, would-be-witty style which characterizes so many travel books of the day. His words are packed with information and no attempt is made to hide a paucity of matter beneath a superabundance of phrases.

It will be noted that certain of the chapters are written largely for those who are looking to Mexico as a field for investment. It is now three years since the author left the Isthmus, but he has ever since kept up an extensive correspondence with friends residing there, thus keeping in close touch with the economic and commercial situation. Immediately before the translation went to press a conference was had between us and all changes noted, so that, with one exception, the reader has in the following pages an up-to-date summary of conditions on the Isthmus.

That exception relates to the matter of brigandage. At the translator's suggestion the author, for the purpose of making the narrative more vivid, has incorporated several accounts of bandit outrages. The bandit then loomed large upon the Isthmus of Tehuantepec, but let the reader not on this account assume that brigandage is a permanent institution in those parts. Time was when Mexico was as well ordered as any country in Europe, and under the able administration of the reorganized government conditions have been rapidly improving and it will not be long before brigandage is once more a thing of the past.

While distinctively a travel book, the chief value of the work lying in the insight which it gives us into present-day conditions upon the Isthmus of Tehuantepec, its usefulness is greatly enhanced by the history of the Zapotec Indians recounted in the last twelve chapters. This history cannot but prove of special value to the large class of readers who are interested in the legends and folk-lore of our Indian races.

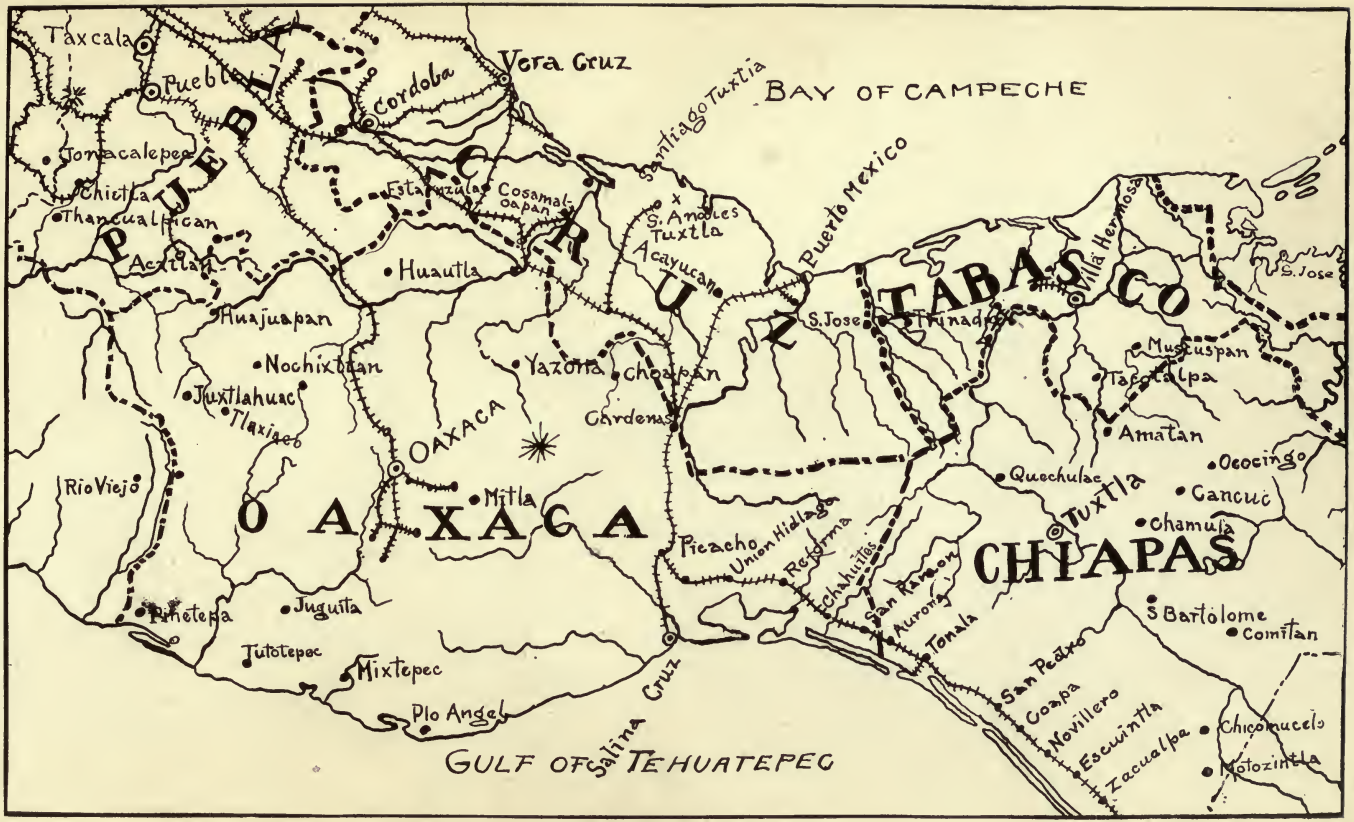
January, 1922.

THE TRANSLATOR.

FROM KAMAR AL-SHIMAS TO OMAR THE SON OF ABDULLAH.

As I promised ere we parted at Ispahan, even that I would write thee concerning my wanderings and describe the strange lands through which I might pass, so now I am sending thee a full account of my life in southern Mexico, wherein it was my lot to sojourn during the year 1918 of the Christian era. In going to Mexico it was my intention to visit the various cities of the Isthmus of Tehuantepec and the State of Chiapas, but there is no Might and there is no Majesty save in Allah, the Glorious, the Great and my plans came to naught. Disturbed political conditions and the consequent difficulties of travel prevented my visiting Chiapas. But I had ample opportunity to look over Tehuantepec, Salina Cruz, and the other cities of the Pacific plain of the Isthmus and to study the strange customs of the unbelievers who dwell in those parts. It was my habit to leave Salina Cruz and visit one of the other cities of the plain every Sunday (which is kept as a feast-day by the infidels) and thus I got me full knowledge of the land and its people, and lo, I have preserved it for thee, O son of Abdullah, in the first ten chapters of the following work. The remaining twelve chapters are of a different nature, being the semi-legendary history of the Zapotecs as it is found in the works of Burgoa, Gay, Del Valle, and Gracida, and now for the first time translated from the original Spanish.

KAMAR AL-SHIMAS.



The Isthmus of Tehuantepec

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The Mexican Southland

The Mexican Southland.

Chapter 1

SALINA CRUZ.

As your ship beats eastward along the southern coast of Oaxaca the scene continually changes yet is ever the same. Mountain succeeds mountain, seemingly without end, for you are coasting the Switzerland of America, the home of those rugged mountaineers, the Zapotecs who for so many generations successfully withstood the conquering armies of Tenochtitlan. Fold on fold the ridges sweep away toward the interior, rising ever higher to where on the distant horizon the mountain monarchs sit, their peaks rising to heights of ten and twelve thousand feet and bathed in that pearly light which renders the Mexican cordilleras so uniquely beautiful.

From these mountains, after you pass Puerto Angel eastbound, transverse ridges stretch toward the sea, ending in bold promontories, and between each pair of promontories nestles a bay. The last of these headlands before reaching the plains of Tehuantepec are Salina Cruz and Ventosa points. Between them, partly sheltered from the northern gales, lies the port of Salina Cruz.

The only natural feature of this port which is worthy of note is Salina Cruz Point, a bare granitic promontory rearing its head some two hundred feet above the sea. Capped by the harbor lighthouse, it is a thing of beauty, reminding one of the bleak coast scenes of the northland. Many a wave

has it breasted, for when storm afflicts the Pacific the waves borne along by a strong southwest current fall upon it with fury and the sands of the sea are piled up its flanks to a height of over a hundred feet. This same current rounds the point and does not rest until it has carried its burden of sand on into the harbor, which is kept open only by continuous dredging.

Some three or four miles to the northwest, between the Salinas del Marques (Saltflats of the Marquis) and the plains of Tehuantepec, runs a spur from the mountains of Oaxaca. At that point the crest is crowned by an immense block of phonolite which seen from the sea has the appearance of a house-chimney, while from the plains it resembles the headless bust of a woman. The Indians call this natural phenomenon Xunirahui, after a famous Zapotec woman of the olden time. A couple of miles southeast of this landmark the mountain ridge divides, one spur passing to the west of Salina Cruz and another to the east, terminating in the two points mentioned.

Salina Cruz lies thus in an arid little basin surrounded by arid hills some five or six hundred feet in height, covered with stunted trees and gigantic cacti. The place is noted for the violence of its sand storms. Indeed for at least six months of the year, during fully three days out of ten the "northers" blow with frightful velocity, driving the sand in clouds and cutting the streets to the bare rock. The trees in the public park are canted over to the south at an angle of forty-five degrees, and when the wind blows no one ventures abroad without automobile goggles.

It is a mercy that the northers do blow, for Salina Cruz lies on the sixteenth parallel and when the winds cease to blow the weather quickly becomes torrid. Ladies rarely move about before nightfall. Strange to say, while in the cooler regions

of the central plateau women wear hats, on the Isthmus, where they need them more, a hatted female is never seen. The ordinary head covering is a thick veil, the manta or reboso, which is no protection whatever against the scorching sun. When the poor creatures find it necessary to go abroad in the heat of the day they often make a picturesque but pitiable attempt to shield themselves from the sun's rays with the indispensable fan or a tiny parasol. Poor things, they are still in bondage; almost as much as though their feet were bound like those of the heathen Chinese. The hat, in the days to come, shall be their liberator.

The basin in which the city lies is absolutely barren. Neither water nor food products are obtainable in the near vicinity. The city's waterworks are located at Tehuantepec, twelve miles distant, whence an abundant supply of crystal pure water is pumped to Salina Cruz. Everything in the nature of fruit and vegetables is also brought from Tehuantepec. All night long bull carts laden with produce wend their way toward the port to provide the next day's supply of food. Were this traffic interrupted for forty-eight hours, a state of famine would exist at Salina Cruz.

It is a new town. A half century back, when the members of the Shufeldt expedition visited the place, it was a mere hamlet of some half dozen huts. The Indians of pre-Castilian times did not navigate the seas and required no ports, and the single port of Acapulco sufficed to meet the needs of New Spain.

Salina Cruz is the work, not of nature, but of man. It is the work largely, I am almost tempted to say solely, of the great English house of Pearson and Son, which built the railroad across the Isthmus and constructed the great harbor works at Puerto Mexico and Salina Cruz. The port works at

Salina Cruz consist of an outer and an inner harbor, of 138 and 69 acres, respectively, separated by a wharf 3,300 feet in length. On this wharf are six immense warehouses, each 420 feet in length by 105 feet in breadth; floor space of each, 44,100 square feet. The outer entrance to the harbor is 600 feet in width and the inner entrance 100 feet. Two cantilever bridges span the latter, permitting the movement of cars along the whole length of the water front, while eighteen electric cranes on the track next the inner basin facilitate the prompt loading and discharge of cargo. The normal tides are four feet, increased to six feet when the south wind blows. At low tide there is thirty-two feet of water alongside the wharves.

Salina Cruz is one of the very few points on the Pacific coast of North America where ships can bunker with fuel oil. The oil is brought by train from Minatitlan on the north side of the Isthmus and stored in a 46,000-barrel tank, whence it is led to ship's side by a pipe line. The pipe line runs half the length of the wharf, thus enabling three ships to take oil at the same time.

Connecting with the inner harbor is one of the best dry-docks on the Pacific coast, while there are over twenty-five miles of terminal tracks on and in the neighborhood of the wharf.

These port works were completed in 1908. At that time the Panama Canal was still unfinished, the Tehuantepec route afforded the cheapest transportation from the Orient and the islands of the Pacific to the Atlantic seaboard, and profound peace prevailed in Mexico. No sooner was the port completed than the Hawaiian Islands began to ship their enormous sugar output via the Hawaiian-American steamship line and the Tehuantepec Railroad to New Orleans and beyond. The harbor was full of freighters, the population of Salina Cruz grew by

A Bird's-eye View of Salina Cruz

A Ship in the Salina Cruz Dry Dock

The Salina Cruz Harbor

leaps and bounds, from a mere fishing village to a city of six thousand souls, and no less than eighteen trains entered or departed from the place daily.

But the prosperity of the place was short-lived. In April of 1914, coincident with the occupation of Vera Cruz by American forces, the "Gringos" fled from the Isthmus, and they have not returned. Meanwhile the continuance of disturbed conditions within the country, the opening of the Panama Canal, and the disturbance of commerce occasioned by the great war in Europe, have combined to prevent the resumption of traffic on the Isthmus.

Salina Cruz is very quiet today. There is some inbound movement of sugar from Salvador and Peru and tobacco from Tepic, and some coffee moves outbound from Chiapas through Salina Cruz to San Francisco; but other traffic there is none. Public opinion is pessimistic. It is felt that the Tehuantepec route can never compete with the Panama Canal. This is doubtless true, yet I am satisfied that when normal conditions are restored this route will still be able to command a fair share of through traffic; and with that restoration, and with her fecund soil and gracious climate, the population of the Isthmus should multiply twentyfold and her local traffic increase accordingly.

Nor should we forget that there is no port south of Salina Cruz to the Guatemalan border, a distance of over two hundred miles, nor any suitable port to the north short of Mazatlan. Although Acapulco possesses one of the finest natural harbors in the world, it is inaccessible from the interior; and Manzanillo, the next port to the north, is unhealthy and lacks space for development. For these reasons Salina Cruz is destined to remain, what it now is, the second port of the west coast of Mexico.

Such was the Salina Cruz which I visited in December of 1917. The city itself lay a half mile back from the port. Grouped about the business center were the establishments of the principal merchants of the place, while a block further up the main street we passed on our right the station of the Central and South American Cable Company, picturesquely perched on a high rock which at that point jutted from the hills which confined the city on the east. A little further on we came to the public school just beyond which, on opposite sides of the street, were the post office and the American consulate; the latter a two-story building surrounded with broad piazzas and embowered in flowering trees.

Diagonally across from the consulate lay the little park where the elite of Salina Cruz congregated nightly for the evening promenade so characteristic of Latin life. A broad walk bordered the park and there in the cool of the evening, their beauty half revealed and half concealed by the electric lights, the belles of the town foregathered and promenaded under the watchful eyes of their elders. A difficult trysting place you may perhaps think, yet this was the recognized courting place of the town. All the young gallants were there, tipping their hats, politely accosting the young ladies as they passed, and exchanging covert glances. This is about the limit of which courting is permitted among the upper classes of the tropics, and yet I doubt not but that the young people have adjusted themselves to these conditions and get just as far as their northern cousins do with their freer manners.

This evening function is not at all exclusive. True, only those of the upper class promenade, but the seats adjoining the walk are always filled with Indian men and women of the lower class, who seem to extract as much enjoyment from the pageant as the elite themselves.

A block beyond the consulate we come to the Hotel Salina

Cruz, the town's leading hostelry. Here, except for short trips to Tehuantepec, San Geronimo, and other cities of the vicinity, I abode during my year's stay on the Isthmus. A detailed description of the hotel is given further on in our narrative; suffice to state at this point that I was careful to choose a room on the north side of the building, that most remote from the business center of the town.

As will appear later on, I had a canny reason for making this choice. The city cuartel or barracks was situated near the municipal center. Whenever the bandits, rebels or revolutionists—a species of individuals fairly numerous at that time—staged an attack on the town it was their custom to enter by detachments through the defiles of the surrounding hills, converging upon the cuartel. As soon as the garrison became aware of their approach a hail of lead belched from the cuartel and any civilian so unfortunate as to occupy a room with windows opening toward the cuartel was apt to be found by a stray ball. But the writer, sitting on the floor of his bedroom with three solid hotel walls intervening between him and the scene of operations, could smoke his pipe and await the outcome with philosophic equanimity.

At that time Salina Cruz was the only point at which travelers coming from the central plateau could secure passage to the west coast of South America. The only ships regularly carrying passengers to South America were those of the Japanese line, which only touched at Salina Cruz every second month; with the result that travelers were often detained at the hotel for several weeks. Early in the summer three individuals with whom I was destined to become intimately acquainted blew in from the plateau. Mr. Peter Allison of San Luis Potosi was on his way to Peru to take up his duties as superintendent at the Cerro de Pasco mine, and he

had with him a tall Swede named Abrahamson and a young Scotchman whose surname I have forgotten, but whose first name was Angus. With that readiness to confer titles peculiar to the tropics we forthwith dubbed them Don Pedro, Don Abrahamson, and Don Angus.

Our friends were delayed many weeks awaiting ship. Presently time began to hang very heavily on their hands and they vented their spleen, as men will under such circumstances, upon the devoted republic in which they were unwillingly sojourning. Don Angus was the loudest in his complaints. He differed from any other Scot I have ever met in that money would not stick to him—in fact Don Pedro informed me that he could with difficulty prevent him from spending his last cent—but he was a typical Scotchman in being frank to bluntness.

"When the devil is that ship ever going to put in her appearance?" he would exclaim. "Here we are, marooned in this miserable hole with every avenue of escape cut off. No escape by sea, or by land either, for the whole country is literally alive with rebels and bandits. It's Peru for me; Peru, where they have no revolutions and where the natives tumble over one another to favor a Gringo!"

At that time, the three dons were the only English-speaking guests at the hotel, but I, who have a ready knowledge of that tongue, could see from the worried looks of our fellow guests that they understood enough of the language to know that Peru and Mexico were being compared to the detriment of their own country. So when Don Angus got too uproarious I would take up the cudgels for Mexico, dwelling upon its salubrious climate and the urbanity of its people. But I never got far with this line of talk. Don Pedro and Don Abrahamson invariably came to the support of their companion and

listening to them it was not long before I began to picture Peru as a veritable paradise.

After having sung the glories of Peru for a full month their ship came into port and the three dons took their departure. I verily never expected to see them in this world again—nor, since they were unbelievers, in the other world either. What, then, was my surprise when, four months later and a few minutes after a northbound Japanese liner had entered port, the hotel entrance was darkened by no less a personage than the redoubtable Don Pedro of San Luis Potosi. The wild Scot was at his heels.

"Well, well! What brings you fellows back so soon?" I asked as we shook hands. "You have barely had time to go to Peru and return."

"That's where you're right," Don Pedro responded. "We had barely reached Cerro de Pasco when the thin air at that high altitude—you know it's 14,000 feet above sea level—got the better of me and I had to beat it for the coast. Barely reached there in time to save my life. And Abrahamson met with an accident and smashed his ribs, and Angus was totally disgusted with the country. Take it from me, we're mighty glad to see the shores of good old Mexico once more; eh, Angus, my boy?"

"I should say we were," responded that young man. "Mexico looks good to me. Seems like home to be back in a civilized land once more."

All that day and evening they sang the glories of Mexico, nor was there a word said of the "revolutions," "vile climate," and "beastly winds" of the Isthmus. It was neither the first nor the last occasion upon which I have known men's thoughts to color their surroundings. In the morning they took their

departure for San Luis Potosi and a few days later Abrahamson, landing from the next boat, followed in their wake.

The city's present population does not exceed three thousand souls, of which at least two-thirds are full-blooded Indians. There are not more than two hundred pure whites, and of these the Europeans and Americans do not exceed a score, all told. There are small colonies of Syrian ("Turco") and Chinese merchants. The remainder of the population is mestizo. This latter term is misleading, for the Mexican does not follow the three-fold classification of population universal in works upon Mexico. To him there are but two classes, white and Indian, the mestizo (mixed blood) being accounted white. His viewpoint is correct, for the mixed blood almost invariably adopts the dress, customs, language, and ways of thinking of the white man. The mestizo, in these parts at least, is very dark, almost as dark as the Indian, but he is an Indian in no other respect.

Much has been written about the bad traits of the mestizo. I cannot speak for other parts of the Republic, but at Salina Cruz I found him in no respect inferior to the other elements of the population. Many of the best people were of mixed blood.

One will wander far before finding a people as polite and gracious as the Mexicans. And their politeness is not a matter of training, as with us; it is inborn, innate. The self-consciousness of the Teuton is not present. Nothing is more common than to see a little child of three years, upon being introduced into a circle of her elders, make the round of the company, extending her hand and bidding each a pleasant "Buenas tardes" without the slightest shade of embarrassment. The smallest urchin on the streets, if asked his name, gives it without the least hesitation, always adding "servidor

de usted—your servant"—where your American boy would suck his thumb and look silly—and the poorest Indian on the trail expects to be politely accosted in passing.

Some weeks after taking up my residence in Salina Cruz I arose early one morning for a walk before breakfast. Passing up the Tehuantepec road I ascended the hill which overlooked the city from the north. I had gained the summit and was beginning to descend the north slope when I perceived an Indian approaching me. He was carrying a naked knife in one hand. The blade was easily eighteen inches long and had a sharp point. Frankly, I did not like the looks of that knife.

I was unarmed. There was no one in sight and I must admit that a creepy feeling came over me. Fortunately at this juncture I bethought me that Allah appointeth all things and that it is not permitted unto any mortal to die until the Day written in the Book, else had I turned tail and fled; instead of which I screwed up my courage and approached him with every appearance of unconcern. My fears were groundless.

"Muy buenas tardes, senor—A very good morning, sir," he said, doffing his hat politely.

He stuck his knife in the ground and producing a package of cigarettes, offered me one. In Mexico an offer of cigarettes is considered essential when gentlemen meet. I reciprocated the honor by striking a match and holding it to his cigarette, and then we seated ourselves on the ground for a social chat.

My new acquaintance was a man past sixty, a denizen of the little town of Huilotepec, a village on the lower course of the Tehuantepec River plainly visible from where we sat. All his life long, he said, he had been a charcoal burner, making charcoal in the neighborhood of Huilotepec and carrying it on his back all the way to Salina Cruz, there to be sold in the mar-

ket as fuel. I agreed with him that it was a hard life. Alas that it is so! The Indian is the burden bearer of Mexico; he produces all that is produced, and that by the most primitive and laborious methods, and then receives a mere pittance for his toil.

After a time the old man arose, saluted once more with the air of a hidalgo, and picking up his knife passed up the hill towards Salina Cruz. As regards the knife, it should be explained that the knife is the tool of all work in Mexico. With his machete or corn knife the Indian clears the jungle, cuts his crops, and builds his humble habitation. The ax is practically unknown, even firewood being cut with this primitive tool.

While we are upon the subject of Mexican politeness it may be stated that in that land the episode "After you, my dear Alfonse" is enacted hourly. Whenever several gentlemen approach a gate or door together—and in Mexico everyone of the male sex is a gentleman—there is a great to-do, each insisting that all the others enter before him, and it is generally several minutes before anyone can be prevailed upon to take the lead.

The old Spanish exclusiveness has largely disappeared; the old proprieties have been appreciably relaxed. This will not be so evident to the newcomer, owing to a peculiar custom. Whereas with us a gentleman waits to be accosted by a lady, in Mexico the contrary rule prevails; the gentleman speaks first. Until the newcomer grasps this he naturally imagines that the lady to whom he has been introduced and who passes him the next day without favoring him with a glance, is, to say the least, somewhat distant. But as soon as he has learned the way of the land he will find her the reverse of reserved. Indeed, the total absence of reserve and the readi-

The Lighthouse at Salina Cruz

ness of total strangers, of either sex, to extend the hand of fellowship whenever given an opportunity is one of the greatest pleasures of that tropical land.

No matter how many times a day they meet, they stop and shake hands, repeating the action ere they part. There is no sham about this; they are at heart kind and sympathetic, and many a strong friendship one makes among this people, once one learns their ways.

The Mexicans are a very democratic people. The poor Indian may have but a limited conception of political matters, but it is otherwise with the upper and middle classes. Whatever difficulties they may have experienced in governing themselves, they are all out and out democrats. There are really no class distinctions and royalty or monarchy would not be tolerated for a moment.

To understand the Mexican one must visit Mexico. I well remember the conception I formed of the Mexican when as a child I conned books of travel and adventure in the seclusion of my father's harem. It was that of a great tall fellow with immense black mustachios and snapping black eyes, who, if offended, crept stealthily upon his enemy and struck him from behind with a huge dagger. This I have found to be the general impression throughout the world outside of Mexico, and when I went to that land I was even warned not to tamper with the affections of any of the fair sex, as, if crossed in love, they would carve a man's heart out without mercy.

How far from the truth! You will search far and wide to find the Mexican of your dreams. Big mustachios are rare and at least a third of the people of pure white blood, and many of mixed blood, have gray eyes. Nor is the use of the knife common. The Mexican of the Isthmus, when he does resort to arms, prefers to settle matters with the revolver or

rifle. During a year spent at Salina Cruz, I do not recollect hearing of a single assassination by stabbing with a dagger or short knife; and I am sure the gentle maidens of the Isthmus would be the last creatures in the world to settle matters with the knife, even though there, as elsewhere, there are bad men who richly deserve such a fate.

The Mexican is gay, artistic, dramatic. Several amateur plays were put on the boards while I was at Salina Cruz which would have put many a professional troupe to shame. They are great lovers of music. Every town boasts a fine band, pianos abound, and that sweet Central American instrument, the marimba, is much in evidence.

The social life of the Mexican centers in the ball, held every few nights at the home of one or another of the principal citizens. Would you see the pleasure-loving Mexican at his best you must go to the ball. The guests begin to arrive about nine o'clock; and such a scene! The Mexican knows how to dress. No foreigner with twice the means can dress with half the taste. The young men look like fashion plates; the "chicas" are dreams. They dance and dance, until three or four o'clock in the morning. But not always, for now and then rumors spread, and that not infrequently, that the rebels are about to make a descent upon the town. Now it is custom of the rebels to make their little friendly visits about nine at night, and when a raid is expected the good people begin their dance at four in the afternoon (on Sunday, of course), and close at the early hour of eight, so as to beat the rebels to their homes.

I have referred to the marimba, the musical instrument most esteemed in southern Mexico. It is preferred by the votaries of the dance, having greater volume than the piano

and being infinitely sweeter. The marimba somewhat resembles the zylophone, but is much larger. It consists of bars of wood giving the chromatic scale, set over wooden resonators. Four players are required, each provided with two sticks tipped with balls of rubber. Some day this wonderful instrument will take its place in the United States alongside the piano and organ. That four players are necessary probably accounts for the fact that its use has not spread more rapidly. Attempts have been made to provide it with a keyboard, but so far without success, the keyboard marimba lacking the exquisite ring of the simple instrument.*

The posada is a great institution in Mexico, as I presume is the case in all Spanish-American countries. It begins nine days before Christmas, being held one night at each of the principal houses. All the upper-class people go, and when they have assembled each of the young ladies and girls is given a candle and they stand with their lighted candles outside the closed door of the house singing the posada song, which relates to the time when St. Joseph and the Virgin were hunting for lodgings at Bethlehem.

When the song is finished they are admitted to the house. In the corner of the room, all sparkling with tinsel and lights, is a miniature representation of the Manger and the newly-born Christ Child. After the young people have sufficiently feasted their eyes upon this scene they betake themselves to the porch to try their luck at the Piñate. The Piñate is a paper effigy suspended from the ceiling of the porch and stuffed with all sorts of goodies. One by one the children are blindfolded and, armed with a good stout staff, take turns in trying to strike the Piñate. Finally someone hits him fair, splitting his hide, and down comes a rain of confectionery; then there is

*Tuxtla Gutierrez is a leading center for the manufacture of marimbas.

a great scrimmage and everyone is happy. The remainder of the night is now devoted to dancing, which of course was not a feature of the posada as it was anciently celebrated. But I suppose the people are not as religious as they once were.

The Church no longer holds the position it formerly occupied in Mexico, possibly for the reason that for many years the government has viewed its activities with a jealous eye. Religious processions no longer play the part they did of yore, being prohibited by law. Indeed, the civil authorities seem to have been over severe with the ministers of religion, not even permitting priests to appear upon the streets in distinctive costume. Hence the anomaly that in a country the people of which remain even today, nominally at least, overwhelmingly Catholic, a cassock is never seen on the streets; the clergy, like the Protestant ministry of the United States, being indistinguishable from the mass of the community. So strict is the law in this respect that even the clerical collar, vest, and dickey or "prep's bib" are banned. The bishop, or rather vicar apostolic, of the neighboring town of Tehuantepec evaded this restriction by wearing an ordinary layman's vest and, as he was the only person on the Isthmus so attired, it served to indicate quite effectively the fact that he was a gentleman of the "cloth."

Religion was at a low ebb at Salina Cruz. Although a place of 3,000 inhabitants it had but one church, and that a small one on a back street; but small as it was it appeared ample for the religious needs of the community. Often of a Sunday morning I have stood at the church door—I swear before Allah and his Apostle, I entered not in—watching the priest as he celebrated mass, and never on such occasions did I see more than fifty persons present. Men of consequence never darkened the church door. A few ladies there were, the wives

and daughters of two or three public spirited families who still believed that, come what might, the Cross must be upheld, but the remainder of the congregation was composed of barefoot Indians of the lower class.

But let us turn again to the amusements of Salina Cruz. On New Year's Eve they have another great time, a big ball, and when the clock strikes twelve they all stop and begin to hug one another and clap one another on the back. Sometimes a little fellow will throw his legs about a big man's waist and the big man will run about the room with him, each pounding the other on the back.

At one time it was the custom of the army officers to attend ball with loaded revolver on hip, and a most grotesque figure these fierce captains and colonels cut as they whirled about armed to the teeth. You may be sure the civilians treated them very gingerly. After a time some order must have been sent down from above, for the practice was happily discontinued.

Sometime in the spring—I think it was on San Benito's Day—the children had another festival. This time it was at the church. At the appointed hour the children filed up to the church, each bearing in its arms some pet animal; a hen, a cat, or a rabbit. Little dresses had been made for the pets and they were gaily decorated with ribbons. The priest held a children's service and solemnly blessed the animals, and then the children trooped home supremely happy.

The second Sunday in May is a sort of local holiday, it being the custom of the Tehuanas* to come to Salina Cruz at that time each year and bathe in the sea. Many come the day

*Tehuana; properly, a woman of Tehuantepec. But the term is loosely applied to all the Zapotec women of the Pacific plain.

before so as to be on time, and by the following morning there is a great concourse in town, all tricked out in their gaudiest raiment.

At ten o'clock we went down to the waterfront to see them bathe. Their customs are slightly peculiar; they are not troubled with an excess of false modesty. They bathed in the outer harbor and the women went down into the water in their chemises, but the men merely went along the beach a few rods and stripped naked for bathing. All the beach for a mile or so was thronged with bathers, and they seemed to be having a very good time after not having seen salt water for a year.

They were not the only bathers, however. We stood on the great pier which forms one side of the outer harbor. As we looked on we saw four great dark objects moving to and fro just under the surface of the water about three hundred feet from the bathers. After a little we saw gigantic fins thrown up out of the water. The sharks were taking a bath too. I fear they also had their eyes upon the Tehuanas and if the latter had ventured out too far would have made short work of them.

I may state, in passing, that these seas are alive with sharks. My neighbor, Garfia Salinas, had established a shark industry on an island near Tonalá. According to him there were tens of thousands of these monsters in the shallow waters surrounding the island. Shagrene, the tough skin of the shark, was once of great value; but emery paper has largely taken its place. However, there is still great value in the shark. Shark oil finds a ready market, from its fins glue is made, and the residue of the carcass is readily converted into fertilizer. The catching of sharks will in time become a lucrative business.

But to return to our description of Mexican festivals. On September 16, 1918, it was my good fortune to join with the good people of Salina Cruz in celebrating the 108th anniversary of the independence of Mexico. Just one hundred and eight years before, at the village of Dolores in what is now the state of Hidalgo, the parish priest Hidalgo raised the standard of revolt against the Spaniard.

Salina Cruz put on festal attire to celebrate this great event. A grand civic procession was the principal feature of the day. At ten o'clock in the morning we assembled at the presidencia (town hall) where the procession was formed. A brass band led the way, followed by several hundred school children marshaled in order. Then came the obreros (workmen) with their banner of blue. Next, and forming the leading feature of the procession, came several floats bearing certain of the prettiest señoritas of the town, typifying the Goddess of Liberty, Law, Equality, Etc.

One young woman was rigged out in featherwork, Pocahontas style, to represent the conventional Indian maiden. Strange to say, she was about the only pure white girl in the whole procession, the bronzed complexions of most of the others indicating a liberal admixture of Indian blood, though they would have been the last to see the joke; for, as I have said, everyone there having a drop of white blood in his or her veins, and dressing in European costume, is accounted white. She was very beautiful and had I not had, by permission of the Prophet, four wives at home in Persia, she might have found favor in my eyes.

We were delayed for some little time by the tardiness of Justicia, a circumstance which occasioned no little merriment. As a Mexican friend slyly observed: "You know Justice is somewhat slow in Mexico." But she finally put in her appear-

ance and took her place in the rear of the other civic virtues, whereat the crowd laughed uproariously. Another brass band followed; then three little damsels dressed respectively in green, white and red, the national colors; and the procession closed with a group of functionaries, the presidente, the captain of the port, the members of the consular corps, and other worthies.

They marched the length of the principal thoroughfare, then back on the next street, all reeking with sweat, but no one heeded that, for they were bubbling all over with patriotism.

The day closed with a grand ball at the Hotel Salina Cruz. This was to have kept up until four o'clock in the morning, but closed at one, it being rumored that rebels were approaching to attack the town.

The difficulty was that the garrison was rather small. There were seldom more than fifty men at the barracks, all told. Of course there was a colonel, a major, a captain, and a lieutenant or two, and four or five musicians; so that the number of privates was rather limited. They were good sound fellows as a rule and many of them not lacking in courage; but struck me as poor material for campaigning, barefooted as they were and poorly armed. Their rifles were of all sorts and descriptions. Only the officers were uniformed and booted. They possessed no commissary, such a thing being unknown in Mexico. Every soldier is married, or at least keeps a woman who accompanies him on his campaigns, and cooks the food which he purchases from his daily allowance.

The Mexican soldier is hot blooded, especially when in drink, and quarrels are frequent. One night the colonel gave a banquet at the hotel. Along toward the end of the feast the colonel and major quarreled. They straightway betook themselves to the patio of the hotel and drawing their pistols

Main Street, Salina Cruz

The Principal Street in Salina Cruz

The Salina Cruz Market is Enclosed. Few on the Isthmus Are

began to fire; but having had a little too much wine, neither was able to hit the other though they were standing not more than twenty feet apart. While they were indulging in their little pistol practice, the dignified gentry of the town who were guests at the banquet were lying prone on their stomachs under the table.

The site of Salina Cruz is confined, the basin in which the town is situated being not more than a mile and a half long by three-fourths of a mile in breadth; and even this space is broken by spurs from the hills, cutting off portions of the basin from the general area. A considerable district to the north of the town proper is known as the Espinal, while the Costarican consul dwells in solitary grandeur in a little cove known as the Barrio Juarez. Many of the huts of the poor climb the slopes of the adjoining hills, and these are popularly known as "las hormigas" (The Ants). It is said that this custom of building up the hillsides is to some extent prompted by the belief that sooner or later a tidal wave will sweep in upon Salina Cruz, when those who dwell on the hillsides will alone be saved. One building so situated bears the suggestive sign "La Arca de Noe" (Noah's Ark).

Never a year passes but these hills surrounding Salina Cruz gaze down on some strange tragedy. Early one morning my Indian servant came to me with the report that during the night the soldiers had captured and executed a bandit.

"He is now hanging in the shrine on the hill north of here," said the excited peon. "Better have a look at him before he is cut down."

"Impossible, Juan," I replied, "the soldiers wouldn't hang a man without trial."

"Maybe not," he answered with a grin, "but anyway that's what they've done. You can see him from the doorway."

I stepped to the door. Straight north of the town, a half mile distant on the hillside and at the end of the principal street, a simple shrine had been erected in time past. It had but three walls, being open to the weather on the side facing the city. By the early morning light I could distinguish something white against the darkness of the shrine's interior.

"See him?" said Juan.

"Yes, I see him," I replied, "but possibly it's not a bandit. May be Don Jeronimo or one of my other friends, shot by mistake. They don't hang around the hotel as closely as I do and there is no telling when one of them may be potted. I'll go take a look at the remains."

Breakfast would not be ready for another hour, so I donned my hat and set out for the shrine. A fifteen minute walk brought me to the spot and I was much relieved to find the defunct a stranger. Poor fellow, he was not a bad-looking Indian but he had evidently fallen into evil ways. Hanging by a short rope from a crosspiece of the shrine, he swung gently in the breeze, a salutary warning to the good people of Salina Cruz to be circumspect in their ways.

The rearing of goats is one of the principal industries of Salina Cruz. They are kept at night in corrals in the Espinal and among the hormigas, and every morning the streets are full of these picturesque creatures about to be driven up into the hills. There is no grass in the hills, nothing but cacti and stunted trees, and it is a mystery how the goats find a living; but they do. These goats are great climbers, as they need to be to escape starvation. I recollect one day seeing two of them away up on the side of a steep cliff where no man could by any possibility have climbed. While I was considering how

they were ever to get down, one of them turned and made the bottom of the cliff at a run. She knew better than to attempt to walk down.

Upon several occasions, while strolling through the hills, my eye caught sight of what in the distance appeared to be white-clad Indians standing among the trees; a disquieting sight where the presence of bandits made it unsafe to stroll beyond the crests of the hills overlooking the basin. But closer observation invariably converted the supposed bandits into harmless goats, standing perfectly upright with their forefeet gently touching the trunks of the trees while they fed upon the branches.

The milk of the goat is made into a cheese which is much relished by the natives and in normal times goat hides are one of the chief articles of export.

Mexico is a land of glaring contrasts. Medieval conditions exist side by side with evidences of the most advanced civilization. Salina Cruz is typical. Here we find port works constructed at a cost of many millions of dollars, the best dry-dock on the Pacific coast between Balboa and San Francisco, and a splendid railway terminal. The upper class is cultured and refined, pianos abound, and the nights are one gay round of music, dance, and wine. But the schools of Salina Cruz are limited to the first four grades, the place has no telephone system, automobiles are unknown, there are but two public and no private carriages in the town, but thirty-five private letter boxes at the post office, and the place's supply of fuel is brought in over rough mountain trails on the backs of men and burros. It is no uncommon sight to see a woman enter town with twenty pounds of charcoal on her back and leading a burro bearing his burden.

There is not a book store in Salina Cruz, nor, so far as I am aware, is there one in any of the cities of the Isthmus. All books are ordered direct from Mexico City.

The automobile of this region is the burro; the tiny donkey dwarfed by centuries of privation. All the firewood needed for cooking is brought into town on the backs of burros; a burro bearing two bundles, each about as large as his poor little self. He is a proverbially patient creature, which stands well in hand; but occasionally he gives vent to a most dolorous bray. When the poor fellow's daily task is over he is turned loose to shift for himself on the surrounding hills.

My favorite walk while at Salina Cruz was to the crest of the hills to the east of the town. A bracing breeze always sweeps across the hilltops, no matter how sultry it may be in the basin below, and to the east the eye wanders over fifty miles of hillock and plain and lagoon to the blue mountains of the dividing range. I never tired of gazing upon that scene. In the middle distance, like a great silver shield, lay the Upper Lagoon, from whose center rose the mystic isle of Monapoxtiac. And on that island was the Enchanted Cave, fane of dead civilizations, where in the dim past the Indian had questioned the Soul of the Universe. Often I planned to visit that cave, but the intervening plains were infested by bandits and I was never able to make the trip.

It mattered not what hill one ascended, he always found a footpath at the top, for it is the custom of the Indian footman in coming to and going from market to follow the skyline, where the air is ever fresh and he can keep a sharp watch against a possible holdup. The sagacious burro also undoubtedly made use of these paths, it being a very common occurrence on ascending a hill to find a lone burro on the very

peak. This seemed to be a favorite resort of the burro, but whether sought to enjoy the scenery or to escape his master, I know not.

The cacti are the most conspicuous plants hereabouts. I noticed four species as I strolled among the hills: The prickly pear with its great flat "leaves;" a similar blue-green cactus of more upright growth, the tender young leaves of which are used for food; the tiny dwarf cactus; and the giant Organ cactus. The latter grows to a great height, the best specimens being generally found in the deep ravines which score the sides of the hills. I saw several in such places with trunks a foot and a half in diameter and branches rising to a height of from twenty to twenty-five feet, like the pipes of some grand cathedral organ. Sometimes when the natives wish to make a hedge they fell one of these great cacti, cut it into lengths, and plant the lengths, and in three or four years they possess a hedge for which the numerous burros, pigs, and half-starved cows which infest the locality have the profoundest respect.

In spring and early summer the cacti blossom. The prickly pear has a beautiful yellow flower and so likewise has the dwarf cactus, the blossom of the cactus with the edible leaves is of the brightest pink, while forth from the pipes of the organ cactus spring magnificent snow-white flowers as large as saucers.

None of the four species mentioned bear edible fruits in that latitude, but there is another giant cactus, cousin to the Organo, very common in places, which in the spring bears a luscious fruit known as pitaya. This fruit is globular and about two inches in diameter. On splitting a pitaya open a pulpy substance of the consistency of raspberry jam is disclosed and, strange to say, it is of the same purplish color and

its flavor reminds one of the raspberry. A half dozen of these purple globes split open and sprinkled with sugar make a dessert fit for a king. The pitaya colors the urine red.

Chapter II.

QUIEN VIVE?

THANKS be to Allah, the Lord of all creatures, who hath not shortened my days but hath permitted me to live on, because the Appointed Hour is not yet come. In very sooth I sometimes thought, what time I abode upon the Isthmus, that the Day was at hand, more especially when I heard upon the lips of the people those words of evil omen, "Quien vive?" What meant they, ask you? Verily, my brother, this thy servant at first marveled mightily and was sore bewildered on hearing those words and beholding the civil commotions which followed in their wake. But Allah All-Wise hath revealed to me the meaning thereof, even as I shall now reveal it to thee.

During the period of my sojourn on the Isthmus political conditions were very unsettled in Mexico. The arms of the Constitutionalists had prevailed over the enemy in the open field, and practically every railway station throughout the Republic was garrisoned by federal troops; but seven years of civil strife had bred the usual progeny of outlaws and the country back from the railroads was everywhere infested by bands of rebels and brigands.

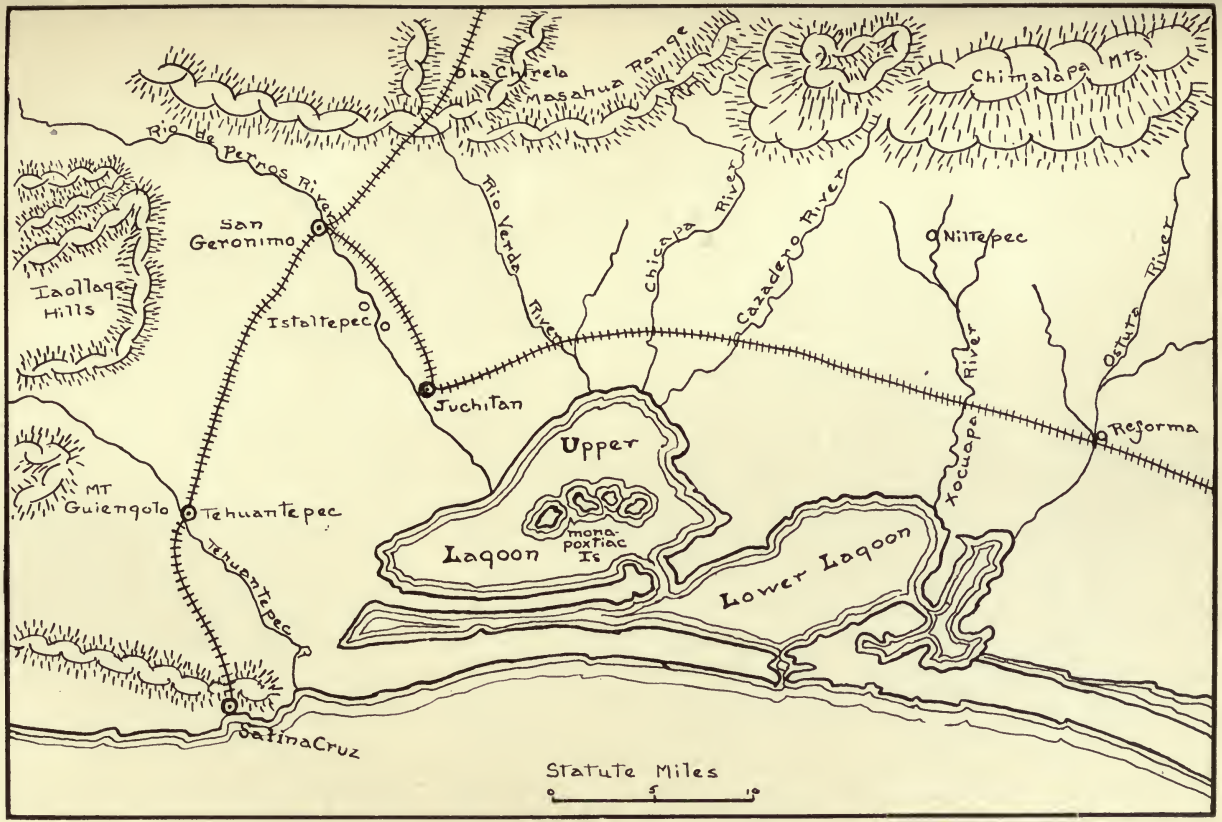
On the Pacific plains there was no considerable number in arms against the government; Tehuantepec, Salina Cruz, San Geronimo, and Juchitan were garrisoned; the trains moved on regular schedule; and the casual traveler might easily persuade himself that peace prevailed. But this impression would involve ignorance of local conditions. Every-

where life was safe only in the larger towns, and only measurably so there. The whole country was a fortified camp.

There was no rebel army in the field, but the woods were infested by numerous small bands of bandits. I use the term advisedly, because it was not always easy to tell their actual status. Some of them were mere robber bands, but the greater number seemed to be composed of rebels owing a loose allegiance to Felix Diaz, whose headquarters were said to be in the mountains far to the north toward Vera Cruz. The bandit element was being constantly reinforced by disaffected elements from the towns. Their bands were composed of diverse elements with nothing in common save hostility to the government. There was the officer whose peculations had become too notorious for even the easy conscience of Mexican officialdom, the man whose property had been confiscated or whose daughter had been carried away, the fellow who simply loved the lawless life of the bush, and the earnest Felicista who fought upon principle for the restoration of the ancient regime.

Trains moved only by daylight, leaving one terminus at four or five in the morning so as to reach destination by night. They were all mixed trains, and very much mixed, a typical train embracing an engine, a baggage car, two passenger coaches, perhaps a half dozen freight cars, and two or three armored cars filled with troops.

Even this protection was not considered sufficient, every train being accompanied by an "exploradora" or troop train. The exploradora originally preceded the regular train, hence the name; but, as the rebels frequently permitted the exploradora to pass and, when it had rounded a curve and disappeared in the jungle, held up the train, the process was reversed and the exploradora has since followed after.



Salina Cruz and Vicinity

As a rule none of the townspeople ever thought of leaving the security of the town, except by rail. The Indian might bring in produce, but the city people did not wander far from the secure shelter of their houses; and often and again have I been warned against visiting points not a mile from the town center.

The system of defense adopted by the Mexican garrison is peculiar. At the intersections of the principal streets they build little fortines or blockhouses, about twelve feet square and capable of holding five or six soldiers. The stranger acquainted with the elaborate fortifications of other lands will wonder of what service these little affairs can possibly be. And yet they are well adapted to the system of street fighting there in vogue. Pitched battles are not the rule. The rebels enter the town at nightfall, sneaking through the alleys and less frequented streets and striving to get as near as possible to the town center, where the barracks are always located, before being discovered. The main object of the garrison, on the other hand, is, as soon as the rebels are discovered, to get into the fortines and keep the streets free from members of the attacking party.

As the year advanced we heard more and more of rebel depredations. They attacked Juchitan and San Geronimo, and Tehuantepec was attacked upon several occasions. The Indian populations of these towns though outwardly loyal to the government were said to secretly sympathize with the rebels. Their brethren, the Zapotecs of the mountains to the northwest, were in open rebellion, and there was no communication between the Isthmus and Oaxaca City, the state capital. Armed bands held all the passes and the rebel general Zuriaga held his court at Santa Maria de Guiniagata.

But Salina Cruz was supposed to be safe from attack.

"The rebels will never try to take this place," my friends assured me. "During all these seven years of revolution the town has never been attacked, nor will they be foolish enough to try it now." Their belief seemed well founded. Salina Cruz was a seaport and a Mexican or American gunboat might put in an appearance at any time; and besides, the Indians of the place were not natives of the Isthmus, but had been brought thither from all parts of Mexico when the great port works were in course of construction. Finally, the town was isolated geographically, lying among barren sand hills at a distance from the inhabited parts of the plain.

But it is hard to figure on the vagaries of the genus rebel, and my friends were mistaken. About the first of September a small detachment of rebels entered the place at nightfall. I was in the American consulate at the time, conversing with an English lady who wished to take the Japanese liner for Valparaiso. While we were talking we heard what we at first mistook for firecrackers; but I remember finally going to the window and saying, "It sounds almost loud enough for shots, doesn't it?"

The lady prepared to leave and went out to the porch, but came back immediately, saying, "Why, I don't understand it. I had my porter place my portmanteau in the porch and bade him remain until I had seen you. He has disappeared."

I sent my man with the lady to look up another porter. Shortly afterwards I heard the sound of "firecrackers" again, and this time went out to the porch to learn what was up; but when I reached the porch all was silent. Shortly after they returned with another man who took up the portmanteau, and we all set off for the water-front. As we proceeded the lady said: "Why, do you know, we came near being shot a few moments ago. There were rebels or something of the kind

in town, and all kinds of shooting. One ball passed right by my ear." After I had seen the lady to the ship I hastened back to the upper end of the town and on inquiry learned that six or eight armed rebels had entered the town, but had been given such a warm reception that they promptly decamped.

I knew that from that hour the place was no longer safe. Having escaped scott free they would come again unless the garrison was promptly reinforced. But the military authorities failed to grasp this and no reinforcements came.

Two weeks later I took the train for Tehuantepec, the first town inland from Salina Cruz. There was to be a bull fight there and a Malinche dance by the Huave Indians, and Don Carlos—Mr. Charles A. Parkins, a Jamaican beekeeper of that place—had come down expressly to persuade me to go over with him to attend the doings. As we came into the station I saw the exploradora ready on the side track. We boarded the train and she put out of the station as if to take the lead; but at a signal from the exploradora we backed up and permitted her to go ahead. This admitted of but one explanation; there was trouble ahead.

It was a run of twelve miles to Tehuantepec. We reached Santa Maria, on this side of the Tehuantepec River, and stopped. The exploradora moved on to the bridge head. Then the fun began. The rebels opened fire from the further side of the river and in reply smoke belched from the armored cars of the exploradora.

The rebels had thrown obstructions upon the track and had set fire to the woodwork of the bridge. Fortunately the bridge was a steel structure and they were unable to put it out of commission in the limited time at their disposal. After a

short interval the exploradora moved forward into the city and our train took its place at the bridgehead.

From there we had an excellent view of the fight. Before us lay the city plaza, the near side of which was occupied by the market, a huge structure the roof of which was supported by massive brick pillars. Tehuantepec was the district capital and upon the south side of the plaza fronted the district building or palacio del gobierno. The government troops had left the exploradora, relieved the garrison which was besieged in the palace, and with its aid were chasing the rebels over the hills back of the town.

When our train finally reached the plaza of Tehuantepec we alighted and set about investigating the incident. The rebels, to the number of about a hundred, had entered the town about six in the morning and taking possession of the market had opened fire upon the palace. They succeeded in killing one of the defenders and wounding the officer in command, and would probably have taken the palace had it not been for the timely arrival of the troop train.

But that is a large "if," for the rebels knew that the train was coming and was overdue, and they had taken no effective measures to prevent its arrival, though that meant certain failure for them. Had they removed a rail six or eight miles up the track they could easily have delayed the arrival of reinforcements for several hours. But that was not to be thought of, since it would have involved considerable work. Their ideas of warfare were limited to firing, Indian fashion, from behind columns and stone walls.

Whether any of the rebels were injured is unknown. But as Don Carlos and I made our way from the scene of combat toward his residence some blocks to the northeast, in passing the cathedral premises we saw a man lying in a pool of blood

just outside the cathedral gate. On approaching we learned that he had just been shot by the soldiers. Another lay just inside the gate. Both were breathing their last. They had been arrested some days before and had apparently been executed as a salutary warning to rebel sympathizers.

We passed on to the residence of Don Carlos, a corner building about a block from the cathedral. We entered and seated ourselves. Don Carlos wrinkled his eyebrows ominously. After a little he unburdened his heart. Nearly every night, he said, a party of rebels would come to his corner and he could hear them outside discussing plans to attack the garrison which occupied the cathedral house and adjoining monastery. Sometimes the rebels knocked at his door and demanded admission. He was afraid they would break in sooner or later. He possessed a shot gun but had only two rounds of ammunition. The prospect was not reassuring.

Now Don Carlos was in the bee business and had several hundred hives of bees in his patio or house court. It occurred to me that here lay a way out of the difficulty. "That should not trouble you in the least," I remarked. "All you need do is fix a hive of bees against your door every night, and should the rebels break in, so much the worse for them. The bees will give them a warm reception."

Don Carlos was pleased with my plan, and after that before going to bed always set a hive upon a shelf near the top of the door. Thus fortified he slept the sleep of the just. This is the first instance where, to my knowledge, bees have ever been used in defensive warfare.

It was perhaps a week later, about eight o'clock in the evening, that Morley Hurst (an employee of the cable company) and I were sitting on the commodious porch of my hotel

drinking lemonade. A file of perhaps thirty men came along the side street from the direction of the church. Some of them were armed, and as they reached our street and began to cross it, I fancied that the others shifted their blankets as though they were carrying concealed weapons.

"What do you make of that layout?" said Hurst in an undertone. "Well, I hardly know," I replied. They were very quiet. Besides, I recollected that the commander of the garrison had boasted to me of having organized a company of volunteers from the peons of the town. "Perhaps it is the comandante's voluntarios out for practice."

We were not long kept in suspense for the next moment they passed us at a dog trot, crouching low and hugging the wall. As they passed one of them turned toward us and muttered beneath his breath: "Viva la Sierra," the battle cry of the Indians of the mountains of Oaxaca. He said it in the most friendly manner, but it was enough; we immediately went inside. I glanced over my shoulder as we entered. They had sprung into the middle of the street and were rushing at full speed toward the center of the town. We bolted the door. Not ten minutes later hell broke loose. They had attacked the garrison.

For the next two hours we remained cooped up in the hotel while pandemonium reigned without. The garrison had plenty of ammunition and spent it without stint. To the south of us the rattle of musketry was incessant, the volleys fired by the garrison, generally high, passing over our heads into the Espinal beyond, and falling with the vengeful whine of the Mauser ball.

Hurst and I at first kept close to my room. But we soon discovered that we ran little risk in the hotel, which interposed several walls between us and the flying missiles, and moved out

into the court. We lit our pipes and sauntered about, pessimistically discussing the revolution in all its phases. We had almost become resigned to our fate when Don Pepe and Don Poncho, the proprietors of the hotel, put in their appearance.

"Well, Don Pepe," said I, "a fine evening, eh?" "Mil diablos—a thousand devils," said Don Pepe, "these Indians are very bad. What if they take the town? We have been hiding in the cellar. I don't understand the way you fellows take it. You don't seem at all excited."

Whereat we smiled loftily and were puffed up with conceit. But if the naked truth must be told it was but a matter of training. Pride of race constrained us to conceal, even from one another, the misgivings of our hearts and put on a bold face; and this is called courage, forsooth.

After a time we heard a detachment from the garrison charge past into the Espinal. It seemed another band of rebels had come in and occupied that quarter. Wild oaths, shrieks, and more rifle shots. One would imagine from the uproar that men were being slain by the hundred. Then the scene evidently shifted. The fight was raging in the Barrio Juarez; then among the hills to the west of the town. By ten o'clock the firing began to slacken as the rebels, their ammunition exhausted, fled over the hills.

As soon as the management was satisfied that the fight was over the lights were switched on and we gathered in the cantina, as the bar-room is called in Mexico, to discuss the situation. Hurst wanted to leave at once for the cable station; in coming over to the hotel he had left only women there and was anxious to assure himself that no harm had befallen them. At least that was his excuse for wanting to go. As a matter of fact Hurst was a fearless sort of fellow and apparently had not the least conception of the danger which lurks

in flying bullets. But I stoutly objected to his leaving the building, representing that in the darkness of the night some excited soldier was apt to take his white clad form for that of a bandit and pot him without further ado; and the proprietors cinched the matter by refusing to undo the door. So he abode with us the night.

The next morning I accompanied Hurst to the scene of combat where we learned that the attack was far better planned than we had supposed. While the force which we had seen was attacking the garrison from the north, another band had seized the cable office. This building occupies the crest of a hill overlooking the plaza and commanding the heart of the city. From it the rebels poured down a withering fire upon the cuartel. Had they had sufficient ammunition the town would have been at their mercy; but from the traces left after the battle it seemed they had but fifteen or twenty rounds each.

After counting the bullet holes in the cable building and figuring out the direction from which they had come—always a pleasant diversion on the day after an attack—we visited the British consul's residence a few yards to the rear of the cable building and somewhat further up the hill. The women of the place said they were up stairs when the bandits came and the first intimation they had of their presence was a loud rap at the door below. On one of them going down stairs she was accosted by a bandit, who informed her that he and his companions were about to seize the cable building and open fire on the cuartel, and politely suggested that she close the doors—which were open—and keep within during the engagement. It would certainly be difficult to find more considerate bandits than those of southern Mexico!

Despite all the powder which had been burned during the

Savage Woman of the Mountains. Other races of the Isthmus are Inferior to the Zapotec

attack, the total casualties amounted to two killed and two wounded, and these were civilians who had foolishly ventured out upon the streets; not a single combatant was injured. Both sides were careful to keep behind stone walls, in which position and in the obscurity of the night they were fully as safe as the citizens within doors.

Don Pepe had profited by the night's experience. Immediately after breakfast he lined up the male servants and proceeded to put them through a drill designed to prepare them against the day of trouble.

I should explain at this point that in Mexico a sentry does not say "Who goes there?" but "Quien vive?" that is, "Who lives?"

"Now," said Don Pepe, "if an armed man challenges you, what do you say."

"Vive Carranza—Long live Carranza," replied a peon.

"Carramba! but the man might be a rebel and then he would shoot you!"

"Well," again ventured the peon. "Then I would say 'Vive la Sierra—Long live the Mountain'."

"Wrong again," replied Don Pepe, "for he might be a Carrancista, in which case you would also be shot. No, the proper thing is to always say 'Vive Mexico,' that will pass with either side."

This sage advice led to a story. Once upon a time a Chinaman who had always lived in town went out into the country and was challenged by a rebel outpost: "Quien Vive?" He answered "Vive Carranza," whereupon the rebel fell upon him and beat him unmercifully and for a finish gave him a kick, sending him upon his way with an admonition to never be guilty of such an offense again, but always say "Vive la Sierra" when challenged.

Sometime later the Chinaman set his face towards home. When he reached the outskirts of the town he was halted by a sentry who put the usual question "Quien vive?" to which the Chino responded, "Vive la Sierra." He was immediately seized, his hands were bound behind him, and he was hustled off pell mell to the municipal jail, with a solid kick at every step to accelerate his progress. Nor did he escape from durance until the last centavo had been wrung from him.

He stepped forth from confinement a sadder but a wiser Chino. In fact he had been doing some pretty hard thinking while in jail, and the next time he was challenged by a sentry he answered in pidgeon Spanish, "Tu vivas pimelo—You viva first."

Meanwhile the spirit of disaffection was rife at Tehuantepec. One evening a general from Acapulco disembarked at Salina Cruz with several officers. The next morning he took the early train for San Geronimo. Three officers, a colonel, a major, and a captain, who had been out late the night before, overslept and were left behind. Fearing a reprimand, they hustled about and after some dickering arranged with a couple of peons to take them to San Geronimo on a hand car.

Reaching Tehuantepec they stopped off to drink coconut water and chat with the Tehuanas. They spent a pleasant half hour in this manner. It was their last drink. Death was swiftly preparing for them while they loitered. They resumed their positions on the hand car and started on their way. Not a mile from the station they were riddled by shots from the thicket bordering the right of way.

This occurred on Thursday. On the following Saturday a major proceeded from Tehuantepec to San Geronimo, arrested three merchants of that place, and brought them back

with him to Tehuantepec. He then arrested three others of the latter place. That evening he informed the person in charge of the street-lighting service that he was expecting a rebel attack and asked him to turn off the power, which was done.

The town shrouded in darkness, he directed that the six prisoners be taken to an unfrequented point on the river bank, where they were frightfully tortured with knives. Then nooses were thrown about their necks, the other ends of the ropes were tied to the tails of horses, and the poor devils were dragged to death. Their bodies were buried in the sands by the riverside, but so illy was the work done that they were dug up by the dogs on the following day.*

This sinister deed cast a pall over Tehuantepec. The inhabitants were oppressed with fear and after nightfall the streets were deserted. Many in fact did not deem it safe to remain in the city at night and a number of the leading citizens for better protection began the practice of going to Salina Cruz on the evening train, remaining there over night, and returning to Tehuantepec the next morning. These worthies were dubbed the Brigada Carrera (Car Brigade) by the local wits.

One of the favorite diversions of the good people of Salina Cruz consisted in meeting the train when it came in at night. It was a picturesque gathering; the fierce warriors of the garrison, gaily-dressed Tehuanas, and all the pretty simpáticas of the place were there. After endless signalling and whistling, in came the train, and no sooner had it come to a halt than out jumped the doughty members of the Car Brigade, headed by the redoubtable Don Carlos Parkins and the orbicular Dr. Martinez of Apizaco.

*This outrage seems to have been an act of private revenge on the part of the major, who fled the same night immediately after the perpetration of the fiendish deed. He was subsequently captured and when last heard of was confined in a military prison.

Now at the time whereof I write no newspapers were printed in that part of Mexico. All the newspapers in circulation were published in Mexico City and these of course contained no local news. Thus it came about that news was gathered in the good old way in vogue the world over a thousand years ago. Gossip was news and the traveler was the principal newsvender. I developed long ears in those parts.

No sooner had Don Carlos and the doctor and their worthy companions of the Brigade alighted from the train than the dissemination of news began. Not with a blare of trumpets by any means. The military maintained, or endeavored to maintain, a strict censorship and it was inadvisable to speak too loudly. But everyone was anxious to learn what was going on, and it was surprising how rapidly every scrap of information spread in whispers through the community.

Once again the rebels descended upon Salina Cruz. Night had fallen and I had just left the consulate for the hotel, only a block away. I had taken but a few steps when the enemy opened fire just back of the park and seemingly not a block from where I stood. By the beard of the Prophet, it was a delicate position, and candor compels me to admit that I stood not long upon the order of my going. One thinks rapidly in such moments. I perceived on the instant that the hotel, though the more remote, was the safer place of the two, and set off for it at top speed, dodging bullets at every jump. Verily I was without fear, but I acted upon the American principle that discretion is the better part of valor.

I came in sight of the hotel entrance. The doorkeepers, who had been reared amid revolutions and understood well their business, stood ready to close the doors the instant the last civilian had entered. There was a mad rush for the doors.

The last soul entered and I was still some distance away. The doorkeepers prepared to swing the doors, whereat I managed to bawl out, "Hold, locos, can't you see me coming." They paused and the next instant I made the entrance. Praised be Allah who hath appointed my death-day from the beginning, I had not suffered a scratch.

I hastened through the hall and into the patio. Here a unique sight met my eyes. There they were, all of Don Pepe and Don Poncho's guests, every one of them standing as stiff as pokers with their backs to the wall. And there they stood for some fifteen minutes, while the rifles cracked without. I charge you to remember, O son of Abdullah, and it may stand you well in hand should you ever have the good fortune to visit southern Mexico, that revolution on the Isthmus has been reduced to a science and has its fixed laws, one of which is that the safest place during an attack is with back to wall.

The attack was soon over; in fact, it was a mere feint, possibly a ruse to draw the garrison into the hills.

Following this attack the government strongly reinforced the garrisons at Salina Cruz and Tehuantepec, and open attacks on the towns ceased. Matters now assumed a new phase. Numerous arrests had been made and many persons executed as suspects, generally on the evidence of some informer. The rebels, no longer strong enough for open attack, now drew up a list of the informers, whom they marked for destruction. The method of disposing of their victims was characteristic.

Every two or three days a band of six or eight rebels would enter the suburbs of one of the towns, search out their man, and slay him;—a venganza. Sometimes they led him out into the woods, sometimes they slew him under his own roof; but wherever the scene was so remote from the town center that they felt certain of making good their escape before

arrival of the garrison, the victim was taken out and shot in a public manner before the people of the barrio. Then the rebels would flee over the hills or into the underbrush, mount their waiting steeds, and gallop away.

Sometimes these acts of vengeance were perpetrated at night, sometimes in broad daylight; and as a rule the slayers escaped scot free, for the garrison, being few in numbers, was ill disposed to leave the town center. I remember upon one occasion a band of eight rebels entering Salina Cruz at five o'clock in the afternoon. They found their man in the Espinal, took him out into the plaza of the barrio, riddled him with bullets, and made good their escape; though fifteen men of the garrison were only four blocks distant.

Even these demonstrations ceased toward the end of the year and we began to think the military had actually cleared the region of bandits. But no, in a few days they were as active as ever, only this time they found it advisable to shift the scene of operations. Figuring that Salina Cruz and Tehuantepec were too well garrisoned to be taken, they betook themselves to the neighborhood of Niltepec—Niltepec lies on the southern flank of the Mountains of Chimalapa some forty miles northeast of Tehuantepec—and looted the ingenio or sugar plantation at that point.

The news reached us in the usual way. One evening shortly before I left the Isthmus three ladies alighted from the train at Salina Cruz and put up at my hotel. Their arrival produced quite a sensation. They were clearly Mexicans, but were dressed in black and wore hats. Ergo, they were white ladies from the central plateau. Very strange they seemed to us who had so long seen only hatless women.

The ladies were vivacious and talkative like all of their

race, and we were not long in learning all about them. It appeared they were friends of the manager of the ingenio at Niltepec and had shortly before come down from central Mexico to pay his family a visit. Sometime previously the manager, fearful of an attack by marauders, had called upon the government for a detachment of troops. The government sent a guard of ten men; but in calling for troops the manager had acted inadvisedly, as he was soon to learn. Situated as he was, the payment of a reasonable tribute to the bandit chief of the locality was the only sure way of securing immunity.

One morning fully a hundred well-armed bandits descended upon the ingenio, scattering the guard like chaff before the wind. It was the usual story; the soldiers, finding themselves outnumbered, made no defense but fled on the instant, leaving the manager and his fair guests to their own devices. The bandits were not extortionate in their demands. They compelled the manager to open the plantation safe and pocketed its contents, a matter of a thousand pesos, and then each of the leaders—there were five of them—appropriated a riding horse from the plantation stables; but with this they appeared satisfied. Of course the manager was locked up temporarily for safe keeping.

The most talkative of the ladies, who told us all this, assured us that the bandit chief was a perfect gentleman. When the outlaws first took possession of the place he appeared at their quarters and after politely saluting said:

"Have no fear, ladies; no harm shall befall you. I deeply regret the necessity of relieving our mutual friend, the manager, of his surplus cash, and as soon as that is accomplished and a few other little things attended to shall endeavor to withdraw my men. It may easily happen, however, that some may discover liquor before I can get them out of the place,

and in that event I cannot answer for their conduct. I shall therefore lock you ladies in for the present and will return later."

He bowed again and taking the key from the door passed out, locking the door from the outside. The helpless ladies waited in great fear. They could not see what was taking place without, but from the confused shouts and noises which came to their ears it was plain that the business of looting the place was in full swing. After about an hour the key once more grated in the door, which was opened, disclosing the amiable features of the bandit chief.

"Gather up your things, ladies, and come out," he said. "Some of our men have discovered liquor and are fast getting beyond control. I have secured a rig to take you to the nearest railway station. By leaving at once and driving fast you will reach the station in time to catch the train to San Geronimo."

The ladies hurried out and entered the waiting conveyance, a light covered wagon drawn by two sinewy mules. The chief had thoughtfully secured a driver from among the plantation peons. A general handshaking, a few hurried instructions, and they were off before the rank and file of the bandits had discovered what was under way. As they turned the first corner the ladies caught a last glimpse of the ingenio. Before the great front door of the ranch house stood their bandit protector and even as they looked he removed his sombrero with a mighty flourish and, placing his hand over his heart, bowed low.

A drive of ten miles brought them safely to the station just in time to catch the west bound train and two hours later they alighted at San Geronimo. The next day they reached Salina Cruz, where they remained until the arrival of the next north bound ship.

SAN SEBASTIAN- TEHUANTEPEC.

STO. DOMINGO.- TEHUANTEPEC.

Chapter III.

TEHUANTEPEC.

PRAISE be unto the Lord of the Three Worlds, even unto Almighty Allah who hath made the histories of the Past an admonition unto the children of the Present. I joyed with exceeding joy and returned grateful thanks to the Most Compassionate, what time I first beheld that goodly city of infidels, by them hight Tehuantepec the Holy. And I have much to tell thee, O my brother, concerning the evils which in days of yore and in ages long gone before befell this place, and how Allah finally tempered their tribulations; but first I must needs describe to thee the city itself.

Tehuantepec lies upon the river of that name about midway between the point where the stream bursts forth from the mountains of Oaxaca and its mouth at Ventosa Bay. At this point a cluster of high hills breaks the monotony of the plain and between these hills the river wends its way. The city is built upon both sides of the river, partly upon the narrow benches between the river and the hills and partly upon the sides of the hills, terrace upon terrace.

It is the center of a rich agricultural district. Up and down the river, as far as the eye can reach, is one succession of bright garden patches and verdant fields, each surrounded with living hedges of Spanish plum, piñon, or gulebere, or bordered with stately rows of orange, mango, or the graceful coconut palm. There is no agrarian problem here, for the Mexican government long since made ample provision for the Indians, alloting to each his little plot of ground. Enormous

crops of sugar cane, pineapple, coconuts, beans, and corn are raised in this favored valley, and were its waters utilized to full capacity it could easily feed all southern Mexico. .

The history of Tehuantepec runs back into the distant past. It was already the principal city of the Isthmus when the Zapotec king Cosijoeza defeated the Aztecs at Quiengola in the year 1497, and it is so still.

Its origin antedates the dawn of history, but it was probably founded by the Huaves, whose capital city it seems to have been before the successive waves of Aztecs and Zapotecs overspread the land. The choice of site appears to have been based upon both commercial and military considerations, it being the nearest defensible position on the route leading from the Pacific plains to the Valley of Oaxaca. The heights surrounding the city afforded vantage points from which the eyes of its sentinels swept the plains for miles around and sites for the erection of fortifications to which the population could withdraw in the hour of peril.

While these hills shut in the city on the east and west, up and down the river the view is unobstructed; and looking north one sees the gorge where the stream emerges from the mountains and on the left the imposing mass of Mt. Quiengola. In a later chapter we shall have occasion to give at some length the legends connected with this mountain. At this point let it suffice to state that there in the fifteenth century King Cosijoeza erected a fortress to dominate the Pacific plains of Tehuantepec which he had but lately conquered.

The remains of these fortifications are the most extensive ruins in those parts of Mexico, and often as from Tehuantepec I gazed upon its azure heights I determined to organize a party for a trip to Quiengola. But Allah determineth all things, and from this mad idea, as they called it, my friends as often

dissuaded me. We would, they argued, need a pack train and scaling ladders, for the way was a matter of seven leagues—a Mexican league is about two and a half English miles—and the ascent to the ruins, about half way up the mountain, was very steep. The round trip would require three or four days and, worst of all, the district was infested with bandits.

While I remained but half convinced and continued to revolve the matter in my mind, an incident occurred which dissipated for good all idea of visiting Quiengola. Tehuantepec was the district capital and a garrisoned town, and so was Jalapa, a place some twenty-five or thirty miles up the river; and Tehuantepec being the nearest railroad point reinforcements for Jalapa were dispatched from there.

On a certain Sunday in midsummer I made one of my customary visits to Tehuantepec. Upon my arrival I hunted up Don Carlos and we set out for a walk through the suburb of Santa Maria; and as we were crossing the plaza for that purpose a troop of horsemen, soldiers from the garrison, came galloping past. I should have given them no heed had I not espied among their number the jovial little major, second in command of our own garrison at Salina Cruz. He was a wonderfully fat man and like most fat men exceedingly jolly, and I loved him as a brother. He nodded and smiled as they passed.

"By Allah, Don Carlos!" quoth I, "this hath a savor of mystery. There must be full thirty in that detachment. Peradventure there is something of importance afoot."

"Nothing out of the ordinary, I imagine," he replied. "There is a garrison at Jalapa, you know, and I understand these fellows are on their way to relieve the garrison. You see the government has to keep switching the soldiers about from point to point so that they won't get too well acquainted in any one place. There is a big disaffected element in all

these towns and troops kept too long in a place are apt to get mixed up in some treasonable business."

"I see, but how comes it, think you, that our Salina Cruz major is with them?"

"Can't say," Don Carlos replied; "wants to see the country up that way, I suppose. Probably he will accompany our colonel to Jalapa, where they will leave these men and return with an equal number of the old garrison. They'll have a rare outing; wish I was going with them."

We spent the afternoon visiting various points of interest in Santa Maria, and after supper I bade him good-bye and taking the evening train returned to Salina Cruz. Three weeks later I was again in Tehuantepec and on meeting Don Carlos happened to allude to the party that had left for Jalapa.

"What! Haven't you heard the news?" said that worthy. "I thought everyone knew of what happened on the Jalapa road."

"No! Anything serious?"

"Well, rather. Half of those poor fellows who rode so gallantly past us when you were last here have gone to their eternal rest." Here he made the sign of the cross, after the manner of the unbelievers, and continued: "All went well until they reached the foot of Quiengola, but as they were passing through the gorge between the mountain and the river the rebels suddenly opened fire on them from the surrounding heights."

"Ambushed?"

"Yes, ambushed. It was just the sort of place for an ambuscade; a narrow defile and high above rocks piled helter-skelter, and behind every rock an Indian. Those fellows made short work of the detachment. They poured down a withering fire on the trapped soldiers and in a few minutes the ravine

was filled with dead and dying men and horses. Our men attempted a stand but the situation was desperate; they couldn't scale the sides of the ravine to grapple with the enemy, nor did they dare to advance, for they knew not how far the way might be picketed by rebels. So after fifteen of their number had fallen they turned and fled."

"But how about the Jalapa garrison?"

"Oh, they may consider themselves fortunate in that the attack was not timed for the return trip."

It will be readily understood that after this recital I dismissed from my mind all thought of visiting Quiengola.

The city of Tehuantepec is situated principally on the left or eastern bank of the river, the business center being crowded between the river and Dani Guibedchi or Tiger Hill, the highest of the eminences which surround the city. The word Tehuantepec is from the Aztec and means "tiger hill town." It is said that the hill was formerly the lair of tigers which preyed upon the inhabitants of the town until a comparatively recent date. In Zapotecan, still the common speech, the place is called Guisi.

A typical old Mexican town is Tehuantepec with its fifteen heavy Moorish churches, its monotonous one-storied houses with their grated windows and hidden inner courts, and its narrow, crooked streets. Of its ancient glories before the Spaniard came no memorial remains. The old church and convent of Santo Domingo are said to have been built by Cosijopii, the last king of Tehuantepec, but even fifty years ago the members of the Shufeldt expedition pronounced their architecture to be purely Spanish. This is hardly to be wondered at since three centuries had intervened from the death of Cosijopii, and what with time, earthquakes, and civil strife

these structures may have been several times destroyed and rebuilt.

But it is more difficult to understand why no remains whatever, great or small, of the ancient Indian civilization are to be found in or about the city. At Mixtaquilla, three miles north, abundant archaeological material has been exhumed; but none at Tehuantepec. Possibly while the larger monuments of the past have crumbled with age or have been torn down to make way for new structures, those statuettes, celts, and other small implements which must once have been so numerous, have been carried away by the constant stream of travelers passing through the place.

In the summer of 1918, as I was passing through Calle Segunda Morelos, that little street which runs west from San Sebastian church to the river, I came upon an Indian celt—one of those stone chisels formerly used by the aborigines to scrape skins and for other domestic purposes—lying in the middle of the street. At first I was at a loss to account for its presence there; but on looking about I observed that the street had once been paved with dark gray cobble-stone, about half of the pavement being still intact, and that the stones of the pavement were of the same color and size as the celt. The explanation was obvious. Some ignorant workman had taken the celt for a pebble and incorporated it into the pavement, from which it had but recently been broken loose.

It was upon this occasion that, in passing from the street into the little square which fronts San Sebastian church, I beheld a sight by no means uncommon in that part of Mexico. A sturdy Tehuana was taking a live pig to market. She had first tied his feet together before and aft and then, having taken him up in her arms as one would a child, was marching off to the market with the greatest unconcern imaginable. Not

a grunt did the pig utter; he was probably accustomed to this singular form of conveyance. Nor did the Tehuana grunt, though the porker must have weighed fully sixty pounds.

Tehuantepec boasts a population of 15,000. There are a few Syrian merchants in the place and perhaps two or three hundred white Mexicans, in the liberal sense in which I have used that term. Strange to say, there are neither Spaniards nor Chinese. The remainder of the population is Tehuano. There is among these a considerable strain of white blood, and indeed, some of the Tehuanos are almost pure white. For generations before the advent of railroads adventurers seeking the west coast followed the route of the Isthmus, and many surrendered to the charm of the Tehuana, stayed, and were absorbed. And their descendants are counted as Indians, yea, though as white as the beard of the Prophet; for the line is drawn as I have said, not by blood, but by speech and dress and manner of life, and as one counts himself an Indian or a white man, so he is.

But the number of Tehuanos bearing any perceptible strain of white blood is small. It is limited to the upper class. Almost the entire population is evidently of pure Zapotecan blood, as is evidenced by their color, varying from rich yellow to dark brown. These Indians of the plains lack, however, the over prominent nose characteristic of the Indian race in general and their hair is generally short and fine, and often dark brown in color rather than black. These circumstances, combined with the beauty of the women (universally acknowledged to be the most beautiful of the Indian race), have led many to assume an extensive race admixture which the facts do not warrant.

The houses of the well-to-do (and there are many such among the Indians of Tehuantepec) are commonly of but one

story, without porches on the exterior, and built flush with the street; the long expanse of blank wall, broken only by small grated windows, producing an effect the reverse of pleasant. But step inside, and the feeling is at once dispelled; for here every house is built about an inner court, upon which porches supported by massive columns face, a court in many cases filled with shady trees and gorgeous flowering bushes of many kinds.

These houses of the better class are invariably constructed of brick, for brick is cheap while lumber is very costly on the Isthmus. Indeed, I was told by a friend that he paid more for a few hundred feet of lumber used in connection with the roof of his house than for all the rest, brick and labor, taken together. In the dry atmosphere of the Pacific plains, adobe or sun-dried brick is (or was until late years) the principal building material; the practice being to construct the lower three feet of the wall of burnt brick, which is also used about the doors and windows to give greater strength, the remainder of the wall being constructed of the cheaper adobe. The newer buildings are very generally built of burnt brick throughout.

Every Indian is ambitious to become the owner of a brick house, and as money is not always ready to hand in the beginning, the custom is to build piecemeal as the money is earned. The roof is always built first, and the walls one by one as circumstances permit. In this way a house may be seven or eight years in building, but in the end the owner has a commodious brick dwelling.

During the years of the revolution there was but little construction and with the return of peace building will be abnormally active for some years. Not only will there be great demand for common and pressed brick, but also for floor tile and roofing tile, wooden floors and shingled roofs

Railroad Bridge and the City of Tehuantepec in the Background

San Blas, a Suburb of Tehuantepec

The 500 Year Old Plaza of Tehuantepec

being uncommon in this section. There will be a great opportunity for the establishment of foreign brick-making plants, for which San Geronimo and Ixtaltepec afford the best locations; the former as possessing the best railroad facilities and the latter because of the excellent brick-making clays of that neighborhood.

Pass we now to the homes of the poor. They live in huts thatched with palm leaves. The walls of some of these huts consist merely of a matting made of wild cane; while in the better sort the walls are of wattle plastered over with red clay. Sometimes the poor fellow sets up the frame of his little home, nails strips on the outside and inside of the posts, fills in the interval with small fragments of rock, and then plasters the whole over with clay. In any event his abode is a miserable one; destitute of chimney, window, and floor, every spell of wet weather sweeps off great numbers of the unfortunate poor. Bismillah, it is a shame that men should be permitted to live thus without instruction. May Allah speed the day when the poor Indian shall be taught a better way.

The majority of the Indians of Mexico live in miserable hovels of the sort described above. Do you ask the reason? It is not far to seek. Three causes in fact combine to keep the bulk of the Indian population in a state of destitution; the apathy of the Indian; his exploitation by the white element, Mexican and foreign alike; and the lack of public security. And the cure as certainly lies in three remedies which fortunately operate upon all the evils alike; better educational facilities, a wider diffusion of the system of small land holdings, and a greater infusion of white blood. When a good common-school education is within the reach of every child, and when every Indian father owns his own little patch of land, intestinal strife will cease in Mexico, a steady stream of Euro-

pean immigration will flow upon the great central plateau, and destitution will disappear from the republic.

At Tehuantepec it is the custom to elevate the sidewalks adjoining the better buildings some three or four feet above the level of the street, and, that this may not inconvenience the pedestrian in crossing the street, the side of the sidewalk is stepped, not only at the corners but along the sides of the block. In these narrow streets hitching posts are out of the question and if the owner of a building keeps a horse or mule he sets a ring in the wall to tie his animal upon occasion. The beast so tied occupies the sidewalk and the passer-by must take to the street. 'Tis the custom of the land.

Mexico is a much churched country so far as buildings go. In the state of Oaxaca alone there are more than a thousand temples of masonry. But when I visited Tehuantepec the plight of the church was sad indeed. During the revolution the monks had been expelled from their convent and the building converted into a jail and barracks for soldiery. The neighboring cathedral was used as a horse stable, the high altar defiled in an indescribable manner, and the congregation was obliged to worship in an adjoining chapel.

Tehuantepec is certainly well called the Holy City. Churches abound; there is the cathedral and twelve ward churches, one for each of the twelve barrios into which the city is divided. The churches are massive structures of masonry, with walls of such thickness that the space within is very confined and little room is left for the worshipers. To fully accommodate the congregation the space in front of the church is generally roofed over, as seen in the picture of the Church of the Laborio, given in this volume. During service the women sit on the floor of the church facing the altar while the

male portion of the congregation stands at attention without the door.

The Indians are great church-goers. Male and female they flock to church at every call of the bell. The Church satisfies both their religious and their social needs. Adjoining the main structure there is generally a vestry where the older men congregate every Sunday to converse and smoke cigarettes, irrespective of whether or not there are religious services on that particular day. This appears to be quite a social institution.

Across the river from Tehuantepec, in the suburb of Santa Maria, are three small conical hills, rising perhaps a hundred feet above the surrounding level. On the summit of each the piety of past ages has built a little chapel, while on the summits of the larger hills round about the city rude crosses have been erected. To chapel and cross the Indians resort to pay their vows. Visiting one of these chapels you may perchance find the door open, and looking in may see a young mother crouching before a lighted taper set between the flowers which she has brought to the fane. She is keeping a vow for the safety of her first-born child.

It is the policy of the church to keep the Indian busy with rites and pilgrimages. On the outskirts of Tehuantepec, across the river to the northwest, lies Dani Lieza, a hill somewhat higher than the three chapel-crowned eminences to which I have alluded. In the face of this hill, near the summit, is a shallow cave; and passing through Tehauntepec of an evening you will observe a bright light shining from the cave. For the good people of that barrio have taken it upon themselves to send by turns a messenger nightly up the steep ascent of the hill to set candles upon an altar in the cave.

In the next chapter we speak more at length of the religious functions so dear to the heart of the Tehuano.

The streets of Tehuantepec are infested by a liberal assortment of half-starved hogs, dogs and burros. The hog is the scavenger of the place and it is well that he is, for all the refuse is thrown into the streets. Were it not for the hog and the dryness of the climate the people of Tehuantepec would have long since perished to a man. As it is, it is accounted a healthy place.

The dogs of that land are wretched creatures. The climate is too hot for dogs, and the Indian neither feeds nor pets them; and shall we wonder that the Friend of Man, deprived of his just due, reverts to the condition of his savage ancestor, the wolf. Indeed, this is only another instance where the Indian needs instruction; he is kind-hearted toward his fellows, but has never been taught the duty of humanity to animals. So miserable was the condition of many a dog that I came upon that I should have killed it, had I not been afraid of causing a riot. I one day came upon a poor dog paralyzed in its hind legs, hopping about the streets with its forefeet, emaciated to a skeleton, and literally covered with enormous woodticks. Bismillah, my heart swelled within me; and yet the inhabitants of the ward were totally oblivious of the poor creature's misery.

But the dogs of the few stray whites who dwell in the land thrive and grow fat. Senor Naufal, a Maronite merchant of Tehuantepec, had a dog called Sultan, a great portly yellow fellow, the envy of the town. This knowing beast was not even satisfied with the abundance he received at home, but whenever he met the Traveler on the street, followed him to that sumptuous hostelry, the Hotel la Perla, and taking his

seat beside him, put on his very best behavior, as a wise dog will, lest he lose his share of the feast.

The dogs of the Isthmus have a peculiar custom of sleeping in the middle of the street; and often in the daytime also, when it is not too hot, you may see them lying there. I have never heard this explained. Possibly it is to avoid vermin, or it may be on account of the heat derived from the sand.

Passing through the streets of Tehuantepec of a morning you are certain to encounter numerous burros, each with four Standard Oil cans on his back, two on either side. You will be run down if you are not careful, as the burros are not led. A boy follows after with whip in hand and the burros, with a wholesome respect for the whip, trot before, stopping at every doorway for a possible sale; for this, you must know, is the city water department. The well water is alkaline and all drinking water must be brought from the river. When their loads are disposed of, the burros make back for the river, the empty cans on their backs making a prodigious clatter as they trot down the street.

Chapter IV.

DON CARLOS DE SAN BLAS.

HAVING thus briefly described the city and its environs, it now behooveth me to tell thee of my experiences therein, even as I have aforetime promised thee, O son of my sister. And of those things which I shall relate take heed that thou question not, for I swear by the Name graven on the signet of the Great King that the same are true beyond the peradventure of a doubt.

Late in January of the year 1918 I took the 4:30 a. m. train at Salina Cruz, arriving in Tehuantepec a little after five. My friend Don Carlos met me at the station. It being so early, we decided to take a stroll before breakfast. We passed between Tiger Hill and another "cerro," both cactus clad, toward the city cemetery. The mist was on the hills and as we gazed up through the mist I noticed that the cacti on the hilltops were tipped with black. Guess the explanation. They were crowned with buzzards. The buzzards had certainly chosen roosts where they were safe from attack, if that was their object, though what would attack a buzzard I cannot imagine. At any rate it seems the great organ cactus is their favorite roost.

We passed on to the cemetery. Like the ordinary Spanish cemetery it was enclosed by a high stone wall, but unlike it the graves were not in niches in the wall but were laid out upon the ground. In the center of the cemetery was a magnificent mausoleum containing the remains of the principal woman of the town, Doña Juana Romero. She had died about

two years before. Gazing through the plateglass doors of the tomb we saw her casket, against the opposite wall an altar surmounted by a beautiful brazen cross, and on each side of the casket an immense candle fully three inches in diameter, of pure beeswax. Don Carlos looked lovingly upon the latter as he had the monopoly of the beeswax business in that part of the country.

A unique feature of the cemetery was a miniature reproduction of a Mexican church, bell-tower and all. It was the tomb of one of the leading citizens. And near the center of the enclosure was another feature of a nature not so pleasing. Here was an extensive area covered with red tile flagging, and Don Carlos told me that beneath the flagging lay the remains of the many who had perished of yellow fever in the years that had passed. That was many years back. There has been no epidemic of yellow fever on the Isthmus of recent years.

I was disposed to linger amid these scenes but the mercurial Don Carlos was of a different opinion. He had already planned a walk around Tiger Hill, so we bade farewell to the city of the dead and resumed our trip. A half hour's walk brought us to San Blas, a suburb of Tehuantepec with a population of three or four thousand. As we entered the place Don Carlos' quick eye noted a large cotton tree. It was in full bloom and, early as it was, one of his bees was at work on each blossom.

Another fifteen minutes brought us to the principal church of the place. We must attend church, for a due respect for things ecclesiastical meant an increased sale of beeswax to make the all-essential candle; so we made our way toward the church door. Inside the church the women, heads covered with their beautiful lace huipiles grandes, sat in rows upon the

pavement, while the men filled the entrance and the space before the door, which was roofed over to protect them from the sun. An aged priest in full vestments was intoning the mass; an orchestra, for want of an organ, filling in the intervals. Now it so happened that the good old priest was as deaf as an adder, and the musicians had taken advantage of his misfortune to play a dance tune instead of the sacred music prescribed. The congregation seemed thoroughly satisfied, their point of view seeming to be that as the priest was deceived it was all right.

We now proceeded on our way and eventually got back to Tehuantepec and in a few minutes reached the municipal center, which in Tehuantepec consists of a plaza or park with an adjoining market. As in the case of most Indian towns, stores such as exist in more northern lands are of minor consequence, most of the retail business of the place being transacted in the market. Thither every morning the Tehuanas foregather with their wares.

The Tehuantepec market is famed throughout the Isthmus. It is housed under a great tile roof supported by immense pillars of masonry. The market was jamb full of Tehuanas clad in the brightest colors imaginable. There were few things which could not be bought in that market but what interested me most were the fruits. Almost every sort of tropical fruit was to be had; great pineapples; luscious chicos; fresh coconuts, each enclosing a good cool drink; immense papayas; in fact, everything except oranges, which were apparently not in season.

The fruits investigated, we passed on to the flower market. One aisle of the market was occupied by the flower girls. The display here was well worth seeing for I doubt if there is among the children of men a race more fond of flowers than

The Chapel on the Hill, Santa Maria

A Street Scene in Tehuantepec

American Consulate, Salina Cruz

the Tehuanos. Many of the little holdings on the outskirts of the city are devoted exclusively to flower culture. Sunday and Thursday are red-letter days in the flower market. In the morning long trains of women troop toward the market bearing on their heads great trays of flowers. These flowers are sold during the day and in the cool of the afternoon another procession of women sets forth for the cemetery with flowers to decorate the graves of the dead—a beautiful custom.

Escaping from the buzz of the market, Don Carlos and I lunched at an adjoining restaurant; after which we made our way toward Santa Maria, across the river from Tehuantepec. There was to be a fiesta there (it was the patron saint's day) and we had invited ourselves to the function.

We arrived at the scene of festivities. A lively dance was in progress in a great covered court. About the entrance many booths had been erected at which all sorts of goodies were being sold. Hot and thirsty after our walk under the broiling January sun, we felt particularly in need of a good cool drink and after looking about a bit decided on tamarind. You have doubtless been accustomed to think of tamarind as a drug, but I can assure you it makes a very pleasant drink. The woman who served us took from a bottle a tamarind ball about an inch in diameter, dropped it into a glass, and, filling the glass with water, handed it to me. A few turns of the spoon sufficed to dissolve the tamarind, and the result was a drink fit for a king.

The tamarind tree is very common in that land. It bears an abundance of large beanlike pods containing beans embedded in a green pulpy substance, the tamarind of commerce. Considering its cheapness it is a wonder that it has never been introduced into either Europe or the United States as a beverage.

When we entered the dance court there must have been at least fifty couples on the floor. Being foreigners, and hence distinguished visitors, we were immediately seized by certain of the old men who were acting as the reception committee, and taken to seats of dignity at the west end of the court. Everyone of them, after the manner of elderly Zapotecs, wore a little pointed beard,* and they were wonderfully polite and hospitable. Nothing would do but we must go straight to the table and pledge them in a glass of strong mescal, and every few minutes one of their number would come up to replenish our glass.

Among the dancers were four or five mestizo men, but all the others, and the women without exception, were Indian. All the women were dressed in full Tehuana ball costume: A full skirt with a white flounce, the latter generally of fine lace; a loose sleeveless jacket (the huipil) of red, purple, or brown, with large white or yellow polka dots, trimmed with broad bands of yellow embroidery; and chains of gold coins about their necks. Their hair was worn in two braids tied with pink ribbons, and each wore artificial flowers of the brightest hue over her temples. As though this were not color enough, each girl carried a silk handkerchief of red, purple, blue, yellow, or some other gaudy color. Many of them were, without exaggeration, dressed in every color of the rainbow. With white women the result would have been ridiculous, but Tehuanas look charming in bright colors.

It is difficult to keep away from Tehuantepec. Early March found me there again. In the morning Don Carlos and I went out to visit a Mr. Wilbur Barker, an American who

*The Zapotecs, to which race the Tehuanos pertain, are much more hairy than the northern Indian. Frequently the arms of the woman are quite hairy, although the hair of their heads is noticeably short.

had a small plantation in improved varieties of tropical fruits; principally coconuts and aguacates (alligator pears). The trees were well started and in a few years would be bringing him good money; for though the Indian lacks the initiative to procure and set out new sorts, he knows good fruit when he sees it and is ready to pay the price. Barker also had a few young bamboo trees. The bamboo is not native to these parts and these were the only ones I met with while on the Pacific plains. Mr. Barker has since been appointed American vice consul at Salina Cruz.

We returned toward town, walking between lofty hedge fences of Spanish plum and the Mexican mucilage tree (Gulabere). This is the land of the living fence. Several species of bushes and trees make excellent fence material, the piñon or tropical birch, the mucilage tree, and the Spanish plum being most generaly used for this purpose.

The mucilage tree is a showy tree full of light yellow flowers the greater part of the year, which flowers are succeeded by large berries resembling white currants in appearance. The juice of these berries is extensively used as a substitute for the mucilage of commerce. On the bookkeeper's desk you will generally find a bunch of them, which are crushed as needed. If at a business office you ask for mucilage, they will hand you one of these berries. The extracted juice may be bottled and kept for a considerable time.

The Spanish plum is one of the best fencing materials. In two or three years from planting it develops into a sturdy little tree six inches in diameter with a beautiful top, and in season is loaded with an abundance of fruit, yellow or red. The Spanish plum is quite a different article from the true plum, though in flavor somewhat resembling the latter. It is extensively used for preserves.

I have already mentioned the organ cactus. It is the best of all hedge plants both on account of its great beauty and because it does not require irrigation and forms the most effectual barrier against livestock. But cactus hedges are the least used as more labor is required in starting them.

In the cool of the afternoon we hunted up the local judge and started for the top of Tiger Hill to see the tiger's cave. It was a long steep climb up narrow rocky gullies, with cacti of many sorts growing on either hand. We did not come within sight of the peak until we were almost upon it. Then what was our surprise to see it surmounted by what appeared to be a pyramid of gaily-dressed Tehuanas. I was at a loss to account for the phenomenom until coming closer, we perceived that in some past time a stepped pyramid of brick had been erected upon the summit.

It being Sunday, the Tehuanas had climbed the hill in obedience to a vow, and were standing on the steps of the pyramid trying to light the candles which they had placed between the three crosses which surmounted it. Unfortunately a stiff norther was blowing, which extinguished the candles as fast as they were lit.

It is indeed a glorious vision which the traveler beholds from the summit of Tiger Hill; in the foreground the hills of the Holy City while beyond in every direction stretches the verdant plain, as level as a floor, save where here and there solitary cerros lift their heads. Far to the northwest, seven leagues away, tower the azure heights of Quiengola, rich in legend; a lofty rampart walls in the plain until in the far northeast the eye falls on pictured Dani Guiati; and away to the east, on the placid bosom of the great lagoon, sits the Isle of the Enchanted Cave. The scene is grand beyond description, nor could I find it in my heart to blame those gentle Tehuanas if they had, as I half suspected, made the perform-

ance of a vow but the pretense to excuse their journey to this point of vantage.

The judge now explained that the tiger's cave was down from the summit about fifty feet on the side opposite that which we had ascended. Don Carlos, however, who had a soft spot in his heart for fair women, refused to budge from the neighborhood of the living pyramid; arguing that our objective had been the summit of the hill, not the cave. So we left him with the Tehuanas, who were seven, and began the descent to the cave.

Ten minutes brought us to the mouth of the cave. The entrance was very narrow and at a distance of eight or ten feet the cavern branched into three corridors which ascended at a steep angle into the heart of the hill. It was an ideal lair for the tiger, and I do not wonder that with this means of retreat he was able to set the town at defiance and make way with many a head of young stock and an occasional youngster before he was slain. Many generations have passed since the tiger met his fate, but the remembrance of his ferocious deeds still lives in the folklore of the people.

"There is a painting on the roof of the cave, made by the Indians of the olden time," said the judge, "perhaps you would like to see it." Of course I would, and so, although the cave was very low, we entered it. And on the roof of the corridor to the left, only a few feet from the outer entrance, we found the painting. It was in black and was evidently intended to represent a tiger.

Returning to the summit, we found Don Carlos deeply enamored of three or four of the Indian maidens, but we finally got him started and placing him before us, so as to preclude the possibility of retreat, began the descent. When we were halfway down the hill we turned and saw the Te-

huanas waving their handkerchiefs at us. Some of the handkerchiefs were red, some green, some yellow, and some white, and as usual the girls were clad in every color of the rainbow. I had the only handkerchief in our party. The Don borrowed it of me and returned the salute; after which he felt better. Seizing the opportunity, I reminded him that something might have occurred to his beloved bees during our absence, and he fairly rushed down the hill with us at his heels.

The lure of the old town is irresistible and it was not long before I found myself there once more. We were a party of four and we took our way across the bridge to the suburb of Santa Maria. This suburb has a fine church which we proceeded to visit.

We found at the entrance a worthy Indian of great breadth, who informed us that he was the principál (senior warden) of the church and courteously offered to show us through the edifice. Among other images which graced its walls (may Allah forgive His servant for gazing upon them) was a Black Christ. Our guide assured us that many paralytics annually visited the church and kissing the Black Christ were cured of their infirmities.

As we passed from the church the principál directed our attention to the western bell tower. The bells were swung by hand and it sometimes happened that a bell thrower lost his footing and fell from the tower. Miraculous powers were, it seemed, associated with the tower, for the principál assured us that if a person falling from the tower cried "Asuncion de la Augusta" he would not be harmed. This he said had happened on several occasions. Questioned closer, he stated that all those who had fallen had failed to utter the mystic words while in mid air—which I can well believe—and had

been injured or killed by the fall; which of course was proof sufficient.

In parting, the principál pressed us to attend a dance to be held that afternoon. So after dinner we set out for the barrio in which the function was to take place. On arrival we found the house well filled with dancing Indians. After each set the male dancers took seats on one side of the hall, the Tehuanas on the other. Over at the end, behind a huge table, sat the principál, who was officiating as master of ceremonies, surrounded by the members of the vestry; for the dance, you must know, was a strictly church affair, though the master of the house was expected to foot the bill.

We had come because two of our party had cameras and we had been told the Tehuanas at this dance would be especially handsome; and so they were. Six beauties sat together, and other six, not quite so pretty, next to them. At the first intermission our photographers got busy with the girls, who proved coy, after the manner of their sex. We thereupon resorted to strategy. Don Carlos and myself presented ourselves before the principál and his reverend colleagues and gravely requested an "order" requiring the Tehuanas to submit. The principál with great dignity acceded to the request and I turned back to secure the photos. But even as I did so the Don rushed upon us in great excitement, his eyes fairly bursting from their sockets, with the announcement that we had stirred up a veritable hornet's nest.

The master of the house had taken umbrage because we had called upon the principál for assistance instead of calling upon him. We returned to the table. A heated debate was in progress between the two worthies. Each stood upon his rights and neither would yield. All the men gathered about the two disputants. The atmosphere grew every moment hot-

ter, and we finally decided we had best decamp. But on turning to leave we discovered that our men had in the meantime secured the coveted photographs, having represented to the Tehuanas that the Traveler was very angry with them because they would not permit the taking of their pictures.

I am very glad that I visited Tehuantepec on Good Friday. It was a great day in the ancient city. In the morning we went to the cathedral. The images of Christ, the Virgin, and St. John, dressed in the most gorgeous apparel, were brought out and paraded about the church. Christ was represented in the likeness of a brown man, a concession to the Indians.

They held a long service before the image of Christ, who was represented as carrying his cross, but clad in a rich robe of blue velvet and with a golden auriole over his head. He was attended by four little girls dressed up as angels with wings, bearing little silver swords.

After this the chancel was converted into a stage, on which was portrayed the old story of the Crucifixion. It was all very realistic. Three crosses were erected, on which were hung life-size figures of Christ and the two thieves. The images of the Virgin, St. John, and the Magdalen were brought to the foot of the cross, while certain men dressed as Roman soldiers and others carried the spear with which his side was pierced, the sponge, etc. Finally He was taken down from the cross and buried; and in the last act He was being carried about in state in a glass casket.

Now the ringing of bells is not permitted on Good Friday. So instead of ringing bells, at appropriate times during the service they shook a three-sided box having iron knockers on the side, which made a tremendous racket.

After the service we went over to the plaza where we

Two Damsels of Tehuantepec in Gorgeous Tehuana Costume

A Little Tehuana in National Zapotec Costume

found things the reverse of religious. All one side of the plaza was occupied by gaming tables of one sort and another. Money was piled high on every table and the games were in full swing. Along the full length of a second side booths had been improvised for the sale of liquor; of whose potency we were well able to judge by the number of "hombres" we saw making their way toward home in the evening, with three sheets in the wind, tacking from side to side as they went.

Every now and then a posse of police passed in the act of conducting some over-hilarious individual to jail. The drunken Indian is naturally about as unmanageable as those of his class the world over, but the Mexican police have discovered a unique method of expediting his movements. A stout staff is passed through his belt at the back and given a twist. With a policeman at each end of the staff and two others grasping the culprit by either hand, he is kept on his feet and hustled off to jail, whether or no.

This was of course a great occasion for the women. There is a fine park in the plaza, surrounded by a wide brick-paved walk. Here, in the cool of the afternoon, the belles of the town foregathered and promenaded, dressed in their many-colored skirts and gorgeously embroidered jackets, with huipiles grandes of richly colored silk and fine lace surmounting all.

This huipil grande was evidently once an embroidered upper garment, but has been reduced in size and metamorphosed into the headdress of state. It consists of a body of yellow or green, embroidered with orange or blood red, and trimmed with a collar and deep flounce of stiffly starched lace. In church the huipil grande is brought up over the head, the lace collar fitting about the face so as to give these daughters of the sun a rather nunnish appearance. But on leaving the church it is pushed back and falls from the hair, trailing

down the back. The impression is much better. It reminds one of the conventional Indian headdress of eagle feathers and may perhaps be derived from it.

It is said that the number of handsome Tehuanas frequenting the streets was formerly far greater than at present. It seems to have been the custom of certain lawless military officers to carry off Tehuanas whenever it suited their fancy. I was told that one of the most beautiful young women of the town was spirited away in this manner. After a time she escaped and returned to her home. Shame preyed upon her and after a little she lost her reason. Such conditions existing, it is not to be wondered at that many families had sent their daughters away to dwell with friends in the fastnesses of the mountains until the return of peace.

Perhaps I should mention here the matter of baptism. Baptism is a great institution among the Indians. Of course no children were baptized on Good Friday, but on ordinary occasions one always saw a number of mothers bringing their latest offspring to the cathedral for baptism. The event was duly advertised by the proud parents, each baby being covered with a pink silk handkerchief purchased expressely for the occasion.

I had several dear friends in Santa Maria, across the river from Tehuantepec. Mr. Barker has been mentioned. Then there was another American, Clarence Harvey, who lived in a little street behind the Santa Maria church, and with him his younger brothers and sisters. There was Guendolina, my paisana, a wonderful creature, but who, being a good Catholic, never ceased to rate me because I had four wives back in Persia; there was Anastasia, stern as her ecclesiastical name; and two little brothers whose freckled faces

bore witness to their northern blood. As I write, word comes that they have all left with Clarence for Laguna Perdida in the heart of the great forests of northern Guatemala.

Up the river a mile from the home of the Harveys, right at the foot of Dani Lieza, lived old John Story, superintendent of the pumps which furnished Salina Cruz with water. Story was a great character. He was a one-armed man and well past seventy, but bubbling over with life and as game as a fighting cock. He formed a great liking for me. Don Carlos had strict orders to send him word whenever I was expected at Tehuantepec and I seldom alighted from the train but I found Story on hand, insistent on immediate adjournment to the Hotel La Perla for the all-essential glass of beer.

With a couple of bumpers of beer stowed away, the old man grew loquacious, and would sit there reciting selections from Bobbie Burns and singing the Song of the Alamo for hours at a time.

But when autumn came and the bandits began to multiply in the land the old man's joyous days came to an end. A knowing bandit, reflecting that Story must draw a good salary as superintendent of the pumps, made him a call and suggested that he contribute two hundred pesos to the rebel cause. Upon meeting with a refusal he left, but promised to call again. Story at once sent for me and I left for Tehuantepec on the next train. I conferred with the colonel in command of that military zone, who promised to send a squad of soldiers to protect the pumps. The soldiers were sent but after a few days were withdrawn.

Story now prepared for trouble. He knew it was but a matter of a few nights before the bandits would be upon him. He accordingly secured a couple of revolvers and sent his family into the town every night. His helpers at the pumps, hav-

ing no liking for trouble, also left the place at sundown. The old man was alone. Then the expected happened.

One evening Don Carlos telephoned me that there had been trouble at the pumps. I took the morning train for Tehuantepec. Don Carlos met me at the station and together we hastened across the river and made for Dani Lieza. We found the hero of the Alamo sitting on the veranda of his house on the hillside just above the pumps.

"How's everything, Story?" I asked. "Oh, everything is all hunky-dory," he responded. "Had a little excitement last night, guess Don Carlos told you. After everyone had left the place, about nine o'clock, the bandits showed up; quite a band of 'em. They invited me to come out for a parley, but I thought I'd better stay inside. Then they opened fire on the house. Just look here." And with that he showed me over the place. It was one of those Pearson frame houses and had been literally riddled with balls during the night's encounter.

"I stayed here in the dark and fired through the window," Story resumed. "Couldn't do much, you know, as it takes lots of time to load where a fellow has only one hand. But I feel pretty sure that I got one of them. There were traces of blood when we examined the ground this morning."

The inspection over, we sat down again and discussed the situation. In the end I assured him that I would see that a detachment of soldiers was stationed there permanently. We shook hands and the Don and I made off for Tehuantepec. A little pressure secured the desired guard for the pumps.

I am told that there has been no more trouble in the neighborhood of Dani Lieza and that the old man is alive and prospering; but this I know, that the pumps will never be taken by any rebel band, save over the dead body of old John Story.

Chapter V.

FARTHER AFIELD.

THE picture of the Isthmus of Tehuantepec which I conjured up when as a child I bent over my little primary geography, was that of a depression, practically at sea level, separating the plateau region of central Mexico from the highlands of Chiapas and Central America; an impression which, I imagine, does not differ greatly from that of most otherwise well-informed readers. But it is very far from the reality. Everyone has heard more or less of the various schemes for constructing a canal or ship railway across the Isthmus. These schemes all came to naught because the Isthmus was not a plain, but was on the contrary intersected by a mountain range many miles in width. It is a controverted question whether Captain Ead's plan for a ship railway and Captain Shufeldt's project for a canal were either of these feasible. Both involved works rising from sea level to a height of over 700 feet and the traversing of many miles of mountainous country.

The Isthmus of Tehuantepec runs in a direct east and west line between the southwestern extremity of the Gulf of Mexico on the north and the Gulf, or rather Bight, of Tehuantepec on the south. Across country from Puerto Mexico on the Gulf to the shores of the Upper Lagoon, which connects with the Pacific, the distance is but 125 miles; though the distance by rail from Puerto Mexico to Salina Cruz is 189 miles.

The dominant feature of this region is the great river Coatzacoalcos. This stream rises in the rocky defiles of the

Chimalapa Mountains, within less than forty miles of the Pacific, flows in a northwesterly direction until joined by the Escolapa from the south and then, bending sharply to the north, proceeds almost directly north to the latitude of Santa Lucrecia, where it is joined by the Jaltepec. At Santa Lucrecia the Coatzacoalcos turns abruptly to the right and flows in a general northeasterly direction until it enters the Gulf at Puerto Mexico. It is a majestic river nearly a half mile in width in its lower reaches, and is navigable for ocean going vessels as far up as Minatitlan.

The northern third of the Isthmus, as far south as Santa Lucrecia, is included within the Gulf plains, the true tierra caliente of Mexico, a region covered with dense jungle, save where cleared by man. The center, from Santa Lucrecia to within thirty miles of the Pacific, is a mountainous region, though an ever narrowing continuation of the Gulf plain stretches back from the east bank of the Coatzacoalcos from this point into the very heart of the mountains. At its mouth in the latitude of Santa Lucrecia this valley is perhaps thirty miles wide, narrowing as it enters the mountains and finally disappearing as Santa Maria Chimalapa is neared.

Santa Lucrecia is at the junction of the Tehuantepec and Vera Cruz al Istmo railroads, and thus is the gateway to the Pacific region of the Isthmus; for in normal times when travel is safe the traveler will land at Vera Cruz and proceed by the Vera Cruz al Istmo line to Santa Lucrecia, where he will put up for the night, catching the morning train southbound. The point is strategic, being not only at the junction of the only two railroads in the northern part of the Isthmus, but also finely situated at the junction of the Coatzacoalcos with its most important tributary, the Jaltepec, and surrounded by

lands of wonderful fertility. But for some reason the place has not grown. It is still a small village of no commercial importance.

Immediately south of Santa Lucrecia the railroad crosses the Jaltepec or Rio de los Mijes, at that point some 300 feet wide. This beautiful stream has its source in the Mije Sierra, a densely wooded district formerly inhabited by the once powerful Mije (or Mixe) Indians, who still inhabit the town of San Juan Guichicovi.

South of the Jaltepec the railroad keeps well to the west of the Coatzacoalcos and at a distance of thirty or forty miles the scenery begins to change. The tropical landscape of the plains is left behind; the country through which we are speeding becomes broken and wild. Stony hills stretch away to the west, while in the distant east tower the rugged ramparts of the mountains of Chimalapa. Higher and higher the train rushes through the hills, which now assume a wild grandeur, and approach nearer and nearer, until at Chivela we reach the summit of the pass.* Just west of the summit on the crest of a high hill is a watch-tower, a monument to mark the summit of the pass.

On the Isthmus the sierra takes an east and west direction and, compared with the adjoining plateaux of Chiapas and Oaxaca, is at this point both low and narrow. The highest peaks have an elevation of less than 3,000 feet and the mountain passes and plateaux of Chivela and Tarifa about 800 feet; and the width of the mountain barrier is at its narrowest part barely twenty-five miles. This transverse mountain mass is composed of two limestone ranges, the northern or Majada Range and the southern or Masahua Range, between which lies a high synclinal valley constituting the table

*The pass is 778 feet above sea level.

lands of Tarifa and Chivela. The Masahua seems to be the continuation of the Sierra Madre and forms the true dividing ridge between the two oceans.

This mountain region abounds in beautiful scenery. Perhaps the most interesting locality is along the upper reaches of the Monetza River. This river springs from under a Gothic arch cut by its waters in the southwestern extremity of the Convento Hill. The hill consists of pure black marble, and the walls of the arch or tunnel which traverses it are perforated and jagged, pouring in all directions fine transparent streams of crystalline and delicious water. This natural arch or bridge is twenty-five feet high, twenty-three feet broad, and one hundred and twenty feet long. A thousand yards below this point the stream, flowing over a black bed of fantastically water-worn rocks, plunges into a grand cave fully a mile and a half in length, called the Large Convento.

From Chivela the line descends and we pass rapidly through San Geronimo, Tehuantepec, and Salina Cruz, the cities of the Pacific plain. This district, much the smaller of the three regions in to which the Isthmus is divided, has ever been the more important notwithstanding, and our story lies principally there.

The Pacific plains are but the continuation above sea level of the Gulf of Tehuantepec; indeed it cannot be so very far back in geologic ages that the plains were themselves submerged, the Pacific washing the very feet of the mountains, for even as late as a hundred years ago, if tradition is to be believed, the great lagoons were much more extensive than at present.

These lagoons, of which there are four, known as the Upper, Lower, Eastern, and Western (or Tilema) lagoons, stretch fully thirty-five miles from east to west by fifteen

Vegetation is Luxuriant Along the Waterways

A Pastoral Scene on the Isthmus

Lake Oaxaquena, Near Santa Lucrecia

miles from north to south. The Upper Lagoon, which is much the larger of the four, discharges through the Santa Teresa channel into the Lower Lagoon, which in turn communicates with the sea by the Boca Barra. There is scarcely any perceptible tide in the lagoons, but being very shallow—depths of twelve feet are uncommon—and entrance from the sea being with difficulty effected because of the shifting sands, strong currents, and heavy surfs to be contended with at the Boca Barra, they cannot be utilized for marine purposes. The natural entrance, the Boca Barra, is utterly impracticable. The current is very swift, so that boats can with difficulty breast it, and the sea breaks a mile from the beach, sending in a surf that is impossible to work in. At some distant date an artificial entrance will perhaps be constructed, making of this group of lagoons one of the best harbors in the world.

In the meantime these lagoons will continue to be the sportsman's paradise. Fish and wild fowl abound. The four villages of Huave Indians situate upon the shores of the lagoons are supported entirely by the fisheries, the product being shipped to all the cities of the plain.

From the lagoons seven rivers radiate, crossing the plain like the spokes of a great wheel. Of these the Tehuantepec River alone does not now reach the lagoons, but enters the ocean at La Ventosa, some twenty-five miles west of Boca Barra. Anciently, however, it entered the Tilema Lagoon and the old bed may still be traced from a point a short distance north of Huilotepec, eastward across the plain to the west end of the lagoon. This river has its source away back among the mountains of Oaxaca, it was along its course that the conquering Zapotecs first made their way to the plains, and it still remains the most generally used highway.

The location of Tehuantepec, on the river half way between the mountains and its mouth at Ventosa Bay, was doubt-

less largely determined by these trade considerations. Not all the Indians one sees at Tehuantepec are clad in Tehuano costume; in fact, in the market the dress of the mountaineers (Vallistas) is almost as common. These people are merchants from the mountains and the upper valley of the Tehuantepec River. They come with strings of mules and burros laden with the products of the tierra templada; sweet potatoes, Chinese pomegranates, apples, quinces, peaches, immense thornapples (tejocote), kindling wood of fat pine (ocote), beans, pecans, etc. When these are disposed of they load their beasts with the produce of the plains and return to their mountain homes.

Tehuantepec, as stated in the chapter devoted to that city, lies between the river and the adjacent hills. Just beyond those hills to the southeast lies the suburban town of San Blas, and one stopping off at Tehuantepec will get but a superficial idea of the Indian, who looms so largely in those parts, if he fails to visit San Blas. It is but a fifteen minutes' walk from the plaza to Tehuantepec, and yet as you tread its streets you feel that you have at last entered a city untainted by the white man's civilization.

The population of the place is entirely Indian, and Indian of the most conservative type. Even the white-flounced skirt, sacred badge of the Tehuana, is almost totally lacking. The women of San Blas prefer the refajo or wrapper of their ancestors, though with them it is invariably of some bright color as distinguished from the white wrapper of the mountaineers. The place constitutes a separate municipality, Indian mayor and all, and has steadfastly turned a deaf ear to all talk of union with Tehuantepec.

Among other ancient customs San Blas possesses that of the barbecue. While I was on the Isthmus the mayor of the place, who resembled politicians the world over, decided to

further ingratiate himself with the leading citizens by giving a barbecue, and invitations were sent out accordingly. The federal judge stationed at Tehuantepec, his wife, myself, and of course the indispensable Don Carlos Parkins, were among those invited. The entertainment was held in a commodious building near the municipal center.

I had always supposed a barbecue to consist of an animal roasted whole; but be that as it may, on this occasion the repast was limited to ox heads! Large plates were placed before the guests, on each of which was deposited a substantial ox head, horns and all. A flagon of beer was placed beside each plate and then we were handed sharp knives and told to get busy. The menu, ox heads and beer! Yes, nothing more.

We were not permitted to overlook the purpose for which the barbecue was given. Barbaric as you may think the repast, it was prefaced with the usual flourish of Mexican oratory. The judge must first voice in ponderous periods the community's deep appreciation of the mayor's civic services. The latter of course responded, modestly disclaiming all merit in himself and imputing the marked progress of the town during the year last past to the 'enlightened and valorous' nature of the electorate. Then, after we had at the instance of the master of ceremonies, pledged the mayor in divers bumpers of beer, we turned our attention to the ox heads.

Being a political function, only members of the sterner sex (the judge's wife excepted, of course) had been invited. There were twenty of us present and we fell to with gusto, being heartily hungry after the long preliminaries. Ox heads disappeared as if by magic, and as fast as they disappeared before the onslaughts of the heavier eaters barefooted Indian maidens removed the trenchers and returned with a fresh "portion."

Moved by a desire to appear appreciative of the honor bestowed upon us, we did our best to follow the example of our betters, a task at which Don Carlos at least succeeded fairly well. He ate and ate, cutting and tearing great chunks from his ox head,—the while he, after the approved fashion, scattered compliments right and left among the pretty female attendants—until I verily feared he would burst.

The dinner over we all arose and each in turn thanked the mayor for his never-to-be-forgotten hospitality, shook him effusively by the hand and, Mexican fashion, pounded him affectionately on the back. Then, departing, we crossed the flank of Tiger Hill to the summit which bounds San Blas on that side, and so looked down upon Tehuantepec.

But it is time we returned to our description of the seven rivers of the Pacific plain. The first of these, the Tehuantepec River, we have described. The next four discharge their waters into the Upper Lagoon. Of these the more westerly, the Rio de Perros, is also at present the most important, for on its banks are San Geronimo and Juchitan, after Tehuantepec the principal cities of the plain.

San Geronimo, a place of some 6,000 inhabitants, is at the junction of the Tehuantepec and Pan American railways and is destined to become an important commercial center. Its sole industry at the present time is the Cerveceria del Istmo, the only brewery in that part of Mexico; but with settled conditions restored, it will be a leading center for the collection of timber, coffee, hides, and other produce for export. In fact, the Compania Comercial de Puebla, an American controlled corporation, has already built a well-equipped establishment at this point, and its genial manager, Mr. A. A.

Melby, has built up a considerable business in corn, coffee, hides and deerskins.

I know not whether San Geronimo derived its name from the Latin father who wrote the Vulgate or from my old friend Don Jeronimo Mahoney of Reforma—it matters not, for they were both holy men—but certain I am that it is in appearance the least attractive of the cities of the plain; and this not because of natural disadvantages, for its scenic attractions are unsurpassed. To the southeast, a bare two miles distant, rises the isolated cerro of Dani Guiati; to the west tower the outermost ranges of the Mountains of Oaxaca, broken only in the center where a transverse depression leads back toward the Valley of Oaxaca; while directly north lie the picturesque mountains of the Pass of Chivela. Nor is the site of the town itself without merit; it lies down by the river amid rolling hills embowered for the greater part in verdure. But San Geronimo has been not only the favored child but also the victim of circumstance. While the coming of the railroads has insured her future it has also split the town in two; and the Old Town, typically Mexican, lies in the river bottom a mile west of the station about which the New Town has grown.

I do not suppose the New Town numbers a thousand souls, and yet it is the business end of the place, all the commercial houses being situated there. A couple of blocks northwest from the station stands the brewery, the Cerveceria del Istmo, a fine brick pile and the most imposing edifice of the place; while at the other extremity of the New Town lies the huge compound of the Compania Commercial de Puebla. In close proximity live quite a number of Americans, some connected with one or the other of these establishments and some engaged in other lines of business; among whom I take pleasure in mentioning George H. Adamik, for many years a di-

rector at the brewery; Mrs. Laura K. Delplain, an aunt of Mrs. O'Shaughnessy of international literary fame; and Meyer Newmark, local representative of San Francisco lumber interests. Near the center of the town dwelt old Arturo Green, an American who had come there in early days, married a Tehuana, and become expatriate; despite which there was none more persistent than old Arturo in insisting that he was as good an American as ever.

A very crooked road led away over red clay ridges from the heart of the New Town to the heart of the Old, and all the way houses were scattered over the arid plain in the most promiscuous manner, without any regard to each other or to the points of the compass, for all the world as though they had taken their cue not from the Polar Star but from the aforesaid crooked road. In Mexico generally building restrictions seem to be non-existent and everyone builds exactly as he pleases, frequently with unfortunate results to the symmetry of cities. But among the Mexican towns with which I am acquainted San Geronimo is easily the worst offender in this respect.

One day of the days when it so happened that I was in San Geronimo, I accompanied Bolivar S. Kelly, superintendent of the brewery, and a number of boon companions on a trip to the Old Town. We first visited the market, where Kelly had assured me we should find some decidedly handsome Tehuanas. Our visit was a failure; the market was indeed full of life but it was in every way inferior to that of Tehuantepec. The place was dirty, the articles displayed for sale were uninteresting and, worst of all, the Tehuanas in attendance were far from attractive.

I then proposed a visit to the church, the fine external appearance of which had in the meantime attracted my eye. This

was far from pleasing Kelly who, besides not being of a religious turn, was peeved over my judgment respecting the Tehuanas; but he accepted the situation with philosophic resignation and we set out for the church. Luckily for him we found the place locked and he insisted upon at once proceeding to a bull fight then supposed to be in progress.

We visited the large stockaded enclosure prepared for the bull fight and took seats in the pavilion which had been erected alongside for the accommodation of the elite. The bull was brought forth. He was a very gentlemanly, amiable-looking bull, not at all in keeping with my idea of the Mexican fighting bull, and he positively refused to fight. We looked on for a full hour while the local heroes of the ring shouted, and prodded him, and waved red cloths before him, all to no purpose; Mr. Bull—very decidedly and very wisely for him—refused to get in the least bit excited.

That is the way it usually ends, in Mexico at least; the bull can not be got to fight. All honor to the Mexican bull for the good sense which he generally displays. It is a brutal, degrading sport, which the authorities have done much to discourage, but it has a very strong hold on the vulgar herd.

When they finally led the bull from the arena we mounted our steeds and rode away toward the western hills. Soon we were in the midst of a rural scene of surpassing beauty. What a contrast to the city with its delapidated buildings and crooked dusty streets crowded with dirty pigs and starving dogs and redolent of strange odors. We rode through narrow country lanes bordered with hedges of madre cacao, piñon, and yellow-blooming cacti; through patches of forest where grew the palmetto and the sapodilla tree; and anon among well-tilled orchards of orange and banana.

Then our trail dipped down into a swale and we rode for a time in the grateful shade made by wild mango trees, which love the vicinity of underground waters. The trees were laden with orange yellow fruit for it was June, the season of mangoes, and the Indians were busy picking the fruit. As fast as the fruit was picked the women packed it in homemade baskets and placing these on their heads disappeared in the direction of the city. Some of them held one hand to the basket to steady it, an unnecessary precaution where the basket was broad and low. Few sights are prettier than a line of these Butterfly Women moving rapidly along under well-balanced loads, their shapely arms swinging rhythmically to and fro, as their custom is, to preserve balance.

We rode up a slight rise to the home of the owner of the mango grove, a simple structure surrounded by lignum vitae trees then in full bloom. The trees in question were too small to be of commercial value, but were very pretty, looking much like hawthorne trees filled with deep blue blossoms. Kelly conversed for a few moments with the mistress of the house —they spoke in the Zapotecan tongue, so that I was none the wiser—and then we turned about and made back for the city.

Midway between San Geronimo and Juchitan lie two interesting Indian towns, Iztaltepec and El Espinal. The former is famed for its pottery works. This industry has existed for generations and the inhabitants have acquired great cunning in the art. Clays particularly adapted to the production of white and black pottery exist there, and many of the articles produced by these native workmen excel in classic finish the products of the best European manufacturers. As we shall see later on, Iztaltepec is also the center of the indigo industry on the Isthmus.

The City Park at Juchitan. Lambimbo Trees in Foreground

The Establishments of Some of the Merchants are Quite Pretentious

Halfway between San Geronimo and Iztaltepec lies an isolated hill called Dani Guiati, upon the south face of which are rock paintings dating from before the time of King Cosijoeza, the Zapotec monarch who conquered this region toward the end of the fifteenth century.

In speaking of Iztaltepec I am reminded of a little incident told me by my friend M. Garfia Salinas. He was one of the leading lawyers on the Isthmus and dwelt at Salina Cruz in a house adjoining the American consulate, but the nature of his business necessitated frequent visits to Tehuantepec, Juchitan, and the other cities of the plain. Upon such occasions he always wore a helmet and long linen duster. It should also be mentioned in passing that Don Garfia contrary to the Mexican custom wore no mustache, was slightly bald, and that his expression was demure.

It so chanced upon a day of the days that Don Garfia after having attended to certain legal matters at Juchitan set his face toward home. Now the region between Juchitan and Salina Cruz was at that time infested by outlaws, so that he needs must pass by the roundabout way through El Espinal, Iztaltepec, and San Geronimo, and in passing through Iztaltepec a certain adventure befell him. As he was peacefully pursuing his way through the city, suddenly shots were heard and the next instant the streets were filled with bandits, shooting right and left. Don Garfia bethought himself that just at that moment the open street was no place for one of his peaceful profession and fled amain for shelter.

Allah, praised be his name, hath ever a care for his own and I doubt not that Don Garfia, though an unbeliever, had found favor with the Most Compassionate, for as he sped up the street he discerned to his right an open doorway. He entered without so much as saying "By your leave," and had no sooner entered than the door was swung to and bolted.

Our hero found himself in the presence of some fifteen or twenty of the good people of the town. They were Indians of the lower class and being greatly frightened had cast themselves on their knees and were busy invoking the intercession of San Benito in their behalf. The moment they beheld Don Garfia, however, they arose from their kneeling position and, crowding around him, begged that he would lead them in their devotions.

"For you, holy father," they explained, "have surely greater influence with San Benito than all of the rest of us put together. Lead us in our supplications, we beg of you, that we may be saved from the fury of the bandits."

"But I have no influence with San Benito," replied Don Garfia, greatly embarrassed—for he was not strong in prayer —"I am no priest but merely a humble member of the legal profession."

"You don't fool us so easily," one old lady replied. "We have seen your reverence before and we know you for the bishop of Tehuantepec."

Then, as Salinas stroked his smooth chin and scratched his bald pate, a light dawned upon him; they had taken our worthy friend for no less a personage than the venerable bishop of Tehuantepec. He succeeded in persuading them of their error, however, and they resumed their interrupted devotions without his assistance. An hour later the bandits, having shot a man or two and secured all the loose coin in sight, left the town. As soon as they were gone the door of the house was opened and Don Garfia took his departure for San Geronimo.

Juchitan, on the right bank of the Rio de Perros about five miles from the point where it empties into the Upper

Lagoon, is the second city of the plains. It is but a little smaller than Tehuantepec and the rivalry between the two places is great, each city contending that its sons exceed those of the other in bravery as its daughters eclipse the daughters of the other in beauty. If a mere stranger may be permitted an opinion, I would venture the judgment that the men of Juchitan are the braver. The Juchiteco takes naturally to arms and Juchitan has always been one of the principal recruiting points for the Mexican army. The warlike spirit of her sons is evidenced in the vicissitudes through which the city has passed. In the incessant wars which have afflicted the country the place has been sacked and burned again and again; but no reverse has crushed the indomitable spirit of her sons. To the daughters of Tehuantepec, on the other hand, I would award the palm for beauty; though even this is stoutly denied by the people of Juchitan, for the Juchiteca, who dresses precisely like the Tehuana, is also famed for her beauty. There is among the upper classes of Juchitan a considerable strain of French blood dating from the time of Maximilian.

The next three rivers as we pass from west to east are the Verde, Chicapa, and Cazadero, all of which enter the Upper Lagoon near its northeastern corner. Beyond, and further to the east, the Xocuapa and the Ostuta descend from the mountains of Chimalapa, the former entering the Lower Lagoon at its northeastern extremity and the latter discharging into the Eastern Lagoon. There are no large towns on the railroad east of Juchitan, but the rainfall increases and the country improves as one proceeds toward the east, and a great region lies there awaiting development, a country especially suited to the rearing of livestock and the growing of Indian corn.

South of the railroad, between the Cazadero and Xocuapa rivers, there is a distinct range of low mountains stretching from Prieto Hill, five miles west of the Xocuapa, due west to Mount Tiac-Tinayix, whose base is washed by the Cazadero, The country between this range and the lagoons is covered with isolated hills scattered about without order. These partly submerged reappear in a beautiful chain of volcanic islands which stretch across the northern portion of the Upper Lagoon nearly to the mouth of the Rio de Perros. Of these islands the principal are Mitiac Xocuou, Natartiac, and Monapoxtiac. The latter, the holy isle of the ancient Zapotecs, lies midway of the lagoon as you proceed from east to west. It has two peaks and is on a clear day plainly discernible from the hills which overlook Salina Cruz.

There are some parts of this little Earth which stand so detached, are so removed from the general current of human affairs, that they may be as appropriately described as one place as another. Such a place is Clipperton Island. A mere dot in the Pacific, hundreds of miles from the nearest land, and far from the customary routes of sea traffic, one would think it the last place Romance would choose for her habitation; and yet even Clipperton is not without its story of tragedy and intrigue.

The island lies several hundred miles to the southwest of Salina Cruz and is a Mexican possession. Thither, shortly befor the revolution, the Mexican government dispatched a naval lieutenant with his wife and a number of attendants, male and female, to take charge of the island and its sole institution of importance, the Clipperton lighthouse. A negro also accompanied the party in the capacity of lighthouse keeper.

In the troublous times which followed the outbreak of the revolution the little party on Clipperton Island was completely

forgotten. For years the island remained unvisited. After a time their stock of provisions began to run low; and the worst of it was they were entirely dependent upon Mexico to supply their needs, for the island upon which they were marooned was a mere strip of sand, incapable of supporting even the eight or ten persons of the party.

The lieutenant now took counsel of despair. All hope of relief quite gone, he decided to stake all on an attempt to reach the nearest Mexican port. And so one fine morning he and two male companions hoisted sail and set out in a tiny open boat for Acapulco. From that day forth nothing was ever heard of them; the sea had swallowed them up.

Those who remained behind kept up the uneven struggle with nature. Reduced to the last extremity, they made clothes for themselves of gunny sacks and eked out a miserable existence by picking coconuts and gathering shellfish on the beach, for other means of sustenance there was none. Thus two long years dragged slowly by and then a ship appeared in the offing.

Friends of the lieutenant had at last reached the ears of the Mexican government and the latter had secured the good offices of an American naval vessel then cruising on the west coast. The vessel in question put out from Acapulco and having found the longitude of Clipperton sailed due south. After a time a dark speck showed upon the horizon and soon through their sea glasses they made out a beach fringed with coconut palms, on which women could be seen gesticulating and running to and fro. Over all, from a tall flag staff, floated the banner of Mexico. But behold, even as they watched, the colors were lowered! What could this mean? An instant later the flag again rose to the top of the staff. Another mystery!

Running under the lea of the island, a boat was lowered and a party put out for the shore. Five women came down to meet the landing party. They stated that they were the only souls on the island, but when the officer in command questioned them as to why the flag had been lowered they were silent. It was evident they were concealing something. As to what this was he was not long in learning, for as he and his companions approached the flagstaff they were shocked at discovering near its base the dead body of the lighthouse keeper. The gory ax lying beside him explained the manner of his death; he had been cut down from behind.

Of course the women could no longer pretend ignorance of the negro's presence on the island, but they continued to stoutly maintain that they knew nothing of the cause of his death. But this much at least was apparent to the officer; he had been slain by one of the women while trying to lower the flag.

The women and their few belongings were taken aboard ship and were subsequently landed at Salina Cruz, where they remained for some days while arrangements were being made for their transportation to their homes on the central plateau. While they were so detained many attempts were made to get at the truth of what had transpired on the island. But there were as many tales as there were women rescued and the mystery was never solved. Only this much was made clear, namely, that the lighthouse keeper was alive when the rescuing ship was first seen from the island, and dead before the landing party set foot on the beach.

There is no evidence of recent volcanic action in the mountains of the Isthmus, nor are there any extinct craters of once active volcanoes of any considerable extent. Ragged lime-

stone peaks and crater-like precipices of the same material are common, but no cones of lava, scoria, etc., so characteristic of long-continued volcanic action are encountered. Earthquakes occur but are less violent and not so frequent as in most parts of Mexico and Central America. As dwellings of more than one story are seldom built but little harm is ever done the houses, but the larger churches are sometimes injured.

It goes without saying that on the Pacific plains, in latitude 16° north, the climate is tropical. The mercury ranges between 65° and 100° F. the year round. At Salina Cruz the average temperature in the shade for the year is 80° F. In April or May a maximum temperature of 98° is reached, and in the winter the mercury falls to about 66° F. Persons belonging to the European race residing there seldom expose themselves to the midday sun, but perform their journeys and out-of-door work so far as possible in the mornings and evenings, and at night. And yet the climate, while hot, is far from enervating. On the whole it is a healthy climate. The natives both male and female, are decidely robust, and even the wives and children of European and American residents enjoy the best of health.

The salubrity of the plains is largely due to the dryness of the climate. The rains begin about the first of June and end in September or October, and during the remaining eight or nine months of the year there is no rain whatever. Often for four or five months on a stretch not so much as a drop of rain falls. Often times, standing at San Geronimo when a norther is blowing, dense rain clouds may be seen deluging the elevated table-lands of Tarifa and Chivela, but the instant these clouds are driven over the dividing range into the dry atmosphere of the Pacific plains they are absorbed and melt

away. A rainbow is often seen in the clouds, the whole affording a beautiful and interesting phenomenon illustrating the marked difference in the humidity of the atmosphere in the two adjacent regions.

May is the warmest month, and December is the coolest. With the beginning of June come the first rains, a double blessing, for the northers cease with the coming of the rains and the temperature falls. Indeed the summers on the Pacific slope are delightful. There is no excess of moisture, a rain once a week being the rule; all the trees burst out in full foliage; and the winds veer about to the south and blow fresh from the sea.

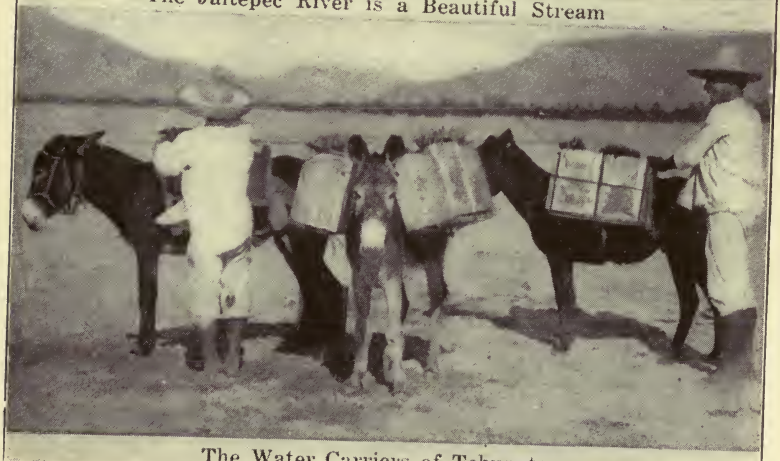
I have spoken elsewhere of the "norther," that furious wind of the Isthmus. The north wind so prevalent in the Gulf of Mexico in the autumn and winter, spreading from the southwest corner of the Gulf encounters the wide entrance to the Coatzacoalcos valley before alluded to and, rushing up the ever narrowing valley, increases continually in velocity as it approaches the narrowest portion of this funnel-shaped passage, until, reaching the plateaux of Chivela and Tarifa it blows a furious gale. Thus a gentle breeze at Minatitlan becomes a roaring norther ere it reaches Chivela.

From October until May the northers blow very violently over the dividing ridge and Pacific plains, so violently in fact that on the plains the gardens and growing crops require thatched fences or hedges to protect them from the violence of the winds. During the dry season they blow for at least a third of the time, being most frequent in the months of January and February.

On the long narrow sandspit intervening between the ocean and the Tilema Lagoon the road crosses from time to time gullies from ten to twenty feet deep and twenty-five to

A Watering Station on the Great Transportation Route

The Jaltepec River is a Beautiful Stream



The Water Carriers of Tehuantepec

fifty feet in width. These were formed, not by the action of water, but by the violence of the norther, which plows up the loose sand and carries it along like drifting snow, thus forming deep ravines crossing the country in a north and south direction. Roads and paths, if lying parallel with the winds, are rapidly converted into gullies.

Salina Cruz is celebrated throughout Mexico as the Port of Eternal Winds—which is a fallacy, for the northers do not blow in summer. But in winter they certainly reign supreme. Through the depression in the hills to the north comes the winds, rushing with concentrated fury down the main street of the city. In a moment the air is full of blinding sand. The windows are battened down, and no one ventures on the streets without automobile goggles. Down the main street the norther rages, licking the sand clean to the very rock and piling it in eddies at the street corners. The front yards of the adjacent residences are filled with drifts and south of Luna's drug store, in the middle of the street, lies an immense sand dune. It were useless to remove it for the next norther would build another. Blowing wildly out to sea, the norther repels ships from the coast, often preventing for days at a time their entrance to the harbor.

Disagreeable as the northers are they are a distinct advantage to the people of the Pacific plains. The summer climate is, as we have seen, tempered by rains and breezes which at that season blow from the sea. During the six rainless months, on the other hand, the weather would be unbearably hot were it not for the northers. As it is, when the winds subside the blazing sun in a cloudless sky scorches the countryside, but not for more than two or three days at a time. Then the norther returns, the temperature falls, and the people again return to their labors in the fields. To the northers more

than to any other one cause I ascribe the remarkable vigor of the Isthmean people.

During the so-called rainy season—I say "so-called" for it is not very rainy, even in summer—it sometimes blows strongly from the south-southwest, and occasionally heavily from the south-southeast.

On the mountains and plateaux of the divide the rains persist longer, and the dry season does not begin before December or January. The temperature is considerably cooler than on the Pacific plains, the difference being even greater than the ordinary change due to elevation, for this would be less than 3° Farenheit, while the actual difference in the winter months ranges from 5° to 10°. The contiguous mountain masses on either side to the east and west, and the increased velocity of the northers as they pass through the narrow break in the Cordillera, undoubtedly account for the temperate climate of this part of the Isthmus. During a norther the temperature sometimes falls as low as 60°, and the piercing wind makes it seem even colder. Thick woolen clothing and a pair of heavy woolen blankets are needed in this region during the winter months.

Frost is never seen on the Isthmus and none of the mountain peaks have snow on them, even in the winter.

Chapter VI.

THE PLANT WORLD.

THE account of no region is complete without a description of its flora. Especially is this true of the tropics and nowhere more so than in the case of the Isthmus of Tehuantepec. Nature, everywhere exuberant in the tropics, seems here to surpass herself. What varied, what gorgeous forms of plant life! I wonder not that the first question asked by a Mexican of a foreigner is whether he does not think Mexico is very beautiful.

All the year round in the regions of abundant rainfall, and in the drier sections so long as the rains persist, the country is one great landscape garden. In the nearer distance the eye rests on verdant woodlands, the trees of countless variety, massed here and scattered there over velvety natural lawns. Flowering trees with their burden of blossoms, some white, some yellow, some mauve, and others scarlet, add color to the rich scene; orchids hang from the branches; and wild fruits of many sorts ripen in season. Picture all this with the ever-present mountains for a background, and you have a scene a thousand times repeated on the Isthmus.

Such is the scene which on the Gulf plains greets the eye at all seasons of the year. On the Pacific plains, as stated in the last chapter, no rain falls between October and May. Throughout the winter the trees are withered and sear. In April and May a few species, responding to the increasing warmth, put forth foliage, but not until June heralds the first rains are the woods again in full leaf.

It is different where irrigation is possible; in the irrigated tracts of the Pacific plains, as on the Gulf side, the trees are in full leaf the year round. Supplied with the life-giving liquid, the results are startling. In the gardens of Salina Cruz I have seen coconut trees barely six years of age with trunks a foot in diameter and already beginning to fruit.

With the limited space at our disposal a detailed description of the flora of this section is impossible, and in the pages which follow I shall attempt no more than a cursory view of the more common timber trees, the dyes and dyewoods, the lawn and flowering trees, and the leading fruits of that favored land.

Owing to the semi-arid climate and the small amount of water available for irrigation under present conditions, but a small acreage has been cleared on the Pacific plains, and, due to the same cause, the tree growth is in general of a stunted nature. For the most part the plains are covered with a tree growth not exceeding twenty feet in height, and the individual trees are seldom a foot in diameter. Along the shores of the lagoons and near the water courses the growth is more luxuriant. Here and in the numerous valleys running back into the mountains is an abundant supply of dimension timber to meet the needs of the Isthmus for a century to come.

On the arid plains lignum vitae, mesquite, rosewood, and calabash are the most common and most valuable woods for construction. They are all small and extremely hard, even those varieties which when grown in other localities having a moderate rainfall are accounted soft woods; this is one effect of the arid climate. Black mesquite is employed in the manufacture of gun stocks and was in great demand during the European war.

The Palo-mulato, a conspicuous forest tree with a red,

smooth bark and generally destitute of leaves, is held in great esteem by the Indians for its medicinal properties, a decoction made from the bark being used in the treatment of malarial fever. Being extremely light, it is also used in the construction of rafts and floats. Another tree, the copalchi, abounds on the plains, its scarred trunk, stripped of its bark, constantly attracting the traveler's attention. It is a medium-sized tree with long spreading branches and scanty foliage, and the bark is of a light gray color, bitter to the taste, and decidedly aromatic. A decoction of this bark is also used in the treatment of intermittant fever.

The Chimalapa mountain region, which walls in the plains on the northeast, abounds in white pine, pitch pine, Spanish oak, cypress, mammee zapote, and chico zapote. These valuable timbers might be easily floated down the Coatzacoalcos and its tributaries to convenient railroad points, whence they could be transported wherever needed on the Isthmus. The numerous rapids in the upper courses of the rivers afford abundant water power for saw-mills.

Many of the pines are of great size and very tall and straight. Pines first appear at a height of one thousand feet above the sea, on the higher ridges and plateaux forming extensive forests of gigantic trees, entirely free from underbrush. The ground beneath is carpeted with a growth of verdant grasses which, combined with the bracing atmosphere and the odor of the forest, renders these pine forests most enjoyable after months spent amid the swamps and jungles of the lowlands.

The "oak" found here is inferior to the oak of the United States but is nevertheless of considerable value as a construction material. Both the zapote mamay and the chico zapote furnish timber of great durability. Neither are, when prop-

erly cured, attacked by the white ant or other insects or affected by the weather. Because of this they are preferred for railroad crossties. It is said that well cured zapote ties never decay unless split by the spikes when they are laid. The chico zapote, especially, is a wonderful tree. It grows to a goodly size, specimens three feet in diameter being common; it makes a grand shade tree when grown in the open; it bears that delicious fruit called sapodilla in English and chico in Spanish, a globular fruit about two inches in diameter, with the color and taste of maple sugar; and its sap, chicle, constitutes the base of all chewing gum.

Another famous tree of this region is the lignum vitae (guayacan). The tree is quite common but logs of merchantable size are difficult to obtain, for the forests within reach of the railroads have been culled for this commodity for many years. At every railway station guayacan logs may be seen awaiting shipment, but few of them measure more than ten feet in length by a foot in diameter. Grown in the open the lignum vitae makes a beautiful shade tree, especially in spring when it is loaded with beautiful dark blue flowers.

Dyewoods are among the leading exports, certain sections being rich in Brazilwood which yields a red dye and Logwood, which dies black. Besides these dyes many others, obtained from various plants, are used by the Indian women in painting the great calabashes used by them as receptacles for produce carried on the head, and in coloring their gay apparel. The pit of the avocado (guacate) is used for marking clothing, from the achiote (Bixa orellana) a scarlet dye is obtained, green ebony (Chloroxylun) yields a green pigment, the palo amarillo (Morus tinctoria) yields yellow fustic, and from cascalote and uale (Genipa Americana) black dyes are obtained.

This is the home of those two celebrated dyes of the eighteenth century, indigo and cochineal, the latter being obtained from an insect which feeds upon the Tuna de España, a species of cactus. Indeed, as late as 1850 indigo was the leading export of this district; but with the advent of mineral dyes the demand for these products ceased, and they are now produced only on a small scale to furnish dyes for native fabrics.

The Zapotec women are very fond of the Tyrian purple skirt, the dye for which is secured from a shell-fish (Aplysia depilans) which inhabits the salt waters of this coast. The process of obtaining the dye is a tedious one, since each mollusc only yields a drop or two of the dye, which is emitted on gentle pressure of the shell-fish. The dyed fabric is very expensive, three or four yards of cloth (enough for a wrapper) commanding a handsome figure. It has a disagreeable fishy odor, which is, however, greatly esteemed by the Zapotec women. Thus fashion perverts even the unsophisticated Indian's sense of smell.

The Indians show great skill in the ornamentation of the jecapezle in which the Tehuana carries her burden to and from market. These jecapezles are made from great gourds grown in the gardens of the Indians, the size of which may be gathered from the fact that the largest jecapezles exceed two feet in diameter. The ornamentation of these jecapezles in beautiful flower designs is an industry peculiar to Santa Maria de Guiniagate, a town lying among inaccessible hills some twenty-five miles west of San Geronimo. They are also largely made at Tuxtla Gutierrez, the capital of Chiapas.

The lawn of more northern climes, with its shade and ornamental trees scattered singly here and there or gathered

in tasteful clumps, forms no part of the domestic economy of this people. Their conception of home comfort is the little cloistered patio with its rows of potted plants. And yet what wonderful lawns this region could produce. The repertory of beautiful shade and ornamental trees is inexhaustible.

Among the former I may mention the Lambimbo, a tree with a compact head, in outline much resembling the hackberry. Then there is the lignum vitae, a small tree with low-spreading top much resembling the haw of more northern lawns. The Amate or wild fig is also common. It not only makes a magnificent shade tree but it yields a small dry fig which the natives cook with sugar, obtaining quite a palatable sauce. The Almendra or false almond is a beautiful little shade tree, appreciated by natives and foreigners alike. Its limbs grow in whorles, with a space of five or six feet between each two successive whorles. Besides its glossy green foliage it bears an almond much affected by children, both the exterior and the pit being eaten by the greedy urchins.

We must not forget that great prickly fellow, the hammatti or wild cotton tree. When young the trunk is covered with gigantic prickles, but the tree is perhaps the best available shade tree in these parts. Remarkably upright in growth and covered with a prodigality of foliage, it is also a remarkably quick grower and in time reaches gigantic proportions. These immense trees are of no value as timber, as the wood is very soft and decays in a short time; but they are of considerable value to the natives for the cotton which they bear. They bear great pods like overgrown milkweed pods. These pods are packed with a sort of cotton which is used for filling pillows and cushions. The seed, kapok, has a commercial value, selling for about twenty cents per pound, and might be

Coconut Palms Grow Luxuriantly on the Isthmus

made profitable were it not for the difficulty in extracting the seeds.

The Ule, or India rubber tree, abounds but attains no great size in that region. Its horizontal spreading top and the fact that it does not shed its leaves in the dry season, render it an exceptionally fine shade tree.

We invariably think of a tropical country as a land of flowers. In this respect the Philippines, which I visited many years ago, hardly came up to my expectations. There were flowers there, of course, but I should hardly call it a land of flowers. But the term certainly applies to southern Mexico, where flowers bloom eternal; and it is not so much the flowers of the ground as the flowering trees which attract the eye.

And then what flowering trees there are for lawns. There is never a time in all the year when the landscape is not gladdened by the bright flowers of some magnificent flowering tree; in March the pink-flowering Robles; in April and May the Arbol de Fuego or "Caballero", in all its scarlet glory; and the falling petals of the latter have no sooner strewn the path than the Tenpasuchil on the hillsides bursts forth in white. This is the softest of trees and when you break off a branch the milk-white sap fairly spurts from the tree. After this the Bignonia puts forth its yellow flowers and the Jasmine, which here is a tree eight or ten inches in diameter, is filled with dainty white blossoms.

But grandest of all is the Hapanico, which begins to bloom in December and does not cease until the latter part of March, and all that time is loaded with great yellow tulip-shaped flowers. O wonderful tree! Thy presence alone suffices to make of Mexico a paradise. I had a dream. Lo, I was in the Garden of Allah, and behold, on every hand great

Hapanico trees stretching forth their hands toward me, and in every hand six golden tulips.

In the public bath gardens at Tehuantepec there is a plant having leaves like the maple. It bears a large white trumpet-shaped flower in the morning, which by noon turns pink and the same day perishes. This seems miraculous, and I was myself inclined to doubt the truth of it until I had occasion to visit Mr. Barker at Santa Maria, as mentioned in a former chapter. Upon my visiting him he showed me a snow-white flower which he had picked and placed in a vase; and lo, when we returned a couple of hours later, it was bright pink. The flower is called Amistad del Dia and I was told grows wild in the mountains of Oaxaca. The name, which is by interpretation "A Day's Friendship" or "The Friendship of a Day," is certainly appropriate.

The Mata-palo, or tree-killer, is a singular plant. Beginning life as a vine, it finally becomes to all intents and purpose a tree. Starting as a little vine not larger than a fish-line, it either ascends the tree it is about to destroy, or springs as a parasite from one of its branches, later establishing connection with the earth by sending down roots. Growing in size it eventually envelopes the trunk and branches of the tree with huge coils, which in time grow together and entirely hide the tree from sight, save a few of the upper limbs. It always destroys the tree to which it has attached itself, and presently dies. And yet this pestilential plant is a thing of rare beauty. All the year through it is laden with flame colored, honeysuckle like blossoms, and the prettiest sight that greets the traveler's eyes as he passes through the woods of the plain is that of trees lit up with the flame of this consuming parasite.

I suppose there is not in all the world a region better adapted to the growing of tropical fruits than this same Isthmus of Tehuantepec. Despite the general lack of enterprise it abounds in fruit, though none is at present exported. In the markets one will always find in season an abundance of bananas, coconuts, oranges, pineapples, chicos, and mangoes, which are the principal fruits raised; and custard apples, soursops, tamarind, pomegranites, limes, and many other fruits are always to be had.

Wherever there is water the coconut grows luxuriantly on the Pacific plains. In six years from planting the tree is a foot in diameter and begins to bear. Beautiful coconut groves surround Tehuantepec on every hand and the market is always well supplied with the fruit, little Tehuanas sitting in rows with trays of nearly ripe coconuts. Slip one of them a nickel and she immediately whips out a knife, cuts a hole in one end of a nut, and presents you with a cool delicious drink. The nuts are used for no other purpose and only enough are raised for local use.

The pineapples of this section are among the largest and best in the world; certainly better than those produced in any other part of Mexico. With a suitable market, here lies a great industry awaiting development. The pineapple and coconut are easily the best fruits of this section.

There are two crops of oranges yearly. The first crop, of small yellow oranges, ripens from October to January; the second, of large green oranges, comes in summer. The former are very sweet but are not equal to the orange of Florida or California. In fact, the Pacific plains are rather too tropical for the orange, which does better on the adjoining highlands. The best fruit grows at Santa Maria de Chimalapa, its superior quality being doubtless largely due to the clear white sand

in which the trees are grown. A small bitter orange, probably escaped from cultivation, is found growing in the woods in many localities.

It is singular that the lime is not more generally cultivated. The Mexican lime is shaped like a small lemon, and indeed its flavor more resembles that of the lemon than the ordinary round lime. I ever think with pleasure of the little lime tree which grew by the porch of the American consulate at Salina Cruz, from the juice of whose fruit I drank for nine consecutive months during the year 1918.

There are many varieties of the banana, which ripens at all seasons of the year. The most interesting variety is the Enano, a dwarf banana. This kind is much raised because of the destructive northers which fell the standard varieties unless well protected. The fruit of this dwarf variety is full-sized and bunches will often be seen touching the ground. The plantain is ubiquitous. The Indians prefer it to the banana and it constitutes for them, after Indian corn and black beans, the most important article of diet. There are few native dishes as palatable as the fried plantain.

The native mango flourishes wherever there is underground water, bearing a small but very sweet fruit. Its season is June and it is quite free from the turpentine flavor of the much larger "Manila" mango, which has been introduced and is raised to a limited extent. It is not the easiest thing in the world to eat a mango without soiling one's fingers; but I noticed that at some of the hotels the guests were provided with "Mango forks," which obviated the difficulty appreciably. The mango fork has a long central tine, very sharp, and two short side tines. The long tine is thrust into the aperature at the base of the mango pit, while the side tines keep the fruit

from revolving; and then the mango may be peeled and eaten at leisure, without soiling the fingers.

Another wonderful tree is the papaw (carica papaya) or melon tree, which bears a fruit about the size of a cantaloupe and intermediate in flavor between cantaloupe and squash. The tree is very short lived, living only about six years; but it grows prodigiously, reaching a height of eight feet the first year, by which time it has begun to bear. It bears melons, a great bunch of them, right up under the crown; and at all year, by which time it has begun to bear. It bears melons, a ing, larger ones, big green ones, and one or two ripe ones. Every day for the whole five years you can pick your melon from the tree!

The papaw is the ordinary dessert fruit of the tropics, taking the place of our musk melon. What fortunes might be made from it if it could be handled commercially! But unfortunately it will not bear shipment. Papaws are of two sorts, yellow and red; the latter being the larger, but inferior in flavor to the yellow variety. In addition to its use as a food the papaw is the source of the drug papain, obtained by puncturing the unripe fruit. This drug greatly resembles pepsin.

I have spoken of the chico zapote, that delicious fruit so closely resembling maple sugar in color and flavor. Its cousin, the Zapote mammae, is a much larger fruit containing two immense seeds, each of the size of a small hen's egg. The meat of these seeds is very rich in oil, which is used by the Tehuanas as a hair dressing. There are two other zapotes, the black and the white. The latter is not common in these parts.

Among the most delicious of tropical fruits may be classed the anona or custard apple. The latter designation is apt to deceive one not acquainted with this fruit, which does not in

the remotest degree resemble the apple. It is a heart-shaped fruit with a very thin skin. The skin of the upper portion is broken and then the rich interior, of the consistency of thick custard, is scooped out with a spoon. Two species of anona, the yellow and the pink, are grown. It struck me as singular that the latter, which is quite distinct from the yellow or common variety, was so little grown. It possesses a peculiar but decidedly pleasing flavor.

Those who have never penetrated south of the Rio Grande may form some idea of the anona from the so-called "papaw," a little fruit growing wild in the thickets of the central and southern states of the American Union, for this fruit is a northern relation of the custard apple which has strayed far from its tropical home. It will, however, give one but a faint conception of the exquisite flavor of the anona. It is unfortunate that the term "papaw" is applied to this fruit (Asimina triloba), which is in no way related to the true papaw of the tropics.

Guanabana! That word stirs the soul of every true Mexican. The guanabana, or soup sop—to call it by it's ill-omened English name—is a shy bearer, but one or two of its great green fruits will always be found in the market, where they are used in the preparation of that most delicious of all cool drinks, guanabana. Mexico is a great country for "refrescos" or cool drinks and one has his choice of lemon, orange, lime, pineapple, tamarind, coconut, and guanabana, but the wise man always chooses the latter.

The pomegranite is quite generally grown but does not seem to prosper. Nor does the country appear to be suited to the date. I saw an occasional date palm, but only one in bearing—in the garden of my old friend, George Adamik of San Geronimo. The fruit was barely edible, but the tree had just

begun to bear and it is possible that the quality of the fruit will improve as the tree grows older. Here and there one comes across a tree of the tame fig, which seems to do well, but whose value is unknown to the Indian cultivator.

The Hicaco (coco plum) grows on a small tree seldom exceeding eight feet in height. This is of all trees the most difficult to transplant, in which respect, as well as in general appearance, it resembles the wild crabapple. The fruit is perfectly round, about one and one-half inches in diameter, and of three colors, white, black and pink. It is used extensively in the preparation of a preserve, which to the foreigner is decidedly insipid. But there is one compensation. The hicaco has a very large pit which is easily broken by the teeth, disclosing a kernel which is much more palatable than the preserve.

Another fruit commonly used for preserves is the Tejocote or Mexican thornapple (haw). These grow both wild and in the state of cultivation in the high valleys among the Oaxaca mountains, whence they are brought on pack mules to the cities of the plain. They are immense thornapples averaging over an inch in length. In the hands of a progressive race the tejocote might easily be developed into a fine fruit, its size and flavor improved; but no improvement is possible with the Indian. Everything is raised from the seed.

There is a native black grape, of a musky flavor and about the size of the Concord. It grows wild and is especially abundant in the mountains of the dividing range. A very good wine resembling claret is obtained from this grape.

Perhaps in this connection the avocado or alligator pear (Sp., aguacate) should be mentioned, though to my way of thinking this so-called fruit is more properly classed as a

salad vegetable. But be that as it may, southern Mexico seems especially adapted to its culture and the number of varieties which one finds there is great.

I first became interested in this fruit through a Mr. Popenoe who dropped into Salina Cruz a few months after my arrival. Popenoe was traveling as special representative of the university of California, employed by that institution to collect new varieties of avocado. He informed me that there were countless varieties of this fruit, and during the time he was in southern Mexico I am sure made considerable additions to this collection. He spent several months exploring that region and the neighboring parts of Guatemala for new varieties, going out from Salina Cruz and returning to that point every few weeks.

Popenoe was a decidedly bright and agreeable young man and I always looked forward with pleasurable anticipation to his periodical returns to the Hotel Salina Cruz. He was also, as one needed to be in his calling, a fearless man. One day he blew in after a trip up the west coast, Pochutla way.

"Well, my son," I said as we shook hands, "from whence come you this time and how has Allah prospered your undertakings?"

"I'm just back from Pochutla and the region beyond, where I obtained several new varieties of avocados."

"The region beyond! Indeed? why, I understood the rebels were in control of the interior back from Pochutla."

"So they are," he replied. "I came to their outposts not a mile from Pochutla."

"Ah! And of course they turned you back?"

"Not by a jug full. A Gringo can go anywhere he pleases in this country so long as he minds his own business and doesn't interest himself in matters political. When the rebel

Headquarters of a Prosperous Isthmus Plantation

A Banana Plantation

Cultivating the Young Sugar Cane Plants

picket halted me I explained my business—told him I was a botanist from the United States out collecting new varieties of avocados. 'Are you a Carrancista or are you for the Felicistas?' said he. 'Neither,' said I, 'for neither; I don't care a peg about your blooming troubles.' 'Pass on with God's blessing,' he replied with a laugh, and I passed on. I was several days behind the lines and met with no interference whatever."

Popenoe remained with us until the late fall and then took ship for Gautemala.

It is hardly necessary to mention garden vegetables, which grow to perfection wherever irrigated and given the proper attention. They can of course be grown the year round. All the sorts grown in temperate climates thrive there save those which, like peas, white potatoes, and the members of the cabbage family, are suited only to severe climes. In view of this limitation it is to be feared that pea soup and sauer kraut will never be popular dishes on the Isthmus. I noticed but two species of garden vegetables differing from those cultivated in northern Europe and America, the yam, which there takes the place of the potato, and a string bean the pods of which grew to the enormous length of a yard. It must have averaged fifty beans to the pod.

Chapter VII.

ANIMAL LIFE.

WILD animals abound throughout eastern Oaxaca. The Zapotec Indian is not much given to hunting and as a consequence there has always been an abundance of game; and during the eight years of civil war which afflicted the country game multiplied greatly, for the sportsman no longer came, ammunition was scarce, and few were licensed to carry fire-arms. With peace restored to the land it will be a sportsman's paradise.

The woods teem with deer of several species and every year thousands of deerskins are exported to the United States.* The deer come in quite close to the urban centers and afford great sport where the country is not infested by lurking bands of rebels and brigands. Deer are especially numerous in the valley of the Ostuta.

There is also great abundance of cats: The lordly puma or American lion; the jaguar, here called "tigre;" the wild cat; and the ocelot or "tigrío." On my first arrival in the country, at Mogañe among the hills of the pass, an Indian offered me a beautiful jaguar skin for a peso and a half (75c). My friend Adamik, one of the landmarks of San Geronimo, kept a beautiful tigrío in a cage. This beast was widely known, as everyone who visited San Geronimo must of necessity visit Adamik and so must, equally of necessity, drink a "chica" with him and inspect the tigrío. But the beast as he grew older developed a taste for poultry, in punishment for

*Over 95 per cent of Mexico's product of deerskin is exported.

which he was handed over to Gonzalez Soto who took him to Mexico City and delivered him to the Red Cross, and that was the end of Adamik's tigrío.

Peccaries are also common. They are very gregarious, wandering through the mountains in immense herds. They have a great antipathy for snakes, which they search out and kill with great zest. Living principally upon roots their flesh is excellent, and both it and their lard are much esteemed by the natives. Though small the peccary is of a very truculent disposition and their habit of treeing lone travelers is well known.

Both hares and opossum are extremely common on the Isthmus, and their flesh is in general use for food. One never visits a market without seeing a liberal assortment of hares for sale. The opossum is the pest of henroosts everywhere.

The quadrupeds, the armadillo, the tejan or coatimondi, and the tapir deserve special mention. Armadillos are very plentiful and their meat decidedly toothsome. When the Indian has killed his armadillo and removed the flesh he does not discard the animal's coat-of-mail, but devotes it to a most unique use. The shell is carefully cleaned and rolled in upon itself so as to make a receptacle capable of holding several quarts of grain, the ends of a cord are attached to both sides, the Indian sower fills the shell with seed, passes the cord over his neck, and with the receptacle thus held conveniently in front of him, sets forth to sow his field. The armadillo shell is more often used as a wallet or knapsack. It is also employed in making the sounding-board for the jarana, a four-stringed instrument of the guitar family in use among the Indians of southern Vera Cruz.

The tejan is a cousin of the raccoon, one of the dwarf members of the bear family. They are gray above and nearly

white beneath, very long bodied, and with snouts and tails of prodigious length. There are two species, one of which lives in solitary pairs while the other is gregarious. They are very active and perpetually in motion. The tejan is also a great novelty seeker and is, like novelty seekers generally, very stupid. A tejan will come down from a tree to look at a coyote, who pretending to be dead, waits until the tejan begins to play with his body. It then falls an easy prey to the coyote's cunning and its own curiosity. It is easily tamed and makes a great pet.

Not the least interesting animal of the Isthmus is that strange creature, half hog and half elephant, the tapir. The tapir is a timid and solitary animal and is generally to be found only in the most secluded spots; but strange to say is easily domesticated if caught when young. Its skin is of wonderful thickness. No use is made of it at the present time, but it would seem that it should make excellent material for shoe soles. The skin is covered with short, lustrous, steel-gray hair. The head, while flatter, is much like that of an elephant without tusks; and, indeed, while they somewhat resemble the hog in general outline, on the other hand the tapir is one of the cleanest of animals as the hog is one of the dirtiest. The tapir is found throughout this region wherever the timber is dense, but especially abounds in the upper Coatzacoalcos and Rio Verde valleys. Among the natives it is called Anteburro, that is, "once an ass."

Vampire bats, of which there are several species, are quite numerous in mountainous or hilly localities. One sort is as large as a pullet, measuring on extended wings from two to three feet, while another variety is no larger than a meadow lark. They are most numerous in the wilds of the Chimalapa mountains, where they attack the horses of travelers on the

trail almost every night, often biting the same horse two or three times. They make an opening in the skin about a quarter of an inch in diameter, and not infrequently blood will be seen oozing from the wound several hours later. Two servants of the Shufeldt expedition, which traversed these mountains in 1871, were bitten by vampires about the feet. They did not feel the bat until it was in the act of flying away. There is an unconfirmed belief that the vampire keeps his wings in motion while he bites, which prevents the bite being felt.

Death seldom results from the bite of a vampire save in the case of infants bitten more than once the same night. Neither horses nor men seem greatly affected by loss of blood. Animals in the open are never attacked on a bright night, for the vampires, disliking the light, always enter houses and other dark places for their prey. A candle left burning in a room is a sure defense. The Indians of the mountains close their houses and out-buildings carefully to exclude these bloodthirsty creatures. Fortunately their operations are generally confined to the neighborhood of the wild places in which they dwell.

Caves are numerous in the limestone hills and mountains in and around the Pacific plains, and many of these caves are tenanted by bats which pour forth in multitudes at set of sun. Mount Quiengola is especially rich in bat caves. Vast quantities of bat guano have accumulated in these caves and some day the collection of this guano will prove a lucrative business. Some guano is removed even at the present time.

The commonest bird in the neighborhood of human habitations is the Zopilote (buzzard), which, in partnership with the hogs and dogs of the land, performs the duties of public scavenger. All day long he sails on tireless wing over city

and village keeping a sharp lookout for carrion. His usefulness is so generally recognized that in the state of Vera Cruz it is made a misdemeanor to kill a zopilote. The law is not so strict in Oaxaca; nevertheless no one thinks of molesting them, with the result that they are almost as tame as domestic poultry.

Another bird very much in evidence is the Sanate. The male bird has glossy black plumage and a very long beak and tail. He is quite a noisy fellow, and during the spring and summer one is seldom out of hearing of his song. The female bird is colored a deep gray. The Sanates breed in early summer, building their nests in the most public places. In the summer of 1918 there were no less than seven sanate nests in the little back yard of the Hotel Salina Cruz, and when the little birds came the fourteen old birds kept up an uproar from morning to night which was positively deafening.

The greenwoods are full of bird life, covies of noisy green parrots with red wings, many colored macaws, lovies, parroquets, and tiny gray owls not larger than a dollar. This is also the home of the Chachalaca or mountain fowl, a fowl the size of a small hen but in appearance much like the heron. In color they are a greenish gray. They are easily domesticated and cross readily with the domestic fowl, the cross making great game birds.

In season the harbor at Salina Cruz is alive with great pelicans, who pursue their fishing operations totally oblivious of the close proximity of man, and the waters of the great lagoons are tenanted by thousands of wild ducks.

Facing the little park in Salina Cruz is the residence of a Mr. Tunnell. He has lived there many years and being something of a cripple takes delight in keeping pets. He has six curassows. The curassow runs wild in the forests of southern

Mexico, Central America, and the northern part of South America, but is easily domesticated. They are about the size of turkeys which they much resemble in appearance, but are much tamer than turkeys and would make valuable poultry, were it not that they lay very few eggs. The male birds are black and the hens are brown.

One of Mr. Tunnell's curassows was called Joe. Old Joe was quite old and had a crippled foot. He spent much of his time sitting on his master's knee. Then there was a famous hen curassow named Sarah. It was Mr. Tunnell's custom to sit in front of his house in the evening, and when I called upon him on such occasions Sarah would insist on getting between us to protect him. She would make a very disconcerting noise like the purring of a cat, and peck at me.

One day Capt. George Bryant, who commanded the port dredge "Mexico," invited me to make a trip with him; so at seven o'clock in the morning I went down to the dredge. We steamed out to the sand bank in the outer harbor. Two great 18-inch tubes were lowered to the bottom of the harbor and the suction pumps were set going. We went below to breakfast. By the time we had finished and came on deck the dredge was loaded full of sand and mud. In less than three-quarters of an hour she had sucked up two thousand tons of mud.

The dredge got under way and sailed out into the open sea. About a half mile from the harbor entrance we stopped, the ship's machinery was set in motion, and lo, great doors opened in the bottom of the ship and her cargo of mud sank into the sea. The dredge had great watertight compartments on each side which kept it from sinking when the water rushed into the hold.

While all this was in progress I noticed a bird hovering

far above. He was built on the plan of an aeroplane and hardly moved his wings as he sailed about. The captain informed me that it was a Frigate Bird.

All of a sudden Mr. Bird espied a piece of meat floating on the surface of the water, and down he dashed. He seized the meat, bore it aloft, dropped it, darted down and seized it again, and once more bore it aloft. He repeated this procedure several times. What do you suppose his object to have been? You will never guess; and yet it is as plain as day. He had no hands to hold the meat while he ate it, so he could only take one bite at a time and let it fall.

Iguanas and smaller lizards of many kinds are very plentiful. The iguana is much esteemed for his flesh, the Indians preferring it to beef or chicken, and one never visits the market without seeing a goodly number of these reptiles, each with mouth tied shut to prevent him from biting. They are most repulsive-looking creatures, from two to three feet in length, with immense tails by which the Tehuana carries them from the market to the cooking-pot. The choicest are obtained from the banks of unfrequented streams far up in the mountains. The reptile is caught in traps or chased into its hole in the earth and then dug out.

Alligators infest the waters on both sides of the Isthmus, being particularly numerous along the middle reaches of the Coatzacoalcos River. They are also found in smaller numbers in the great lagoons of the Pacific plain. These saurian monsters destroy a considerable number of young cattle. Shooting them affords great sport, and so numerous are they on the Coatzacoalcos that the hunter can with ease dispatch a dozen in a few hours.

Sharks abound along the coast and in the principal rivers.

Pelicans are Plentiful and Tame Along the Coast

The Bats are Another Scavenger, Attacking Humans as Well as Insects After Dark

Facts hardly justify their reputation for voracity, for Huave Indians are often seen standing up to their middles in the water, some distance from the beach at the mouth of the Tehuantepec River, with dozens of great sharks swimming lazily along quite near them.

During the greater part of the year, owing to the dryness of the climate, one is but little troubled with insect pests on the Pacific plains. The cockroach is practically unknown and flies and mosquitoes are so little in evidence that mosquito nets are not in use; and though the first rains of June herald a recrudescence of insect life, insects never become so troublesome as in more northern climes.

The effect of the early rains is startling. The trees, which until then were for the most part dry and sere, put forth their foliage almost over night, the insects begin to buzz about and make a general nuisance of themselves, and the voice of the frog is heard from every damp depression.

I shall never forget our first real rain. It just poured down for twenty-four hours and then, during the night, the clouds cleared away. The next morning the sun came up bright and clear and the streets were completely dry, there being a considerable slope to the sea and the soil being quite sandy. You can imagine my surprise when I stepped from the hotel into the street. As I moved along the path hundreds of toads jumped to either side. The ground was literally covered with them. Where do you suppose they came from?

Well, that was a mystery to me until I came to the American consulate. There were rifts of sand in the yard of the consulate, blown there by the incessant northers, and I perceived that the rifts were full of holes, and a toad was jumping from every hole. This plague of toads lasted for but one day and then they disappeared. I was told this occurs every year.

I suppose the old mother toads lay their eggs in the sand and the first good rain breaks them open, and out jumps Mr. Toad.

The sea yields great tribute and would yield much more were the Zapotec Indians inclined to the water, which they are not. Nevertheless the markets are always well supplied with fish of many sorts. Turtle's eggs are as abundant as hen's eggs. An immense species of crawfish is obtained from the sea, while the fresh-water fisheries teem with a smaller species of the same shellfish. Shrimps, also, are very abundant, and constitute an important article of export.

Pearls are mentioned among the gifts which the ancient Zapotec kings made to the Spanish conquistadores; and pearls are still found in the waters of the Pacific a few miles west of Salina Cruz. In this neighborhood there exist extensive beds of pearl oysters from which the natives have taken, from time to time, many valuable pearls. During some seasons the Indians inhabiting the coast collect a considerable number of pearls by diving naked into the sea, and this work is said to be more remunerative than any other employment within reach of these people; but, notwithstanding this, there are other seasons when, for some unknown reason, they cannot be induced to engage in this labor.

Chapter VII.

THE INDIAN PEOPLES.

IN writ of eld it is affirmed of the renowned Caliph Haroun al-Raschid, Prince of Believers and Vicegerent of God on earth, that at the height of his glory he ruled over no less than three hundred races of men. Be that as it may, certain it is that he that holdeth the scepter in Mexico beareth sway over many more, and of these the greater part be divers tribes of red men, or Indians as they are called in the western world.

A description of the Isthmus of Tehuantepec would be incomplete without some account of its inhabitants, and this in turn would be of little value if the Indian were omitted; for the Indian looms large in this region. It may be, as we are told, that one-fifth of the population of Mexico is white; but that is taking the republic as a whole. On the central plateau of Mexico there is much white blood. For four hundred years the plateau regions have received a constant, and during certain periods a considerable immigration from Spain. There the Spaniard could live under conditions substantially similar to those to which he was accustomed in the homeland.

But the Spaniard never settled to any considerable extent in the tierra caliente (the hot coastal zone), and hence the population there has remained predominantly Indian. This is true of the Isthmus. In the larger towns there are some whites and mestizos, though even there the great majority are aborigines. But the bulk of the inhabitants live in villages or on isolated rancherias, and here you find nothing but full-

blood Indians. Taking the Isthmus as a whole, it is safe to say that not one-tenth of the population possesses any appreciable strain of white blood.

Four Indian races dwell upon the Isthmus. The Gulf plains and the lower Coatzacoalcos Valley are peopled by Aztecs, the mountains of the center by the Choque-Mixes, and the Pacific plains by the Zapotecs. Forming a small enclave in the Zapotec area are the Huaves, a tribe of fishermen inhabiting the shores of the great lagoons.

Of these races the Zapotecs, an offshoot of the noble race which anciently ruled over and still dwells in the great mountainous region to the northwest, easily stand first. Four centuries of subjugation have not sufficed to extinguish the national spirit. They inhabit the Pacific plains and the elevated table-lands from Tarifa to Petapa. The Zapotecs are the most intelligent as well as the most industrious Indians on the Isthmus and in personal appearance are superior to all others. Their population is on the increase and is continually sending forth emmigrants to people districts once the homes of other races. They inhabit the greater part of the State of Oaxaca and number somewhere between seven hundred thousand and a million souls.

The Zapotec is a fine fellow physically; short, as a rule, but full-breasted and powerfully built. One seldom sees a spare-built man among them. He has a broad back and he needs it, for the burden he has to bear is far from light. It has been the custom of writers making the tour of southern Mexico to belittle the male Zapotec. Several things have concurred to deny him his due. The features of the male Zapotec are generally plain, his costume has little of the picturesque, and the traveler being himself of the male sex has given him but scant attention.

Buzzards the Great Isthmus Scavengers, as Tame as Domestic Fowls

Owing to the insecure nature of the country the agricultural population tends to concentrate in the villages and towns where some measure of protection is afforded. This results in a special division of labor between the sexes. The women, residing continually in the town, are the merchants. Such a thing as a man selling goods at retail is practically unknown. Women are the traders, while the men largely spend their lives on their outlying ranches, caring for their stock, burning lime, charcoal, etc., fishing and hunting, or tilling their little holdings of corn or cane. I may add that the number of hunters is few, for the Indians have little natural fondness for hunting although the country abounds in game. This is not to be wondered at, for they had passed from the hunter state and had become an agricultural race long before the dawn of history.

In the daytime the absence of men is very noticeable in the towns. This is the parent of two errors: first, that the females far outnumber the males and, second, that the women are the industrious part of the community and the men mere drones.

Writers have made no mistake in picturing the Zapotec woman as the most attractive representative of her race, a statement to the truth of which the many illustrations scattered through this work bear witness. Varying in color from golden to rich brown, with well-rounded limbs and deep bosom, her features possess none of that harshness which we usually associate with Indian blood.

Venus is here revealed in the flesh. Here alone among the living daughters of Eve will you find the straight projecting breasts of classic Greece. The Zapotec maid needs no corsets. Her breasts stand erect not merely as a budding maid but well on until the age of thirty or thirty-five, and it is no

uncommon thing to come upon a mother of three or four children whose breasts project like those of a young girl. This plainly indicates great vigor in the race.

With her open face and ready laugh the Tehuana is the reverse of Oriental; she is most decidedly of the Occident. But, aside from this, surface indications are to the contrary; and beholding these gaudily dressed creatures moving upon the streets, each with a tray or jar balanced on her head, I saw as through a mist the Persian marts of my youth. The Tehuanas persist in carrying everything on their heads, even in the most violent winds. Sometimes they are compelled to navigate pretty slowly, but they never under any circumstances permit their burden to fall. It is no uncommon sight to see a woman pass, balancing a squash on her head. Their dexterity in this matter is the result of long experience. I have often seen a little girl of ten or twelve years walking along quite unconcernedly, balancing an empty beer bottle on her head. She was taking her first lesson in the art.

The Tehuanas are very strong and walk off with a stride, even in the hottest weather. After the manner of Norwegian peasant women they are much given to trotting when in a hurry.

Mexico presents a great object lesson to the student of race absorption. Here you find every stage in the process; the wild Indian, the Christianized Indian who still preserves his mother tongue and the costume of his ancestors, and the Spanish-speaking Indian who has assumed the costume of the white man.

The Zapotecs were long since converted to the Christian faith, whether for the better or not is an open question; but they still preserve their own language. It is estimated that the Zapotecan tongue is spoken by at least 500,000 souls. True,

Senor Bigote, the Renowned Gringo
Viajero, Dressed to Ascend to
the Crater of Popocatepetl

Spanish is spoken in the larger towns of Zapoteca. It is the language of communication with the white; the language of law, religion, and public affairs; of the schools, such as there are. But even in the towns you hear the aboriginal tongue on every hand, and in the villages it alone is spoken. Indeed, I do not exaggerate in saying that outside the cities of Tehuantepec, Juchitan, Salina Cruz, and San Geronimo but little Spanish is heard upon the Pacific plains of the Isthmus. Even in such large towns as Iztaltepec it is but little used. This fact was forcibly impressed upon me by an incident which occurred late in the fall of 1918.

It so befell that upon a certain Sunday Mr. James Cowan and myself found ourselves at San Geronimo. Just a word about Cowan before I go any further. This Cowan—he was locally known as Señor Bigote (Mr. Mustache)—was quite a character. I suppose there was no better known Gringo in all southern Mexico. For many years he had traveled up and down the country in the interests of first one firm and then another, and at the time when I first met him was selling enameled ware for some American house. He was a most unique individual. In the first place he was a one-armed man, though of course that was not his fault. He was a large man and sported an immense mustache, immense even for one of his size; and he waxed the ends of the said mustache and drew them out to pencil points which projected a good four inches from his cheeks. And in addition to this he always wore a great broad-brimmed hat the crown of which was carefully brought to a peak. Altogether, he was a sight not soon forgotten.

Well, as I was saying, that Sunday Señor Bigote and I found ourselves at San Geronimo. We were considering a trip to Iztaltepec and with that object in view hunted up

Adamik and Melby. Adamik was "conforme," as the Mexicans say; that is, he was willing to go. But Melby could not go; he was ex officio funeral director of the New Town, it seemed, and had a funeral on hand. However, he very obligingly lent us a covered rig for the trip. So, after we had seen him off on his mission, we entered the rig and set out for Iztaltepec.

It was a drive of six miles through practically uninhabited country, and of course there was the ever-present possibility of being waylaid by bandits; but we assumed the risk. How easily one becomes accustomed to taking chances in such matters! Adamik occupied the front seat as driver, pushing the sturdy mules forward at a good pace, while my young friend Señor Bigote and myself occupied the rear. A mile out from San Geronimo we turned the flank of Dani Guiati and whirled out onto the arid plain. Less than an hour later we entered the outskirts of Iztaltepec.

The outskirts of an Indian city are seldom prepossessing and those of Iztaltepec were no exception to the rule. They differed from those of most Indian towns, however, in one respect; everything was laid out on the checkerboard plan. Iztaltepec must have been a place of some size—I should say it had a population of four or five thousand—and the suburbs were extensive. For well on towards a mile we rode past street after street, each flanked by two rows of Indian houses, practically all of them wattle shacks plastered over with red clay. They were the homes of the poor, without windows and probably without floors; nor was there a tree in sight nor a shrub of any description. I can not imagine more desolate places in which to dwell, and yet such are the homes—if homes they can be called—of nine-tenths of the Indians of Mexico.

A Peon's Well Kept Home

What can be expected of children raised under such conditions? The crying need of southern Mexico is not so much legal reforms as social workers to teach the poor how to live.

Toward the municipal center the place took on a more prosperous air, many of the buildings comparing favorably with those occupied by the middle classes of Tehuantepec and Juchitan. There was a small plaza, upon the further side of which was a church of the usual Spanish type, while upon the near side a building with some architectural pretensions was in course of erection.

Of course there was a market. We could see to our right the corner of that indispensable adjunct to every Isthmean town, and so we alighted from the rig and proceeded in that direction. We were short of cigars, at least that was the excuse we made to one another, but our real object was to inspect such Tehuanas as might be there. As luck would have it we struck the market at the wrong hour; there were only a few Tehuanas present and only one of these was passing fair.

I remember her well. She was clad in an embroidered dress of rich wine-colored material and wore a golden neck chain and gold rings upon her fingers. She was decidedly attractive and I immediately set out to perform the part of a Mexican gallant by pinching her in the nape of the neck; but despite all my efforts she successfully eluded me, smiling good-naturedly all the time, however, and chattering with Adamik about her goods. At last, noting that my younger companion, Señor Bigote, was becoming greatly exercised at my conduct, I was constrained to desist. Allah forfend! I but did this to initiate my brother into the ways of the Isthmus.

We returned to the municipal building and sought audience of the presidente. Having come all the way to Iztaltepec, we would see its celebrated pottery works before going back

to San Geronimo. Could he tell us where they were located? The presidente said we would find them somewhere in the northeastern outskirts of the town, but was not certain as to their exact location. It would be necessary, he said, for us to inquire as we proceeded. So we entered our rig and took the back track toward San Geronimo, stopping from time to time to make inquiries.

Now for the first time we realized to what limited extent Spanish was spoken at Iztaltepec. In nearly every instance those accosted made answer in Zapotecan. This would have been no great matter for wonder had they been women or children; but, as I remember, we addressed only grown men, and not one of them answered in Spanish. The location of the pottery works under such conditions thus became a matter of no little difficulty, but, what with a liberal use of sign language and much gesticulating and pointing about, we were finally made to understand, and in the end actually found ourselves alongside the potter's home. After we had hallooed three or four times the potter came forth. He was a full-blood Zapotec.

He led us to the pottery. Housed in a most disreputable shack, the exterior was no index to what was contained therein. The potter was evidently no mean craftsman; the place was filled with the products of his genius, plain pottery, vases, and statuary wrought in clay. Many of the patterns were of exquisite design. I have seen samples of the ancient art of the Zapotecs, but there was here no evidence of the aboriginal; every line was classic and it was evident that the workman had been thoroughly instructed in the craft by some Spanish master.

All this pottery was made of a fine blue clay. The potter informed us that an unlimited supply of this clay was obtainable in the immediate vicinity.

Once more entering our rig, Adamik whipped up the mules and an hour and a half later we pulled up before the great gate of the Compania Comercial at San Geronimo. The affable Melby, having successfully concluded for the day his duties as funeral director, was there to meet us. That same evening Señor Bigote and I returned to Salina Cruz.

The Zapotecan seems to be in process of dissolution. It is the language of the lower class, of the Indian, and the Spanish-speaking element ever speak of it with a species of contempt which it is far from deserving. The cultivated Mexican will tell you that it has no grammar and is only a "dialect," and makes a point of never calling it a language. It is true that it has none of the needless grammatical complexities of the Castilian, but that is rather in its favor. It possesses its own simple grammar and, though not as sweet as the Spanish, strikes not unpleasantly upon the ear.

I am told that under the Diaz regime the printing of books in the Indian tongues was forbidded, and though now a more liberal rule prevails the study of the native tongues is still discouraged. It is unfortunate that this is the case. Equally among Anglo-Americans and Latin-Americans the policy has been to educate the Indian in the European tongue, and instruction in the native dialect has generally been forbidden; a false policy, since it has inevitably shut the older portion of the Indian community out from the benefits of civilization. If instruction were given in the Indian dialect it would penetrate the entire community to a greater or less extent, and on the other hand, since the native dialect is without a literature, it would never rise to the rank of a rival.

An old professor residing at San Blas has published a

Zapotecan grammar and translated portions of the Bible into the vernacular.

During many months of association with these Indians I never met so much as one who possessed a Zapotecan name. There were no Cosijoezas, Cosijopiis, Donajis, or Pinopaas, while on the other hand there was no end of Franciscos, Manuels, Josés, Marías, Rosas, and Lucias, and Dons and Doñas were as common among the Indians as among the families of white blood. This condition of things has arisen, as we shall see later on, from the practice of the early Spanish priests, who in baptizing were always careful to endow each neophyte not only with a Spanish surname but also with a suitable Christian name. Without desiring to reflect upon the good intentions of those early fathers, it seems a pity that such native names as Zaachila, Pinopaa, Naatipa, and Donaji, associated as they ever must be with the past grandeur of the race, should have utterly passed from use.

This seems a convenient place to correct certain misapprehensions which have arisen as to the use of names and titles among Spanish-speaking people generally. There seems to be a prevalent impression that the title "Don" is indicative of nobility. Nothing is further from the fact; "hidalgo" is the term applied to a member of the lower nobility of Spain, while "Don" is similar to the English "Sir" and "Señor" is equivalent to the English "Mr.." The title "Don" is always used with the Christian name; for instance, Eduardo Guzman may be addressed either as Señor Guzman or as Don Eduardo. "Don" and its feminine "Doña" are applied indiscriminately in Spanish-speaking countries to all adults above the servant class; differing in this respect from their English equivalents "Sir" and "Lady," which are confined to the few.

From reading English novels dealing with Latin life one

gets the impression that the girls are all named Dolores, Mercedes, or Bonita. As a matter of fact, in southern Mexico at least, these names are by no means common. Rosa, Clara, Lucia, Maria, and Juanita are in much more general use. Guadalupe, the name of the patron saint of Mexico, is also popular.

The Zapotecs of the mountains and those of the Pacific plain speak slightly varying dialects and wear a different dress. Those of the mountains preserve the costume of their ancestors. The dress of the women consists of a short huipil or sleeveless jacket, the refajo (a short wrapper descending slightly below the knees and confined at the waist by a many colored scarf), and a cloth wound about the head something after the fashion of a turban. This dress, more or less ornamented with bead-work or embroidery, is purely Indian.

The Zapotecs of the Pacific plains (the Tehuanos, as they are generally, but loosely, called), while not adopting European dress, have departed widely from the dress of their forefathers. The men are clad in white shirt-coats and pants of lightest cotton, the shirt being worn outside the pantaloons for greater comfort. On gala occasions silk* is frequently substituted for cotton by the young gallants.

The only striking feature of the male attire is the hat or sombrero. The festal hat is a great affair. It differs from the steeple-crowned hat of the more northern parts of Mexico, being lower and broader. All these hats are of exactly the same shape, differing only in color; and there are only three colors worn, gray, brick red, and purple.

Like all Mexican hats these have immense brims, which are turned up sharply so that the brim forms a most convenient receptacle for all manner of things. The Indian generally

*Silk is raised by the Indians of Santa Maria Guiniagata and sold to the people of the plain.

carries his cigarettes and matches in his hat brim. On being overtaken by a sudden shower the workman strips, and wrapping up his pants and shirt into as compact a bundle as possible, pushes it up into the crown of his hat, claps his hat on his head, and goes about his business.

With the Tehuana the ancient costume has undergone a wonderful transformation. Her upper garment is the huipil,* a sleeveless garment unconfined at the waist. This is most commonly of brilliant red sprinkled with polka dots of white, and with a gorgeous border of yellow needlework. She has discarded the simple wrapper and adopted the skirt; not the European skirt, however, but apparently one of her own devising. The skirt is very full and ends in a wide flounce, invariably white. The latter is merely basted onto the skirt, so that it may be detached and laundered weekly. I was told that this skirt is derived from the Andalusian skirt introduced long ago.**

Like her white sister the Tehuana covers her head with the reboso or manta. Both sexes go barefooted about town, though the male Indian generally wears sandals when in the country. The Tehuana cannot be prevailed upon to wear shoes under any circumstances. Their feet are of good size and from constantly walking in the sand the toes are spread

*The huipil is not worn at weddings. The bride wears instead a peculiar waist with wide ruff about the neck, and trimmed at the bottom with lace of old gold. The women of Jalapa, up the river from Tehuantepec, do not wear the huipil at all, but wear a loose waist resembling the upper portion of a lace night-shirt.

**So I was told by Lic. M. Garfia Salinas. Surgeon John C. Spear, a member of the Shufeldt expedition, states that when they visited Tehuantepec (in 1871) the women of that place wore, "instead of the plain white skirt (worn by the mountaineers), one composed of strips of various-colored cloth, with the strips so arranged as to encircle the body, which makes a very gay and pleasing costume." While it seems that we have here the source of that wondrous creation, the Tehuana skirt, it is equally evident that it was but the crude beginning.

wide apart. But this does not embarrass them in the least, for these gentle creatures are not inclined to be silly.

The boys of the lower class go entirely naked until six or eight years of age, and run about the streets in utter innocence; but the little girls, however young, are generally clad as modestly as their mothers. Their dress is an exact miniature of that of the grown-up Tehuanas, huipil and skirt, white flounce and all.

The Zapotecs are far and away the best Indians in Mexico. They alone never bowed to the lordly Aztec or Mexican;* from Oaxaca sprang Mexico's two leading statesmen, Benito Juarez, a full-blooded Zapotec, and Porfirio Diaz, of the same race by his mother's side; and even today the Sons of Zaachila are accounted the bravest of the civilized races. Juchitan in particular is renowned for the valor of her sons, with whom the military service has for generations been a profession.

But this statement may be easily misunderstood. The Zapotec and the North American Indian of the western plains are as different as light and darkness. The latter is savage, taciturn, and sullen; the former is joyous and happy. The women in particular are forever smiling and laughing. In fact, the Tehuano has few of the characteristics which we generally ascribe to the Indian. It is seldom that one sees him frown. His face is open and he looks you full in the eye. He loves a jolly time and nothing pleases him better than a hearty slap on the back, though it be administered by a total stranger.

The children have none of the proverbial stoicism of the Indian child, but laugh and cry precisely like white children. At school the children are full of life and when recess-time comes pandemonium is let loose precisely as in Europe. We

*These Indians do not call themselves Mexicans. To this day the term Mexican is applied by them, as it was of old, to the Aztecan races which inhabit the central plateau and the State of Vera Cruz. Constant applications of this usage occur in the historical chapters which follow.

may add that the Zapotec baby is a prodigious bawler who can easily out howl his Irish cousin.

It is a pleasure to live among these people, for they are uniformly honest. Thievery is practically unknown. Centuries of evil example have failed to corrupt the simple Indian. During a year's residence at the Hotel Salina Cruz, with servants changing continually, I never lost a single article, and my bedroom door was never locked. On several occasions I left small coins on my dressing table to try the Indian's honesty, and in no case was as much as a cent purloined. On every hand, from Mexican and foreigner alike, one heard the unanimous and true verdict: "These Indians are honest."

Intemperance is the vice of the male Zapotec; a thing not to be wondered at, since the prohibition movement has not reached southern Mexico. Drinking is wellnigh universal among the white Mexicans and foreigners of that region. Both men and women drink and drunkenness is hardly considered a disgrace; and it is not surprising that the Indian has not advanced beyond the example set by his superiors.

Every Indian town is abundantly supplied with groggeries (cantinas) where the fiery liquors of the country, tequila, mescal, and aguardiente, may be had for a pittance; and at all fiestas (and fiestas are numerous) a large percent of the male population become intoxicated, and the streets are full of reeling Indians. The Indian women do not drink as a rule.

Their standards of sexual morality are not what they might be. It is traditional that virtue hath her abode in the regions of sleet and ice and that the tropic sun breeds immorality, and a poor reason is better than none; but the true explanation lies elsewhere. When the conquistadors (for the most part military adventurers of the worst sort) entered the land, they set upon a course of unbridled profligacy with the

A Tehuana of the Upper Class in Full Ruffled Skirt

A Zapotec Girl from the Highlands Showing Wrapped Skirt

A Bride of Tehuantepec. The Upper Garment is Evidently Derived from Old Spain

daughters of the soil; and their evil example has descended to modern times. Bachelors frequently keep house and the custom exists of keeping a Tehuana. The marriage rite is not considered essential and many Indian maidens regard a "Left-handed" arrangement with a white man as eminently proper.

But among the Indians themselves the standard is higher and concubinage is not common. Prostitution is almost unknown; though in some places there are institutions known as baños dobles (double baths) which have given the Indians an evil reputation, not deserved, for the girls connected with these institutions generally come from afar and a girl of the town who is seen in their vicinity is shunned by Indian society.

But while the Zapotecs are on the whole a moral race, they are not prudish. They are much given to bathing and at Tehuantepec crowds of the lower classes may be seen at almost any time of the day disporting in the waters of the river. Bathing suits are conspicuous by their absence. The ladies have a way of wiggling out of their clothes (save the chimese) and into them again without exposing overmuch of their persons; but the way the males strip to the skin and frolic about would shock any good Moslem. In watching these males I noted that in most cases their skin was neither yellow nor brown, but of a deep brick-red color, and for the first time realized that the term Red Man, sometimes applied to the American Indian, was not a misnomer.

Very often, rather than go to the river they bathe in the irrigation ditches adjoining their homes. On one occasion as Clarence Harvey and myself were passing through an irrigated district we came upon a shapely Tehuana in the midst of her ablutions. She had turned her back ere my companion called my attention to the situation, and there she sat, waiting quite unconcernedly for us to depart; and why not, since she

had her back turned to us. And yet had this occurred in Persia and had the matter been discovered, we had doubtless all three been put to the sword. But there is no accounting for differences in customs.

In passing through the market place the men are accustomed to lay their hands caressingly upon the women's shoulders and even pat their cheeks, and this conduct is not ordinarily resented but answered with smiles. Many Tehuanas regard it as a compliment to be chucked under the chin, and that even by a stranger. But the curse of Allah be upon such as imagine iniquity, for there is no guile in these women's hearts and those who presume too much upon their simplicity are sure to meet with a rebuff. In the tender-hearted Tehuana, however, this is indicated only by a pained expression, for these gentle creatures never repel an advance by spitting cat like, as do the women of western Europe, nor by scratching or slapping the offender's face, as is the custom with their sisters of Celtic blood.

The whites on the Isthmus readily intermarry with the Zapotec Indian women. They make excellent wives, being very loyal and industrious, and the children of such unions are intelligent, energetic, and lovable and are always numbered among the whites. Indeed, it is proper that they should be since with the intelligence of the white they combine many sterling moral qualities derived with their Indian blood. From the moral point of view the Zapotec Indian is in not a few respects the superior of many white races.

Education is at a low ebb on the Isthmus. All the towns are provided with public schools, but the salaries of teachers are miserably low and the methods of instruction are antiquated. Schooling does not extend beyond the fourth or fifth grade. In the remoter villages no provision whatever is made

for the education of the Indian. That noble woman, Dona Juana Romero, who was fully alive to the educational needs of her people, founded two schools at Tehuantepec, one for boys and one for girls, which offer courses covering some six or seven years. These are the highest institutions of learning on the Isthmus. The youth of the well-to-do are sent away to Oaxaca City, Mexico City, or to the United States or France to finish their education.

The Christian religion is universally professed by the Zapotecs, among whom not a trace of the ancient heathen religion can be found. They appear to regard with horror and avoid with superstitious dread all those places containing remains of the ancient faith. Singular as it may seem, the Indians now-a-days pay more attention to the ceremonies connected with the Christian faith than the whites who introduced it among them. Indeed, as the Indian villages are more remote from the centers of European civilization the ordinances of the church are more regularly observed, notwithstanding the absence of priests. In such remote villages the "ave" and the "oracion" are constantly heard, while in the larger cities of the land the churches and convents are used for barracks.

All that the Zapotec needs is a fair chance. He is ignorant, but he is willing to learn. He is superstitious. He still clings to the church. His life has become inextricably bound up with its forms and ceremonies; but for him it has no higher meaning. His intellectual and moral standards are not what they should be, but through no fault of his. He has made the most of his few opportunities. While the missionary societies have compassed land and sea for one proselyte, they have passed by this poor fellow. They have cast seed on stony places, which if sown in this good soil would have brought forth a hundred fold. What the Zapotec needs is the gospel

of righteousness taught in his own tongue, hospitals, orphanages, and schools of higher learning.

The Indians have the right of suffrage and very generally exercise it. In their towns the mayor and other officers are generally chosen from their own class, and exercise authority as government officials and not as tribal chiefs. There are, however, a few of the aboriginal laws and customs still in existence, such as that of the village or tribe possessing land as common property. In their music, songs, and dances they have also retained much of the ancient culture. The arts for which this race was at one time famous have, on the contrary, for the most part perished; the manufacture of pottery and certain sorts of dyed fabrics seeming to be the only exceptions.

Tradition tells us that the Huaves came from South America. Prior to the coming of the Zapotecs they occupied the whole of the Pacific plains; in fact, Tehuantepec appears to have been founded by the Huaves. Their numbers are now greatly diminished, and they are limited to four small fishing villages situated in the district intervening between the great lagoons and the Pacific ocean. They are greatly inferior to the Zapotecs in civilization. Fish is their principal article of food and fishing their chief occupation. They supply the southern portion of the Isthmus with salt fish, which they carry on their backs in huge baskets for many miles from town to town in search of customers.

The ignorance and simplicity of this people is well illustrated by the following story. It seems that at the time when the French fleet which accompanied Maximilian was lying off the coast of Mexico, the president of the republic sent to each town a request for contributions of money, at the same time directing that the people do their utmost to repel the invader.

The Huaves in response sent thirty pesos and a message stating that, should the fleet appear off their coast, they would immediately go forth in their canoes and attack it.

All the towns of the Huaves are named after saints, and they are accounted Christians, and yet I was told that in case of sickness they still made pilgrimages to Monapoxtiac to propitiate the ancient gods.

The two divisions of the Choque-Mixe race people the mountains on the opposite sides of the pass, the Choques or Chimalapas occupying the towns of San Miquel and Santa Maria Chimalapa, and the Mixes dwelling in and about San Juan Guichicovi. They are rather darker than the Zapotecs of the plains, although the true color of their skin is often greatly obscured by the "pinta" a leprous skin-disease quite prevalent among them.

The pinta affects a large percentage of the mountain population, practically all of whom are Indians, as well as several places on the Pacific side near the foot of the mountains. In fact, I met with several cases of pinta in Tehuantepec. White or blue spots, often the size of a silver dollar, appear on the face, hands, and body, and sometimes an individual is met with whose face or hands are completely changed from their natural color. The affected parts are neither swollen nor painful, and the fingers and toes do not drop off, as in the West Indian leprosy. It does not incapacitate anyone for labor nor is it ever fatal. In order to contract it, it seems necessary to live in very close relations with the affected person, and Europeans have seldom been known to contract the disease.

On the Atlantic plains of the northern portion of the Isthmus dwell the Aztecs or Mexican Indians proper, who

speak the Nahuatl or ancient language of the Central Plateau. They are nearly equal to the Zapotecs in personal appearance, but are neither as intelligent and vivacious nor as warlike as the Sons of Zaachila. As the region which they inhabit is beyond the scope of this book we shall not consider them further.

Chapter IX.

TRANSPORTATION AND BANDITS

THE transportation facilities of southern Mexico are poor. There are but two railroads (both standard guage, however), in all this region; the Tehuantepec National Railway, across the Isthmus from Puerto Mexico (Coatzacoalcos) on the Gulf to Salina Cruz on the Pacific, a distance of 189 miles, and the Pan-American Railroad, which connects with the Tehuantepec line at San Geronimo (30 miles from Salina Cruz) and proceeds thence along the Pacific littoral to Mariscal on the Guatemalan border, some 285 miles.

Daily trains departed from each terminus of these lines, leaving early in the morning so as to reach the other terminus by evening. Owing to the prevalent state of insecurity no trains were run at night, and indeed there was no demand for night trains, the day trains being sufficient to handle all traffic.

In fact, the lines of communication were kept open mainly for military considerations. Each train was a moving fortress. It ordinarily consists of not more than a dozen cars, two at least of which are armored cars filled with soldiers. On the Tehuantepec and Pan-American lines the trains have seldom been attacked, and indeed there was practically no danger in traveling by train on the Pacific plains, it being said that the rebels in that section were indisposed to attack because they did not wish to interfere with their own people, of which the passengers mainly consisted. Others claimed, and with greater appearance of reason, that this comparative immunity

from attack was the result of settled policy on the part of the rebels or brigands, who had learned that the destruction of a train meant an immediate concentration of government troops and several weeks hard hiking for the rebels.

On one occasion it so happened that I was aboard train making my usual Sunday trip to Tehuantepec. The car was fairly well filled. Don Carlos Parkins and Gonzales Soto, manager of the Santa Cruz sugar plantation six miles west from San Geronimo, were with me while a number of Mexican ladies and two or three men occupied the seats in front of us. Our train passed through the defile north of Salina Cruz and sped out across the plain, but we had barely passed the siding at Pierson, two or three miles beyond, when the sound of shots ahead greeted our ears.

Hastily raising the windows, we perceived smoke belching from the armored car in front of us. Whether or not the train had actually been fired upon by rebels in the timber adjoining the right of way we never learned, but at any rate the soldiers appeared to think an attack was contemplated and so evidently thought the engineer, for the train sped on faster than ever and the military kept up a steady fusilade.

It was interesting to note the effect upon the occupants of the car. We three managed to keep our seats though Soto, who sat in front of Don Carlos and myself, turned green with fear. Even Don Carlos I thought a trifle nervous though he summoned a forced smile as he met my, to him, inscrutable oriental gaze. But the effect on our fellow passengers was more marked. The ladies glanced hurriedly about and then one after another slid down between the seats and crouched low. Garfia Salina's sister, who occupied the second seat directly in front of us, followed the example thus set, but not until she had cast a deprecating smile in my direction. I read

A Street Scene in San Geronimo. Railroad Ties are an Article of Commerce

A Sugar Plantation Railroad, a Substantial Affair

The Primitive Cart and Oxen are the Common Means of Transportation

that smile. Woman though she was she dreaded our ridicule almost as greatly as she feared the enemy without.

Another passenger, a little man, was troubled with no such misgivings. He boldly took counsel of fear and, first stripping off his coat and spreading it on the floor of the car, laid down at full length between the seats. As I watched him I heard in my ear the sage voice of Don Carlos.

"That fellow adopts the proper course. When you lay stretched out that way you run the minimum of risk; least surface exposed to a ball, you see. He's evidently been through this sort of thing before and is well up in the business."

Another item, O son of Abdullah, in the science of revolutions. Enter it in thy notebook against a possible visit to the Isthmus. As for the writer, my brother, candor compels the admission that I felt ill at ease, though vanity prevented me from taking any active steps for my safety.

A few moments later the firing ceased and the passengers resumed their seats. If there were any rebels in the timber we were now beyond their range.

Don Lemon Meyer, a young commission merchant who was my fellow guest at the Hotel Salina Cruz during the early months of 1918, once told me an interesting experience which befell him. It so happened that some months before, as he was traveling from Puerto Mexico to Salina Cruz, the train on which he rode was beset by bandits. The scene of the hold-up was a point not far from Puerto Mexico where the railroad penetrates a dense forest; the time, just before sunrise.

Don Lemon was carrying eight hundred pesos in a belt about his waist, which, as the money belonged to his employers, he felt he could under no circumstances surrender. He determined to effect an escape from the train if possible. Throwing up his window he perceived that the bandits had gathered

about the front end of the train, leaving the rear unguarded. He sprang up and shouldering his way past his affrighted fellow passengers, reached the rear platform and springing off disappeared in the bush.

In the darkness and confusion he managed to work his way into the dense jungle and avoid capture. For several hours he lay concealed, fearing the bandits might be still lurking somewhere about, and then started for the next station six miles away. Even then he dared not take to the railroad track. Slowly, in constant dread of discovery, he worked his way through the jungle, paralleling the railway until he reached the station. The adventure meant the loss of two meals and hours of exhausting labor, but he had saved his money and felt fully recompensed for the hardships through which he had passed.

This leads me to speak of another incident which, while it occurred some years earlier and is in no way connected with the subject of transportation, throws a vivid light on the lawless conditions of those times. When the American troops occupied Vera Cruz in the spring of 1914 the position of all American residents in Mexico became more or less insecure and such as could fled the country. At this time one Don Jeronimo Mahoney dwelt at Reforma, the little station situated where the Pan American Railway crosses the Ostuta River.

Now Don Jeronimo was neither a Mexican nor a Sinn Feiner, as his name would suggest, but an American; and when he learned of the occupation of Vera Cruz he decided it was about time for him to decamp, or, as he expressed it, to "make his getaway." He accordingly set out for Salina Cruz, he and Mrs. Mahoney and his sister-in-law Ruth, all mounted. To avoid discovery they took to by-paths, following the lanes of the forest and skirting the north shore of the Upper Lagoon.

They reached and crossed the Rio de Perros below Juchitan and then, veering to the southwest, turned the western extremity of the great lagoon in the neighborhood of Punta de Aguas. Hastening forward and still keeping to the forest trails, they struck across country in the direction—as they supposed—of the Tehuantepec River crossing; but lost their way and fell off to the left, entering the timbered district which intervenes betwixt the Tehuantepec and the Tilema Lagoon.

Soon they heard horsemen approaching and thinking themselves pursued left the beaten way and plunged into the thicket. They dismounted and turned their horses loose and, fearful lest they be followed by their footprints, removed their shoes—a fatal mistake, for soon their tender feet were cut to the quick by the thorns and brambles of the jungle. Though the women were every inch as heroic as the man—and Don Jeronimo was fearless to a fault—there is a limit to what mortals can endure, and after wandering aimlessly for a little while longer they were compelled to surrender at discretion.

They were taken captive to Juchitan where for a time things looked black, but were eventually through the aid of native friends set at liberty and permitted to leave the country. This, with varying details, is the story of scores of Gringoes who fled from Mexico while the revolution was in full flood.

Adversity could not long deter people of the Mahoney stamp. Mrs. Mahoney and her sister were, I believe, the first American women to return to southern Mexico after the revolution had spent itself, and I had the pleasure of meeting them at Salina Cruz in the spring of 1918. A few weeks later Don Jeronimo himself appeared upon the scene.

But it is time we returned to the subject of transportation conditions on the Isthmus. At the present time southern

Mexico is practically isolated from the remainder of the republic. There is a line (the Vera Cruz al Istmo) running from Vera Cruz to a point of connection with the Tehuantepec National at Santa Lucrecia, but this road was practically useless at times because of the lawless condition of the country through which it passed. The district was infested by robber bands. Trains were frequently stopped, the escort shot to a man, women passengers violated, and the cars burned or dynamited; after which the bandits helped themselves to such of the freight as struck their fancy, and carried off the most promising male pasengers to be held for ransom.

Under such conditions it is hardly to be wondered at that the trip was made but once a week or such a matter, when six or seven trains proceeded together under a combined escort of sufficient size to insure safety.

I took this route upon the occasion of my first coming to Mexico. The trip from Vera Cruz to Salina Cruz (about 300 miles) consumed three days, with stops for the night at Tierra Blanca and Santa Lucrecia. Fortunately I rode with the army paymaster and we had an escort of a hundred men. Evidently the right of way had not been cleared nor the roadbed repaired for years. For a great part of the way we plunged through forests, the boughs of the trees sweeping the sides of the cars and the train threatening to jump the track at every turn. Our enjoyment of the trip was still further heightened by the goodly array which greeted our eyes of dead bandits hanging from trees and telegraph poles, their weathered appearance indicating that they had been hanging there for a long period of time.

But I would not have the reader form an unjust opinion of this region. In times of peace it is an earthly paradise. Everywhere from Tierra Blanca to Santa Lucrecia, and

even up on the Coatzacoalcos valley to Ubero and beyond, the soil was of the deepest black and the vegetation of the brightest green notwithstanding the fact that it was mid-winter when I made the trip. Sometimes we passed through tropical jungles, but oftener through mile on mile of glorious pasture-land, studded here and there with clumps of majestic trees. I have never beneath the sun beheld so beautiful a land. Here American planters had dwelt in splendor only a few years back, many of them having two plantations, one of them in the United States where they spent the summer and the other in Mexico where they made their winter home—an ideal arrangement. But four years before they had fled the country and ruin had taken possession of the land.

At Tierra Blanca and Santa Lucrecia where we stopped for the night there were only the most miserable excuses for hotels, nor were there en route any accommodations whatever for securing meals at midday. Having failed to provide ourselves with lunch baskets before leaving Vera Cruz, we were compelled to satisfy our hunger as best we might from the fragrant assortment of Indian delicacies offered by ragged urchins at the car windows. Along that route the towns, and even the station houses for the most part, had been burned by the outlaws, and the country had reverted to nature.

Finally we made the upper reaches of the Coatzacoalcos, surmounted the heights of the divide, and began the descent through the cities of the Pacific plain. After the nightmare country through which we had passed our relief may be conceived, as we entered the peaceful cities of the plain and beheld the gay Tehuanas come flocking from all sides like great butterflies to the car windows, holding aloft great baskets heaped with every description of luscious tropical fruits, and crying "Compra, Compra—Buy, buy."

The Pan-American, as I have stated, runs from San Geronimo to Mariscal on the Guatemalan border. The line formerly connected with the Guatemalan railway system, thus permitting of through transportation from Vera Cruz to Guatemala City; but the railroad bridge at the frontier was destroyed and a couple of miles of track torn up on the Guatemalan side, thus practically eliminating land traffic between Mexico and Guatemala. Goods intended for Guatemala then had to be shipped to Salina Cruz, and thence by sea to Champerico or San Jose.

Tapachula is the last city of importance on this line as one goes toward Guatemala. Daily trains run between San Geronimo and Tapachula; but on the link between Tapachula and Mariscal there is but one train a week, on Sunday. A branch line 13 miles long has recently been constructed, connecting the important commercial center of Tonalá with Puerto Arista on the Pacific. This will perhaps in time result in the diversion of much traffic from the Chiapas plateau to the new port, traffic which now reaches ship's side at Salina Cruz.

Back of Tonalá and Jalisco (Ariaga), important towns on the Pan American, lies the beautiful plateau of Chiapas. Tuxtla Gutierrez, San Cristobal de Las Casas, and Comitan are its principal cities. This plateau enjoys an exceptional climate* and abounds in natural wealth, but the bordering range facing the Pacific is precipitous and the engineering difficulties encountered have so far prevented the construction of a branch from the Pan American to the cities of the plateau. These difficulties are, however, far from insuperable, and

*In parts the Chiapas plateau is so cool that an inferior sort of rye is raised by the natives; which sells readily among the German colonists of Soconusco.

within a few years this rich region will be opened up to world traffic.

The Chiapas plateau was then completely isolated. Formerly communication was maintained by an automobile stage running between Jalisco and Tuxtla Gutierrez; but this had been discontinued and at the time when I was on the Isthmus the sole means of communication was by caravan. Once in two weeks a caravan of a hundred or more carts left Jalisco, under heavy escort, for Tuxtla Gutierrez. The mountains of Chiapas were alive with bandits and on more than one occasion the escort was dispersed and the caravan plundered.

Tonalá with a population in the neighborhood of 12,000 is the principal city of southwestern Chiapas. Situated midway between the semi-arid plains of Tehuantepec and the water-soaked Soconuscan littoral, it enjoys a moderate rainfall and with the final completion of the branch railroad to Puerto Arista is destined to become a place of commercial importance. Speaking of Tonalá reminds me of a little incident which I can not refrain from recording.

There lived in this place a gentleman of the most amiable parts who possessed extensive property interests eastward along the line toward Soconusco. Now it so befell that upon a certain day of the days he had occasion to visit his properties. Upon his return, and while still seven miles out from Tonalá, he was beset by a band of outlaws who not only relieved him of his ready cash but also compelled him to disrobe, appropriating his clothing and leaving him as naked as a newborn babe.

Whereupon Don Alfredo—for by such appellation was he commonly known—set up a most piteous cry, representing to the bandits that it would be impossible for him, a man who had always gone about well dressed and shod, to make a journey of seven miles in his then nude condition. Finally the

heart of the bandit chief was melted by his words and he ordered that Don Alfredo's undershirt and shoes be returned to him, and thus attired the latter made the return trip to Tonalá. History telleth not by what ruse he succeeded in entering the city without being seen of the people, but I am certain he must have effected the seemingly impossible for Don Alfredo was ever a most modest man.

I trust no one will question my veracity in recording this incident. It may seem incredible to one unacquainted with local conditions, but happenings such as this were by no means uncommon during the Mexican revolution. The success of a bandit attack was frequently measured by the extent to which it enabled the victors to replenish their wardrobes, and it was not uncommon for a band of these gentry to strip all the able-bodied males of a village which they might chance to loot.

In former days there was considerable river traffic on the Coatzacoalcos and its principal tributaries. Ocean-going ships ascended the river to Minatitlan, and many of the American plantations situated on its banks possessed steam launches by which the produce of the plantations was conveyed to railroad connections at Santa Lucrecia or Minatitlan. At that time there was to my knowledge but one launch in use. This belonged to the Oaxaqueña Plantation Company and plied between the plantation of that company and Santa Lucrecia. Tank steamers still ran between the oil wells of the Pearson interests at Tuxpan Bar and its oil refinery at Minatitlan, and small boats plied up and down the river daily between Minatitlan and Puerto Mexico; but vessels in the foreign trade no longer ascended the river to Minatitlan. Minatitlan is an ancient city destined to be eclipsed by the newer and more convenient port of Puerto Mexico. While this is true, there will in time

Bananas on Their Way to Market Down the River

The Dry Dock at Salina Cruz, the Largest on the Mexican West Coast

Mammoth Electric Cranes on the Wharf Make the Salina Cruz Harbor Economical

be an extensive river traffic on the Coatzacoalcos as far up as Santa Lucrecia and perhaps considerably beyond.

A word as to the primitive river traffic of the Indians may not be amiss. North of the Jumuapa or La Puerta River the wagon roads are, on account of the mud and water, but little used, canoe navigation there taking their place. These canoes are made from a single stick of cedar or mahogany and are of all dimensions, from the light traveling-canoe, accommodating two passengers, to great freighting-canoes carrying six tons of cargo and a half-dozen pasengers. The stern of the freighting-canoe is roofed over to form accommodations for the passengers. The crew is composed of three persons; a patron or captain who, seated in the stern, steers the boat with a huge paddle and directs the movements of the others, and two palenqueros who push the craft with long poles. Standing in the bow the latter plant their poles on the river bed or against some object on the banks of the stream, and then propel the canoe forward, walking aft until they reach the stern of the vessel, when they withdraw their poles, pass again to the bow, and repeat the operation.

When ascending the river the boat is kept within arm's length of the bank, and fifteen miles with a heavily loaded canoe or thirty miles with a light traveling-canoe is accounted a good day's work. In descending the stream, paddles are used, the canoe is kept to the center of the stream to take advantage of the current, and fifty miles is easily accomplished between daylight and set of sun. At night the canoe is securely moored and all hands sleep ashore, a precaution rendered necessary by the fact that the rivers are infested by alligators.

On the upper reaches of the rivers, where the stream is interrupted by rapids, navigation is effected by means of the

balsa, which is constructed of three unhewn logs of palo-mulato, an extremely light wood, each about twelve feet in length by eight inches in diameter, fastened together by wooden pins. The balsa carries two or three persons and draws less than six inches of water. Being very light they are easily carried by the Indians on their shoulders at such portages as are necessitated by the rapids.

"The novelty of this mode of travel, the dense over-hanging tropical vegetation of the river banks, the beautiful creepers and hanging vines, the monarchs of the jungle covered with a profusion of parasites and epiphytes, the long lanes of feathery hymbal and green camolote, forming here and there trim borders to the river and looking like well-kept hedges, the numerous flocks of screaming parrots, the monkeys chattering in the trees, and the water-fowl, in almost infinite number and variety, lining the beaches and wading in the shallow waters, all combined to make the ascent of the rivers, as we went slowly along, day by day, exceedingly interesting and enjoyable."*

The rivers of the Pacific coast are unnavigable, but there is a waterway through the great lagoons which should in time form quite a channel of commerce. The four great lagoons of the Pacific plain of the Isthmus are connected at their eastern extremity with a series of esteros or lagoons which border the seacoast almost to Tapachula, a distance of nearly 250 miles. Formerly the passages between these lagoons were kept open by the government, so as to permit of the passage of boats, but this work has been neglected during these latter years and some of the passages have become choked up; a condition of things which may, however, be easily remedied. When this is done the way will be open, if capital can be secured, for the establishment of a regular line of steamboats plying between

*Report of the Shufeldt Expedition, p. 123.

the western end of the Upper Lagoon and some point on the Soconuscan shore.

Such a line would parallel the Pan-American Railroad; but this would not prevent the boat line from securing abundant traffic, for the Pan-American for a great portion of the way runs many miles back from the line of lagoons. Only at Mapastepec, I believe, would the railroad and boat line approach very closely. There is an extensive territory tributary to these lagoons and possibilities for the development of fifty paying lake ports.

When we consider that there are no railroads in all this extended territory, from the Gulf to the Pacific and from the Mountains of Oaxaca to the Guatemalan border, save the two we have mentioned, and no branch lines except the lines to Tierra Blanca and San Juan Evangelista, the little five-mile spur from Carmen on the Tehuantepec railroad to Minatitlan, and the branch of the Pan American to Puerto Arista, we can form some conception of transportation difficulties on the Isthmus. Nor can this country be fully opened up until branch lines are constructed to points on the east bank of the Coatzacoalcos, to the cities of the Chiapas plateau, and up the great valley of the Tehuantepec river. At present, in the absence of suitable transportation facilities all produce intended for export must be transported, often over many weary miles of rocky mountain trail, by lumbering ox-cart or by pack mule; a condition which absolutely precludes development.

The wagon roads on the Pacific plains are very good, considering that they exist for the most part as nature made them. Automobiles would be impossible on these roads, but they are passable for the rude two-wheeled carts of the country. There is not enough sand in them to render hauling difficult, but in the dry season they are very hot and dusty. There

are no bridges of any kind for wagon traffic and the streams must be forded, but as they are broad and shallow this is readily done, except occasionally for a few days in summer when they are in flood. The lay of the land the nature of the soil are such that excellent highways may be constructed at very little expense.

The postal service of Mexico is well developed and every town of any importance has a well equipped post office. All letters received are entered on a typewritten list, which is posted daily; a peculiar device which has its advantages. A regular system of registering letters exists and this service gives general satisfaction. Domestic and foreign postal orders are sold, but for some reason must be purchased between 10 a. m. and 12 m., a rule which hardly seems in the public interest. The republic of Mexico is divided into states, and in mailing letters to that country the name of the state as well as of the city of destination should always be given.

The telegraph lines are run as a branch of the federal government and are known as the Mexican National Telegraphs. All towns of importance may be reached by telegraph. The service leaves much to be desired at the present time, largely because of the great number of military messages passing over the lines, which of course have the right of way. Because of this, one frequently receives a message by wire several days subsequent to receipt of the confirmation copy by mail. Messages should always be sent in Spanish; otherwise they are apt to reach destination in so garbled a condition as to be utterly undecipherable.

The Central and South American Telegraph Company with headquarters at 64 Broad St., New York, has offices at Mexico City, Vera Cruz, Puerto Mexico, and Salina Cruz. Its

lines from Galveston, Texas, to Pacific coast Central and South American ports cross the Isthmus from Puerto Mexico to Salina Cruz. There are well-equipped stations at these points which give an excellent cable service to all ports of the world. This service makes Salina Cruz the best port of call for warships on the west coast of Mexico.

None of the cities of southern Mexico are equipped with public telephone service.

It is a saying in the West that no description of a place is complete unless its hotels are included. The hotel is the caravanserai of the Occident, and especially is this true of Mexico. For the Mexican hotel like the caravanserai is constructed about a court, and does not at all resemble the hotel of the United States or northwestern Europe.

Salina Cruz had three hotels, not to mention the hostelry which that prime spirit, Don Pedro Guasti, was just about completing at the time of my departure. Now the best of these to my way of thinking was the Hotel Salina Cruz; and here I abode while on the Isthmus. It was under the management of those all-around goodfellows, Don Pepe and Don Poncho, and was conducted in true Mexican style.

The hotel was constructed about a court or patio upon which opened the rooms of the guests. It was the heart of the town, for there foregathered travelers from all southern Mexico, merchants from far Chiapas, Spaniards from Acapulco, brightly dressed Tehuanas from the neighboring towns, charming Mexican ladies from the plateau, lank Gringos, Chinese, Syrian, army officers, a motley crew; and for those who loved conviviality there was a cantina to one side with pool tables and an abundance of choice liquors just in from San Francisco. But as Don Poncho was accustomed to say: "You

are in your own house." There was room for all, each to follow his own bent, and the philosopher might sit under the collonade which encircled the patio, and undisturbed smoke the weed as he pondered upon the scene before him.

The conventional "office" of European hotels, with its desk and writing tables for the traveling public, is lacking. Each guest keeps to his own room, which is his office for the time being, and there he does his writing. Of course he carries a typewriter with him. The hotel takes no newspapers; people are supposed to purchase their own periodicals. Nor is there any telephone in the hotel—a great blessing.

In the bedrooms a rug is placed, not on the floor at the side of the bed, but over the counterpane at the foot of the bed. A singular custom, but easily explained; it is to protect the counterpane from the guest's boots when he lies down for his midday siesta.

Meals are served three times a day at the usual hours. From the foreigner's point of view the bill of fare cannot be described as excellent, but it is the business of one who goes to Mexico to conform to Mexican ideas in such matters. Hot, highly spiced dishes are the rule. The Mexican has a great liking for chili pepper; sometimes in the form of enchiladas (hashed meat wrapped up in a corn-meal wafer dipped in chili sauce and garnished with grated onion) and again in the shape of stuffed chili peppers. Beware of the latter. Upon one occasion I had the temerity to eat an entire chili pepper. It straightway burned a hole in the lining of my stomach and for the next two days I was sick abed.

But despite the peculiarities of the Mexican menu it is wholesome, more wholesome than that of the Yankees who inhabit the region to the north; no puddings and pastry to destroy the digestion, but plenty of meat dishes, corn bread, and

black beans. I should not neglect to state that the Mexican must have his black beans. They are the sine qua non without which, according to his ideas, a meal cannot be eaten. He grows black in the face if they are not on the table. There are other beans in Mexico, red beans and white beans, which taste much better. Frequently all three sorts are on the table, and then he may eat all three for he is a great lover of beans; but in any event Mr. Mexican must have his black beans.

The national drink at table is coffee, and Mexican coffee as it is served is autrocious; but this is evidently from the method of preparation, for the Mexican berry has a deservedly high reputation in the world's markets. The beverage is simply spoiled in the making; but again I warn you, should you go to Mexico, make no objections, for the Mexican is fully satisfied that coffee as he prepares it is the only coffee fit to drink. Chocolate (spiced with cinnamon) is also drunk; but tea, never.

The service obtainable at the average Mexican hotel seems nothing short of miraculous when one considers the personnel. The hotel is manned, according to size, by from half a dozen to a dozen barefoot Indian men (mozos) and as many women. The men not only act as doorkeepers, guarding the place against a possible attack by bandits and running errands for the management, but also act in the capacity of chambermaids. When unemployed, and especially during the warmer hours of the day, they lay at full length slumbering on the tiled floor of the hotel porch; nor does this attitude disturb anyone in that easy-going land.

The waiters, like the "chambermaids," are of the male sex and of all exasperating creatures these Indian waiters are the worst. Their only merit is that they expect no tips, that accursed European custom never having taken root in

that part of the world. But a more brainless individual than the average peon waiter it would be hard to find. If sent out for a dish he invariably breaks it, or brings you the wrong dish, or worst of all, forgets his errand ere he reaches the kitchen and returns after fifteen minutes to take your order afresh.

One of his most common sins of omission is that of failing to bring the black beans, a delinquency readily forgiven by the foreigner who cares little for them, but viewed as a mortal sin by the Mexican who loves black beans as the apple of his eye. It is actually recorded that once upon a time a Mexican gentleman grew so enraged at a waiter who neglected to bring him his beans that he drew his pistol and shot the offender through the hand. At the trial which followed the gentleman was acquitted upon the ground that the waiter's conduct was an aggravating circumstance calculated to drive any respectable hotel guest to acts of desperation.

One of the female servants generally supervises the "chambermaids" in the performance of their duties. And here I take occasion to state that the general run of Mexican hotels are unobjectionable from the standpoint of cleanliness. The bedrooms are uniformly neat and cleanly and the bed linen spotless. Iron bedsteads are in general use and thanks to them and the untiring efforts of the personnel that bete noire, the bed bug, is little in evidence. The meals are clean and appetizing, and best of all the guest need never concern himself with keys and the locking of doors, for the people of southern Mexico are still in a state so primitive that they do not know what it means to steal. There are of course some mortals so refined that any hotel not equipped with a buffet, uniformed lackeys, and individual baths—in the Mexican hotel everyone uses the public shower bath—is to them no hotel at

The Market Building at San Geronimo

Little Tehuanas Accompanied by One of the Lords of Creation-Who Lacks His Pants

all; but such people had best remain at home, they are not born to travel in Mexico or any other country.

What Mexican lady would think of supervising her own kitchen? The kitchen is in charge of a Tehuana cook and female assistants drawn from the personnel of the house, and considering the primitive cooking appliances at their disposal some of these Indian women deserve the highest commendation for their skill in the culinary art. Iron stoves and steel ranges are but little used in Mexico. Three stones arranged in a triangular shape to support a pot, griddle, or comal, or a crude earthenware stove made on the same lines, suffices for the poor, and even the upper classes and most of the hotels make shift to get along with simple brick ranges provided with pot holes and fire places. Only in a few of the better establishments are steel ranges to be found.

The upper classes consume more or less white bread which never, however, appears in the form of loaves, but always in the little buns (panes) characteristic of Latin America. This bread is seldom baked at home but is obtained from professional bakers who bake their stock in large open-air ovens.

A meal at a Mexican hotel is flavored with the sauce of politeness. When a gentleman seats himself or arises from the table he invariably says "Con permiso" (With your permission), and when the landlord comes to the table he salutes the guests with a "con povecho, Señores," as much as to say, "May you dine with profit, gentlemen."

If you are making a lengthy stay at a Mexican hotel you must not expect your bill at the end of the month. The landlord is in no hurry about such matters; he trusts to your honor, and it may be necessary to prompt him several times before its production. And you may depend upon it, he will not permit you to outdo him in politeness or generosity. The

Mexican is above all things open-handed and can be depended upon to always return a favor.

Speaking of trusting to one's honor reminds me of a little incident which occurred just before I left Salina Cruz, which marks the Mexican's high sense of honor and innate delicacy. One of the leading merchants of the place handed me four hundred dollars in cash and asked me to deliver it at a certain address in San Francisco, California. "Ah," I said, "but you will wish a receipt for the money." "That does not matter," he replied, "it is quite unnecessary."

Now many would not mark such an incident but I, since by the permission of Allah it was my lot to travel in that land, have thought it worthy of note.

Chapter X.

INDUSTRIES AND OPPORTUNITIES FOR INVESTMENT

IN the following pages we shall treat of the commerce and industries, present and potential, of the Isthmus of Tehuantepec. This subject, of special interest to the constantly increasing numbers of Europeans and Americans who are seeking opportunities for investment in Mexico—for which reason we have made this our longest chapter—may prove of minor interest to the general reader, to whom statistics of production and trade are generally more or less distasteful. If our reader be of this class we would advise that he omit this chapter, turning at once to chapter eleven, wherein is recorded the rise of that nobles of all Indian races, the Zapotecs.

It was the policy of the government of President Porfirio Diaz to encourage by liberal concessions the investment of foreign capital, a policy which secured hundreds of millions of dollars for the development of Mexico's resources. Foreigners flocked to the country by the tens of thousands. To the Isthmus of Tehuantepec came Americans from the republic to the north. The government was most liberal with the newcomers and soon the bulk of the land from below Santa Lucrecia on the north to the pass of Chivela on the south passed into their possession.

This land was controlled by companies in the United States, each of which had its plantation and a resident manager on the Isthmus. It was an era of wild speculation in Mexican stocks. The idea in many cases was, not so much to conduct a legitimate plantation business, as to empty the pockets

of the gullible American public of surplus cash. Flamboyant prospectuses pictured the fortunes to be made from rubber, coffee, sugar, and tropical fruits. Little show plantations of a few acres each were set out, with driveways so arranged that when prospective buyers arrived they might be driven, to all appearance, through miles on miles of growing crops. By such and kindred devices thousands of acres of wild jungle were sold under colonization schemes, in which the buyers reaped nothing but experience and taxes.

Eventually nearly all of these companies failed and many of the investors lost their hard-earned money. New companies, organized on a more conservative basis, succeeded them. Rubber had proven a complete failure on the Coatzacoalcos, and coffee was not far behind; but sugar and bananas were a success, and to the culture of these and the extraction of forest products the Americans on the Isthmus now settled down.

It was a wonderful region, that Coatzacoalcos Valley, the nearest approach to an earthly paradise to be found on the continent of North America. As Egypt is the child of the Nile, so the valley of the Coatzacoalcos is the child of the great river. In one respect, especially, the Coatzacoalcos resembles the Nile; overflowing its banks about every seventh year, it leaves a deposit on the fields, returning to the soil all elements taken by the crops and rendering the use of fertilizer unnecessary.

This river, the greatest in all Mexico, is about one-fourth mile wide at the Oaxaquena Plantation, fifteen miles below Santa Lucrecia, and at Puerto Mexico, where it enters the Gulf of Mexico, a full mile in width. Ocean-going vessels go up some forty miles, beyond tide limit, for fresh water. Minatitlan, some thirty miles above Puerto Mexico, is a regular port

of call for many ocean vessels; while vessels of 8 to 10 feet draft can during nine months of the year ascend as far as Santa Lucrecia.

In the peaceful days immediately before the Revolution, American planters occupied the banks of the great river from a point some thirty miles below Santa Lucrecia to the river's source in the dividing range. From the northern limits of the American holdings to the Gulf the country was in the hands of the Pierson (British) interests. The Pacific plains of the Isthmus, about Tehuantepec and Juchitan, had never been invaded to any extent by American enterprise; but from Reforma east to the Guatemalan border, along the entire extent of the Chiapas littoral, a fair proportion of the planations were American owned.

Life was exceedingly pleasant in the old days in the American colony on the Coatzacoalcos and its tributaries. Cultivation was confined to the sections in close proximity to the railroad or the river banks, but the land was American owned for a distance of from twenty to thirty miles back from the river and road on either hand, affording unlimited opportunity for colonization and development. Each plantation had a commodious plantation house embowered in flowers, its orchard of tropical fruits, its great sugar mill, and its wide acres of cane. Its fields were tilled by a busy host of Indian employees, while their fellows were bringing mahogany and Spanish cedar from the neighboring forests. Down at the river was the plantation pier, at whose side were moored huge barges which conveyed the plantation's output to market and a trim little launch in which the planter and his family visited the market as business or pleasure impelled. Such were conditions when the planters fled the country in 1914.

Four years later, in 1918, these American plantations

presented an appearance of utter desolation; cane mills and distilleries in ruins, the machinery rusted beyond redemption, the fields burned over or grown up to jungle, the valuable timber stolen. In a few instances only, native caretakers continued to run the plantation in a small way, securing immunity from attack by paying blackmail to the bandit chief of the locality.

In this isolated region, far from the center of authority on the plateau, the planter, be he foreigner or Mexican, is in times of revolution thrown on his own resources. He may secure personal immunity by removing to a garrisoned town, but this affords him no protection in his property. The bandit visits the plantation and demands a monthly contribution of the caretaker. The planter may refuse to pay and call upon the government for protection. It will avail him nothing. The government does what it can to protect him; a detachment of troops is sent to the plantation. There is a skirmish, perhaps, and a bandit or two is killed. But this is only adding fuel to the flames, for manifestly the government cannot garrison every plantation. After two or three weeks the garrison is withdrawn for use at some other point, and the bandits immediately return and wreak vengeance by burning the plantation buildings and destroying the crops.

Two factors have accounted for the prevalence of such conditions during the last few years; the difficulty of transportation between central and southern Mexico, and the nature of the country, which favors the bandit. As stated elsewhere, the Vera Cruz al Isthmo Railroad, the only line of communication between the central plateau and the Isthmus, was practically out of commission, and the movement of troops from the center of the republic consequently requires much time. On the other hand the country, sparsely populated and covered for

the most part with a scrubby growth of timber, favors the outlaw. The climate is mild, his horse finds abundant pasture for the greater part of the year, and back in the heart of the jungle he can make his little clearing and raise his year's supply of corn and beans without fear of being molested. Driving him to bay is wellnigh out of the question. The woods are intersected by trails and bypaths running in every direction, and tracing a man is about as promising as hunting for the proverbial needle in a haystack.

It is safe to say that there were not then five hundred foreigners (exclusive of Spaniards) in all southern Mexico. I am sure the number of Americans, men, women and children, fell far short of a hundred. But the situation is not permanent. Their property was still there and they will return.

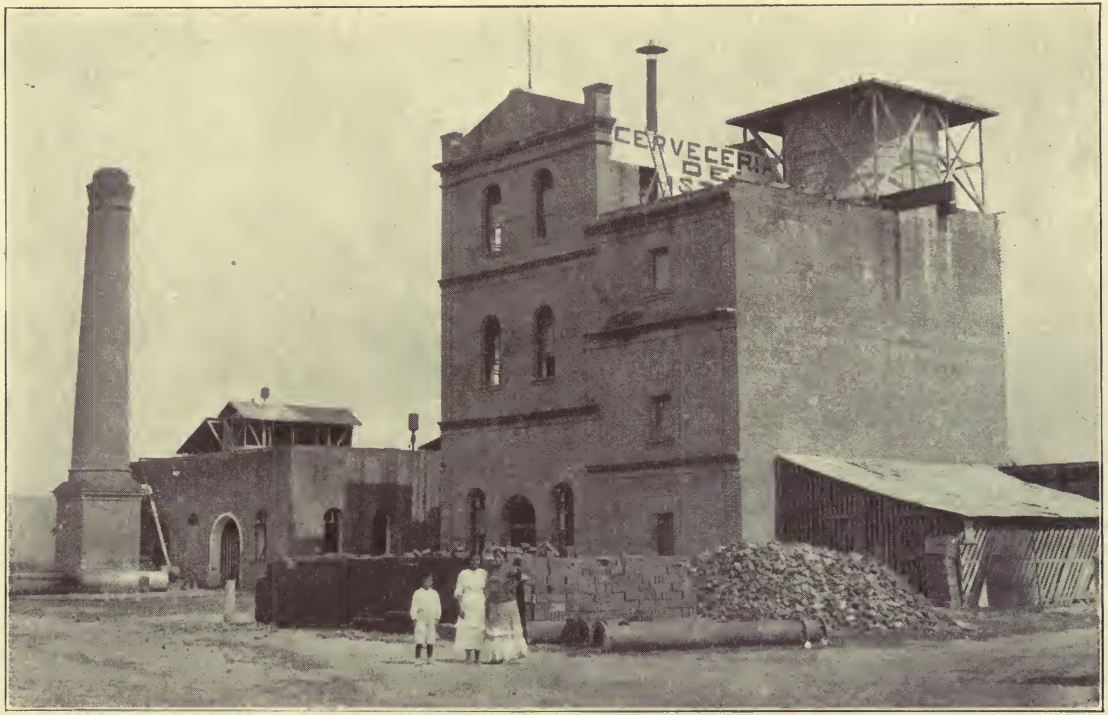
Mexico will continue to invite the foreigner for several reasons. For one thing, it is a land of great undeveloped resources, resources which its people lack the capital to exploit. It is a country in the raw and, like all such countries, bristles with opportunities. Two great needs of Mexico—industrial Mexico—are men and capital. Not men to labor, for the country abounds in competent laborers, but men with capacity, energy, and sufficient executive ability to manage large industrial enterprises.

But in Mexico the foreigner has an additional advantage in the comparative absence of competition. This arises from the Latin character. The Mexican's ideals differ from those of the United States or northwestern Europe. He aspires to the political, military, or professional walks of life. To be a government functionary, general, lawyer, physician, poet, artist, or author, is the goal of most Mexicans of the upper class. The proportion of this class who enter business is small and that field is, consequently, largely left to the foreigner.

Again, the native business man is under a serious handicap as regards language, most of the foreign trade being with the United States, Great Britain, and France. The English-speaking foreigner has the advantage, and here it may be stated that in Mexico the language is spoken by Americans, British, Germans, and Scandinavians alike. These people are, on the other hand, often handicapped by inability to speak the Spanish vernacular. Resident Frenchmen and Italians almost invariably speak Spanish with the fluency of the native, but it is no uncommon thing to meet Englishmen and Americans who have been in the country for years, and yet can scarcely speak a word of the language.

Spanish is a beautiful and cultured tongue in no way inferior to English or French, and he who goes expecting to make a success in Mexico should divest himself of any feeling of race superiority he may have and set about the acquisition of the language of the country. The road is comparatively easy. The language is not particularly difficult, and no matter how many mistakes you make the Mexican will never laugh at you; he is far too well bred for that. The newcomer will make the most rapid progress by giving some Mexican lessons in English, listening to natives converse together for at least an hour daily, himself translating all Spanish correspondence that comes to the office, and by constantly reading a good Spanish paper. This "combined method" is, I believe, the only "royal road" to the knowledge of Spanish. By pursuing it consistently, and never under any circumstances reading a newspaper published in English, the student should by the end of a year speak Spanish with fair fluency.

All important correspondence should be conducted in Spanish, as Mexican courts will not admit in proof correspondence or documents written in any other language.



The Only Modern Brewery on the Isthmus. Som e of Those Unused in the United States Could Be Moved Down

It would not be fair to dismiss this subject without speaking of the difficulties which the foreign residents must meet. The advantages are many; absence of competition, the genial and upon the whole healthy climate, and a native population affable and refined as far as relates to the upper class, while the humbler ranks are gentle and honest to a degree. But there are two disadvantages. In the first place, though otherwise healthy on the Pacific plains and east at least as far as Tonalá, it is exceedingly hot for the greater part of the time; while north of the divide in the great valley of the Coatzacoalcos the country is more or less malarial. The second drawback is, of course, the absence of schools for ones children. Hitherto the foreigner has been under the necessity of making frequent trips to the United States to recuperate in health or provide for his children's education. But these disadvantages will, I am satisfied, be met when any considerable number of foreigners return to the Isthmus. A sanitarium is then bound to be established, either at the hot springs in the Pass of Chivela or upon the higher plateaux. Success may be predicted for such an enterprise, which would be patronized not only by the entire foreign community but also by many Mexicans, for even they find the tropical heat very trying.

A suitable high school is also sure to come as soon as there is sufficient of the foreign element to form a nucleus. Among the Mexicans there is a growing desire to acquire a knowledge of English, and even today many persons (some of them with a very defective knowledge of English) earn a livelihood by giving private lessons. A high school with advanced courses in both Spanish and English would be well attended and have the monopoly of higher education throughout southern Mexico. Such a school should be located at San Geronimo, Te-

huantepec, or Salina Cruz, and would draw custom north as far as Puerto Mexico and east to the Guatemalan border.

Bearing in mind the undeveloped state of the country and the general absence of minerals, it is evident that openings for foreign investment are in the main limited to agriculture, stockraising, lumbering, and manufacture. In certain lines the establishment of factories would pay. There is but one modern factory in all that region, the brewery at San Geronimo. Small native industries exist, but none which could for a moment compete with a well-equipped modern plant. The trouble lies not there, but in securing a market for the product. It would be necessary to begin operations on a comparatively small scale unless the product is to be exported, for the purchasing power is not proportionate to the population. The Indian consumes but little and the market for most manufactured articles is limited to the upper and middle classes.

Among industries which would pay I may mention boot and shoe, furniture, rope and twine, hat, soap, pottery, broom and brush, and sash and door factories, paper, saw, and grist mills, brick yards, fruit canneries, tanneries, ice and printing plants,* and telephone systems. The opportunities in some of these lines are touched upon in connection with other matters and may be found by consulting the index.

Basketry and pottery making are native arts. Baskets of beautiful design are made in nearly all parts of southern Mexico by a large class of natives. As a rule their products are offered for sale only in the public markets, although some are exported by buyers who have agents visiting or residing

*In 1918 not a single daily newspaper was published in southern Mexico (the Isthmus and Chiapas) and only one weekly, a small sheet printed at Puerto Mexico. Nor was there a public telephone system in any of the cities. Up to date of going to press 1922 no notice of change in this particular has been received.

in the towns where basket making is extensively carried on. Oaxaca is one of the principal states in the production of pottery, the Zapotecs possessing great deftness in work of the sort.

I know nothing of which that land stands in greater need than banks. There is not a bank, great or small, in all southern Mexico, except one recently established at Salina Cruz. Even paper money has disappeared; only gold and silver are in circulation. Everyone having money keeps his own strong box or deposits his money with some merchant having a safe. The detriment to commerce may be imagined. Not only are bank credits out of the question, but the business man must cart his coin about with him wherever he goes. In more "civilized" countries under such a system safe blowers would flourish and train robbers multiply exceedingly, and it speaks well for the honesty of the people of that land that safe-blowing is unknown and that trains are seldom "held-up." But there is a crying need for banks, none the less, and a great opportunity for those houses which first acquire a foothold in Tapachula, Tuxtla Gutierrez, Tonala, San Geronimo, Juchitan, Tehuantepec, and the other principal trade centers.

The region being destitute of banks, the large merchant concerns perforce do a general exchange and collection business, acting as agents for New York and San Francisco houses. They also receive deposits but rarely pay interest. Deposits are not guaranteed.

United States gold circulates at par, that is, at the rate of one dollar for two pesos. Exchange on the United States fluctuates. United States silver and paper money do not circulate.

Owing to the present high price of silver and the consequent disappearance from circulation of the national currency, a new silver currency of reduced silver content has been

introduced. Silver coins of the denomination of one peso, fifty centavos, and twenty centavos are in circulation. The composition of these coins is an alloy of 720 parts of silver to 280 of copper; in fact, the alloy is so great as to give them quite a pinkish appearance. They are merely fractional currency, the standard being gold.

Some $515,000,000 of "infalsificable" paper money was issued by the Carranza regime, practically all of which has been retired. This money is worth but a small fraction of its face value, and nearly all of what is out is in the hands of speculators.

The Pacific plains are well suited to stock raising and cattle in normal times are everywhere numerous; half starved in the dry season, when it is often a mystery how they keep body and soul together, but in fairly good condition in the summer when grass is plentiful. The best herds are found in the highlands of the divide, especially on the plains of Chivela and Tarifa, and along the stripes of land which intervene between the lagoons and the sea. A large number of calves are destroyed by the jaguars and pumas every year. So troublesome are these cats that every ranch maintains a hunter and a pack of dogs for the express purpose of hunting and killing them.

There is still abundant range for cattle and opportunity for the beginner. Range land may be had for a song. Green pasture exists throughout a great part of the year, not only on the plains and in the valleys, but often on the mountain tops as well. Mountain pastures exist in many places. There is a beautiful meadow on the top of a steep mountain a few miles to the southwest of San Geronimo, plainly discernable to the traveler standing beneath Mr. Adamik's date palm. The Cerro Atravesado, away to the northeast of Niltepec, is a

curious mountain engrafted on the cordilleras with its greatest length at right angles to their general direction. The top of this conspicuous cerro is about 5,000 feet above the level of the sea, flat, and covered with the richest of pasture. Yes, there is every opportunity here for the newcomer. When well fed the animals are of good size. Corn fodder is easily raised, and by feeding a fair amount for two or three months in the year the best results are obtained.

The total stock on the ranges is now small. The consensus of opinion as to the present number of cattle, calves, sheep and goats in Mexico places it at about 25 per cent of the stocks existing in 1910; and this proportion probably holds for the Isthmus country. Not only have great numbers of cattle been slaughtered by the revolutionists for hides and meat, but also by the owners themselves, in the effort to save them from depredations. The number of calves killed has been negligible. All calf skins find a ready market locally at as much as 25 per cent above New York market quotations.

All the heavy hauling is done with oxen yoked to great lumbering two-wheeled carts. These carts are made entirely of wood and do not carry much more than half the load of a good lumber wagon. There is great need here for the introduction of improved carts and wagons. The oxen are yoked by the horns, a most barbarous practice, and driven with the goad. Kindness to animals does not seem to be one of the Indian virtues.

The Indians do not salt their beef, but cure it by cutting it into long narrow strips like pieces of rope and drying it in the sun. Beef prepared in this manner is called "tasajo." Since it admits of easy transportation by pack animals it is much esteemed by exploring parties, and when thoroughly pounded and roasted is quite palatable.

It is a saying that Mexico is not a butter country. There was no native butter to be had at Salina Cruz during my sojourn there, and the imported article cost a dollar gold a pound. No one thought of eating butter, and even at the best hotel there was no butter on the table. I was told, however, that the Indians sometimes make an inferior butter for their own use. The Indians are very fond of cheese, which they make in immense quantities from goats' milk. There seems to be no reason why dairying might not be made a success and the country made to produce all the butter and cheese needed for its own markets.

But little condensed milk is imported. An abundance of goats' milk is always obtainable, while the supply of cows' milk is sufficient for the upper classes.

Hides form a very important article of export; not merely those of meat cattle but also the hides of goats, which are much more numerous. In fact, "No. 1 Oaxaca" is the standard of excellence in the goat-skin markets of the world. All hides and skins are exported in the raw, for there are no shoe or harness factories in southern Mexico. Tanneries exist in the outskirts of many towns but they are little Indian affairs of the most primitive description. With the enormous numbers of cattle and goats raised, it is evident that the country affords an excellent opening for the establishment of modern up-to-date tanneries. There is also a demand for boot and shoe factories, though the market is limited at present by the fact that the Indian goes barefoot or wears sandals only. This condition will pass away as the status of the Indian is raised and the price of footwear lowered by the existence of local factories.

All the shoes worn by the middle and upper classes are of American make. On account of the high prices of leather

shoes, imported or made locally, there is a growing demand for canvas shoes with rubber soles. Both white and colored styles are popular, although the latter, such as tan and gray, seem to be the best sellers. Leather shoes of only fair quality made locally for adults cost about $10 United States currency, while imported shoes are much more expensive.

The lands of the Pacific plain in the immediate vicinity of the towns and along the rivers are generally possessed by the Indians in small individual holdings, while the high grounds further back belong to rich hacendados. The Indians perform all the field labor, both in their own small holdings and as field laborers on the estates of the wealthy proprietors. The ordinary farm laborer receives a peso (50c) or two pesos a day according to the locality, and the common price for clearing an acre of woodland is from eight to ten pesos.

The plains are coverd with a scrubby growth of lignum vitae, Brazil-wood, mezquite, rosewood, and cactus, with occasional clumps of palm. From some vantage point in the cordillera the whole plain, from the foot of the dividing range to the Pacific, is distinctly visible. Its variegated tropical vegetation, with here and there an isolated cerro rising like a pyramid from the level plains, and the deep blue sea for a background, all combine to render it one of the most fascinating of landscapes. And such was the sight which met the eyes of the conquering hosts of Cosijoeza when, some four centuries ago, they scaled the outermost ridges of the mountains of Oaxaca and looked down on the scene below. Time has wrought but little change; the country still lies awaiting development.

Once fairly on the plain the sandy trails wind through the scrub, and the traveler rides for hours without being able to see more than a few rods in advance, encountering neither

fence, nor clearing, nor habitation. The plains are arid, hot, and sandy, and in many parts almost destitute of vegetation, except grass of a poor quality and the Jicara* tree (Crescentia cujete). This tree bears a green sessile fruit or gourd about six inches in diameter, from which the natives make their cups and dippers. When ripe it is strong in the properties of ergotin, of the uses of which the Indians, fortunately, are ignorant.

The soil is a light loam, generally of a yellowish or reddish color. From October to June there is no rain and the whole country becomes parched and barren. A limited area in the neighborhood of the rivers is irrigated, but the water supply for this purpose is limited, and indeed, toward the close of the rainy season the smaller streams become quite dry. The soil is fertile, but the want of rain and sufficient water for irrigation, as well as the destructive northers, prevent agriculture on a large scale.

But these same northers are the key to the situation. Turning a thousand windmills they could lift the water from the rivers and irrigate nearly all of the 1,400 square miles of plain. And they might be used even at points remote from streams, for abundance of water is obtainable at moderate depths, the water level in the dry season not being greater than thirty feet. A few windmills have been introduced, only to be overthrown by the northers. What is needed is a low-well-braced windmill which the winds cannot overthrow, and the problem of irrigating these plains is largely solved.

Indian corn is the great staple crop, growing in all localities and at all seasons of the year. The period of growth being less than ninety days, it is possible to raise four crops yearly on the same ground; indeed, at Tehuantepec it is said a

*Also called Totuma, Higuera, Dita and Chima.

Cutting Sugar Cane Near Tehuantepec

Sugar Cane Plantations Offer Big Business Possibilities—Young Cane on the Oaxaquena Plantation

crop is often grown in less than sixty days. On non-irrigated land but two crops are generally grown, the principal crop ripening in August. As soon as it is harvested the ground is prepared for a second crop, which, coming after the rains have ceased, is much inferior to the first, the ears being mere nubbins.

Growing corn under irrigation is a different matter. My friend Jerome H. Mahoney of Reforma follows the plan of planting one-third of his milpa (corn field) each month, thus securing twelve crops of corn per year. It is fortunate that this crop can be renewed so often, for very soon after the corn ripens it is attacked by the weevil and reduced to powder. The Indians smoke the corn to combat this pest, but even this does not afford an absolute protection, and in consequence its cost in certain seasons is very high. A drying plant, such as is used on the Oaxaquena plantation near Santa Lucrecia, is essential to enable the planter to preserve his crop unimpaired.

Here in southern Mexico corn is the staple article of food, as rice is with the Oriental and wheat with the European. To this fact is doubtless due in great measure the superior physique of the Zapotec Indian. In preparing it for food the grains are soaked in lime for a few hours to loosen the hard exterior shells, which are then removed and the corn placed on a flat stone, the metate, and with the aid of a stone roller ground to pulp; after which it is made into thin griddle cakes and baked on a comal, a flat disk of unglazed pottery. The ordinary cake is called "tortilla;" that baked to a crisp, the form preferred by Europeans, "totoposti."

The day of the metate is passing. Already in the larger towns the grain, after being prepared as has been described, is ground at public mills run by electric motors. The next step will be the introduction of the ordinary grist mill, grinding

the dry grain. It is strange, considering the slight expense involved in installing grist mills, that they have not been introduced before; but this is possibly due to a native prejudice against corn meal, though to the European's way of thinking bread made from it is much more palatable than the tortilla.

People seldom go to the ends of the earth to raise beans, and yet a person going to Mexico might do worse. The bean grows in all parts of the Isthmus and yields abundantly, a single pod often yielding as many as twenty beans. Two crops can be raised yearly and the market is certain. The Mexicans being great bean consumers, the entire crop, if not consumed locally, always finds a ready sale in northern Mexico. Several sorts of beans are raised but the small black bean—the common frijole—is the safest crop. It is not only a staple article of commerce in Mexico, but when crops are abundant is largely shipped to other Latin American countries.

On the Gulf plains of the Isthmus rice may be grown without irrigation and an abundant crop is always certain. From 100 to 200 fold is not uncommon, while a voluntary second crop, if cared for, will produce abundantly. Rice is planted in Mexico at the beginning of the rainy season and is harvested at its close; giving ample time, after the rice has been removed, to plant a crop of corn, or to take care of the voluntary crop. Mexico will supply a home market for all the rice which can be produced for many years to come. Rice is not raised on the Pacific side of the Isthmus.

The northwestern portion of the Isthmus, between Santa Lucrecia and Tierra Blanca, along the line of the Vera Cruz al Isthmo railway, is largely devoted to the culture of Chili peppers. In normal times the crop is large and profitable, and quantities of the product are shipped to Mexico City, Toluca, and other marketing and canning points. Three red varieties

are raised, the ancho (a wide, dried pepper) selling at 2 pesos ($1) per kilo (2.2 pounds); the Pico de Paparo, a small pepper selling at 2:25 pesos ($1.13) per kilo; and the Chili Chiltepen, also a small red pepper, bringing 5 pesos ($2.50) per kilo. Green varieties sell at 1.50 pesos (75c) per kilo.

Chili peppers are so largely in demand for local consumption that they are seldom exported. Choice varieties are, in fact, imported largely from Spain.

It is believed there is no country with Mexico's latent powers for the production and consumption of sugar, which at the same time has so few facilities for the actual refining of sugar and its preparation for the market. The normal consumption of the Republic is 100,000 tons per annum. The production fall far below this figure, the deficiency being met by the importation of raw sugar from Central America (especially Salvador), Peru, Cuba, and Java.

Southern Mexico has practically unlimited possibilities for the production of sugar. Its tropical climate, a marvelously productive soil, cheap labor, and protective laws, create conditions extremely favorable to the growing of sugar cane and the manufacture of sugar.

Mexico's sugar industry is still in its infancy, only a very small proportion of the land available for sugar growing being now used. Sugar cane grows in all parts of the Isthmus, but the Gulf plains and the lower valley of the Coatzacoalcos are best suited to its cultivation. With practically no cultivation the native Mexicans raise from 30 to 35 tons of cane per acre, and on well cultivated plantations the yield is nearly double that amount. Some of the cane fields of that section have produced as long as thirty years without replanting, though nine years is the rule. On crushing the cane yields a juice of density from 9 to 11.5 degrees Baumé.

There are a few large plants which are prepared to turn out large quantities of first-class sugar, and in connection with these plants are large acreages of cane in cultivation using modern methods in cultivating and harvesting. But in many localities the most primitive methods are employed both in cultivating the cane and in making sugar. In such instances the output is a coarse, brown article known as panela, panocha, or piloncillo, put up in small cones. This grade of sugar contains a high percentage of saccharine matter, but the flavor and color are such as to prevent its use in the crude state except by the lower classes.

It is significant that nowhere in Mexico have the natives taken up the cultivation of coffee or rubber to any great extent. On the other hand, the official register of sugar in Mexico includes the names of over a thousand large sugar plantations, and there are innumerable small patches, more than nine-tenths of which are owned and operated by native Mexicans, On the large properties the native owners are beginning to adopt modern methods.

The evolution of the sugar industry is particularly interesting to the observer in the tropics. In inland districts the native Indian will plant a small patch of sugar cane far up on the mountain side; grind it in the old-fashioned wooden crusher, with its two upright creaking rollers, driven round and round, sometimes by slowly plodding oxen, sometimes by the diminutive mule, and again by peon laborers; reduce the juice in handmade earthen pans or perhaps in a single kettle; shape it into small cones by permitting the syrup to settle in earthen moulds; and then transport it on muleback many miles over the mountains, and sell it at a price satisfactory to him, regardless of the labor involved.

The more wealthy planter, with his acres of sugar cane

skirting the banks of some river whose current affords easy transportation to market, employs more advanced methods for the reduction of juices, but his mills were generally built fifty, sixty, or seventy years ago, largely of the open kettle and pan-boiling process.

By one or the other of these crude methods more than four-fifths of Mexico's sugar product is obtained. Now comes the foreigner; the old appliances are discarded for vacuum pans, "triple effects," centrifugal, etc.; steam and electricity are replacing the ox and the mule; and the cost of production is reduced in proportion to the increased effectiveness of the machinery. But the high prices are retained, because there are few modern mills and the demand for sugar increases annually.

The leading sugar industry on the Isthmus is the Oaxaquena plantation (property of the Tabasco Plantation Company of Minneapolis, Minn.) located on the Coatzacoalcos River fifteen miles below Santa Lucrecia. This property embraces 15,000 acres, a large part of which has been brought under cultivation. With its immense refinery, extensive system of plantation railway, river fleet, and army of workers, it is a fine illustration of what American enterprise can make of this part of the world. A launch plies regularly between Santa Lucrecia and the plantation.

At Oaxaquena and on the Gulf plains generally cane matures in 12 months, while in Hiawaii it requires 18 months.

On the Pacific plains the culture of sugar cane is also quite general, though there are but few large plantations. Little plantations, each with its own grinding mill (the machinery for which is imported from the United States), at which a dark brown sugar is made, are scattered up and down the rivers. There are but three ingenios (sugar mills) in the

district equipped with modern machinery; the Ingenio de Santa Teresa at Mixtequilla, three miles from Tehuantepec, the Ingenio de Santa Cruz, a few miles west of San Geronimo, and that of San Domingo, near Union Hidalgo on the Pan American Railroad. All these manufacture a pure white sugar of the best quality.

Mexico produces among the best grades of coffee obtainable in the markets of the world, the great bulk coming from the southern states of Oaxaca, Vera Cruz, Tabasco, and Chiapas.

Coffee plants are started in nurseries and when from six months to a year old are transplanted to the orchard site. After the third year a small crop may be harvested; perhaps 300 pounds per acre the fourth year, increasing to about 500 pounds the sixth year.

Large capital is not essential to the industry, and much of the coffee is raised in small "fincas" of a few acres each. From 500 to 600 trees are planted to the acre and the production per acre runs over 500 pounds as soon as the orchard is well established. The usual life of the tree is about forty years, but it is in its prime from the sixth to the thirteenth year. The greatest danger in connection with coffee planting is a shortage of labor in the picking season.

Very little coffee is raised on the Isthmus. A small amount is grown by the Indians among the foothills, both about Mogañe north of the divide and along the upper reaches of the Tehuantepec; but the real coffee-growing districts are elsewhere. The Soconusco district of Chiapas is the principal coffee producing region of Mexico. On the high hills lying back from Tapachula and the other towns of the littoral extensive coffee fincas have been laid out by a mixed colony of Germans, French, Mexicans, British, and Americans.

The coffee ripens in the spring, when it is brought to town and transported by rail to Salina Cruz, and thence by ship to San Francisco.

The production of this district is enormous. The annual crop of Chiapas approximates 150,000 quintals (33,060,000 lbs.). The product resembles the coffee of Guatemala in its various grades and is easily substituted for it. This is especially true of coffee from fincas whose altitude exceeds 3,000 feet. This Chiapas coffee is known to the trade as "Tapachula."

A large amount of coffee is also produced in the district west of Salina Cruz about Pochutla. This is loaded aboard ship at Puerto Angel.

Mexican coffee is milder than that of Java, but its flavor is not inferior; that is, when properly prepared. Coffee is the national drink, but among Mexicans the custom is to drink "milk with coffee" rather than "coffee with milk." And in this they show their wisdom, for coffee prepared after the native manner is a most villainous concoction and the less one takes of it the better.

The cacao tree is indigenous to Mexico. It has been cultivated by the Indians for many centuries, and from its bean they make their chocolatl (chocolate). The cacao requires a warm and moist atmosphere, the lands best suited to its culture lying between sea level and an altitude of 1,600 feet, in localities protected from strong winds. The lower Coatzacoalcos valley is well suited to cacao culture. The plant bears three or four years after planting, and usually gives three crops a year. It reaches its maximum production in the ninth or tenth year and after the twenty-third year its yield diminishes. Trees are planted about 400 to the acre, the average yield of 1,000 trees being 600 pounds.

The cultivation of indigo is limited to the Pacific plains, in the light soil and dry atmosphere of which this plant does remarkably well. It was once the most important article of export on the Isthmus, but the demand for this commodity has fallen off greatly with the introduction of mineral dyes, and cultivation is now confined to the neighborhood of Iztaltepec, the indigo center for this region.

The indigo plant (Indigofera disperma) much resembles a young asparagus plant after the leaves have formed, but the leaves are not similar but resemble rather those of the common locust. Indigo is planted in rows two feet apart, so as to permit of hoeing. The best crops are derived from new land, which is therefore generally selected. A planting lasts four years, one crop being gathered each year. The second and third crops are the best, and about forty pounds to the acre is accounted a good crop. To extract the pigment the whole plant is soaked in water for twenty-four hours, when fermentation occurs and the indigo is extracted and held suspended in the water. The plants are then removed and the water agitated with paddles until the indigo curdles. Gulabere juice is then added and the indigo is precipitated in flaky masses, after which the water is drawn off. Then the indigo is dried, pressed, and packed in bales for the market.

The public should exercise caution in investing in rubber plantations in southern Mexico. Rubber planting requires large capital and no returns can be expected for a number of years. The Isthmus is covered with abandoned rubber plantations from which the promoter alone has profited. Rubber trees grow wild in the forests of the Chiapas littoral and there, and there alone, has the cultivation of rubber been successful. The La Zacualpa plantation, under the able management of Mr. Graham M. Kerr, consists of 18,000 acres, of

The Kind of Vehicle Very Common on the Streets

A High-toned String Band on the Isthmus. Note the Headwear

The Post Office and Telegraph Station

which 10,000 are in rubber, the trees ranging from ten to twenty years old. There is another considerable plantation at Mapastepec under the management of Howard T. Manley. All the plantations in Chiapas are planted with the tree known as Castiloa elastica.

The dry Pacific plains of the Isthmus are well adapted to the culture of plants of the agave family. Sisal or henequin can be successfully grown in the region between Juchitan and Tonala. But much more important in these parts are the ixtle and pita. These abound wild and are also cultivated, improving the quality. In general appearance they resemble sisal, but are of much finer fiber, some varieties possessing a silky texture. They are set out in rows four feet apart, the plants in the row being at intervals of two or three feet. Their blue-green leaves, springing from a fleshy bulb resembling a pineapple, are from two to five feet in length and about three inches in width at the base, tapering to a thorn-capped point. The outer leaves are cut from time to time as they mature. They are used in the manufacture of hammocks (the bed of the Isthmean Indian), paper, cord, coarse cloth, and thread. The best varieties, owing to the silky texture of their fiber, are adapted to the manufacture of fine dress-goods.

Tons of second-hand newspapers are imported from the United States yearly for use as wrapping paper. No paper is manufactured locally and the price of paper is very high. With practically inexhaustable supplies of agave growing on the plains there is an excellent opportunity for the establishment of paper mills.

Native tobacco and cigars are very cheap on the Isthmus. Considerable tobacco is grown for home use but none for export. This is an industry which will admit of considerable expansion. The Mexican government imposes a high import

duty on foreign tobaccos, and export duties are also imposed from time to time on leaf tobacco. These vary from two and one-half cents (U. S. currency) to four and one-half cents per kilo on wrapper tobacco and from one to two and one-half cents on filler tobacco.

Vanilla is a native of Mexico, where it has been used from time immemorial for flavoring chocolate. Much of the vanilla of commerce is still gathered from vines (Epidendrum vanilla) growing wild in the Chimalapas. There the plant flowers in February and the bean is ripe in June. It is cultivated to a small extent but receives far less attention than the circumstances warrant. Its culture is very simple and could easily be made quite profitable.

A rich, well-drained soil is required for vanilla, the plants being raised from cuttings, which should be set near a tree or post for support. The plants commence to seed the second year and are in full bearing the fourth year. They flower in February and March and the pods are ripe in five months. After the beans have been properly cured they are packed in cans, soldered up, and shipped to market.

The sarsaparilla abounds along the upper waters of the Coatzacoalcos and its tributaries, being so common along the upper course of the Puerta as to give rise to the belief that the waters are rendered medicinal by its presence.

The Palma Cristi or castor-oil tree grows wild along all the river banks on both sides of the Isthmus. I say "tree" advisedly, because the plant here attains gigantic proportions. I recollect a beautiful tree fully fifteen feet in height which grew close by the station house at Tehuantepec. The wild plant is so abundant that a large amount of beans might readily be gathered for export, and I believe it a very paying crop where

grown on irrigated land. Its culture without irrigation has been tried with unsatisfactory results.

Rice is easily grown but is seldom raised, the American Indian not being a rice eater. No wheat is raised on the Isthmus nor in any of the adjacent parts of Mexico, though several attempts have been made to grow it on the table lands of the divide. Undoubtedly, however, wheat might be successfully grown in the higher parts of the Chiapas plateau as an inferior grade of rye is now grown there by the Indians. Flax of excellent quality grows on the plateaux of the dividing range; which reminds us that linen is said to have been in use among the ancient Aztecs and Zapotecs.

Among other plant and forest products which may be exploited to advantage are the following: Cassia, ginger, pepper (black), cubebs, licorice, balsam of Peru, copal, guapinol (frankincense), liquidamber and sassafras.

Southern Mexico produces a great quantity of fruit generally of poor quality it is true, for improved varieties have been but seldom introduced and the Indian, who is the main producer, grows entirely from seed. I have no doubt that excellent varieties were originally introduced by the Spaniard, but with continual growing from the seed ever since and no attempt at selection or hybridization, the present fruits have "reverted to type," to use the jargon of science, and the undersized, gnarly, insipid specimens of apples, peaches, and quinces brought to the market, in this land where the best could be raised, are trying, to say the least. The native tropical fruits are better, but even these are generally from seed.

The raising of fruit by the foreigner is another matter. Before the Revolution there were hundreds of plantations in improved varieties of fruit along the Coatzacoalcos and the line of the Vera Cruz al Istmo railway. These are grown up

to jungle now, but two or three years, so great is the recuperative power of nature in this favored region, will see them again in full bearing.

In a few instances foreigners have planted orchards of temperate-zone fruits on the plateaux near the larger cities and have met with marked success. There is no reason why more might not do so. The Mexican consumer buys inferior fruit because it is often the only kind available; but he will always buy the best in the market, for he is a ready spender. I know of no better investment than a large orchard of choice varieties of fruits of the temperate zone, such as apples, pears, and peaches. This would of course require an altitude of three thousand feet or more.

The fact that orange, lemon and lime are found growing wild in the Isthmus country is strong evidence that the country is well adapted to their culture. These fruits are grown on the Gulf side without the irrigation and fertilization so necessary in southern California and come into the market a good month earlier. When it is considered that fruit may be shipped from the Isthmus to New York (2,000 miles) almost entirely by cheap water transportation, while the California citrus fruit growers must ship their fruit 3,177 miles by rail, it does not require a very deep mathematician to figure the Mexican grower's advantage.

While the grape fruit is not found wild like the orange, lemon, and lime, yet being of the same family and reaching perfection under the same climatic conditions, it has surprised all who have given it a trial in the size and beauty of the fruit. During my stay at Salina Cruz I was several times the recipient of a box of grape fruit from my friend Jesus Alvarez (Who dwelt on the Coatzacoalcos midway between Santa Lucrecia and Chivela), fruit fully equal to the Florida product.

Tropical Mexico is the home of the banana, of which there are some twenty varieties. The banana bears fruit one year after planting, each plant bearing a bunch which, according to the variety, contains from 100 to 200 bananas. The cultivation of the plant could not be simpler. The young plants are set out and the cultivator takes no further notice of them until the fruit is ripe for gathering; the crop is certain. After producing a bunch of fruit the stalk dies; but for each stalk that withers, many shoots grow up around it, a generation of different sizes arising to form a thicket in place of the single trunk which formerly existed. Thus, from the first year the production goes on, and four, six, or more bunches per annum can be cut from the same clump, the harvest lasting the year round. The generation is continuous, but the number of bunches increases with the age of the plant.

The banana, to be successful and perfect in size and flavor, requires irrigation or a rainfall of about 100 inches per annum. It grows spontaneously in great abundance near the Gulf coast. On lands near the sea great plantations of banana trees can be laid out at a cost of 5 cents to 10 cents per plant, which includes all expense up to the time of fruiting. An acre will produce from 700 to 800 bunches, at a cost not exceeding 15 cents per bunch.

The regions of the earth where the banana may be grown successfully on a large scale are limited, and of those regions only a very small part can be devoted to banana culture with assurance of commercial success, for the reason that he who would grow for export must plant on the borders of navigable waters giving ready access to harbors where ships may safely lie while loading. These conditions are realized in the banks of the lower Coatzacoalcos.

I have already spoken of the papaw (papaya ,Sp.). It is one of the most common trees in southern Mexico, growing in houseyards everywhere without any care whatever. Besides the use of the fruit as a dessert, much as we use the cantaloupe, it is also used in the preparation of papain, an article exported and used in the manufacture of peptonized foods.

The milk of the papaw possesses the property of rendering meat tender, and in fact partially digesting it. It is obtained by making a scratch or shallow incision in the skin of the papaw fruit while in green condition. A bone or wooden knife similar to a paper knife should be employed in making the incision, as it is essential that no metal implement be employed. The milky fluid exudes rapidly and is caught in an earthenware or glass vessel. The fruit is not removed from the tree and may be tapped several times at intervals of two or three days.

The juice coagulates soon after collection and takes the form of a snow-white curd possessed of a somewhat pungent but not putrid smell. It speedily decomposes if not rapidly dried and when decomposing emits a most unpleasant odor. Drying is effected by spreading the coagulated milk on drying frames made by stretching brown linen on light wooden frames. The drying is continued until the product is crisp and in such condition that it can be reduced to a fine powder. Then it is ground to powder and packed in airtight tins or bottles.

The fresh papaya is very popular as a dessert fruit as it promotes digestion.

If rapid transportation to San Francisco could be assured, the pineapple industry would pay on the Pacific plains. The climate is well suited to the growth of pineapples, which excel in size and sweetness those of any other part of the Republic. The question of transportation solved, the matter of labor would need consideration. The planter on the plains would of necessity employ Zapotec laborers, and the Zapotec is the

best kind of a workman if well treated but a very bad man if abused. He must be met half way.

The pineapple is one of the most delicious fruits grown in the tropics. It requires no more care and attention than the cabbage, and like cabbage is planted about 4,000 plants to the acre. The apple grows from the shoots which spring up about the base of the mother plant when fruiting is complete. These shoots when set out will produce ripe fruit in from 12 to 18 months, according to variety. There are a number of varieties, which ripen at different seasons, producing fruit of varying sizes. Pineapples weighing from ten to eighteen pounds are often seen at Tehuantepec.

Coconuts and cohune nuts grow wild along the Pacific littoral; but they can be raised successfully only near the coast, not further back than twelve or fifteen miles at most.

There is a fortune in raising coconuts. In five years from planting the tree attains a diameter of twelve inches and begins to bear, the yield increasing until the average is 300 to 400 nuts per tree per annum. The tree usually bears until it is about fifty years old. The nut is always in demand and the shell is used for making buttons, drinking cups, etc. A grove, once established, yields a steady profit, without attention except to gather and prepare the nuts for market. There is a world market for copra and coconut oil, the latter being used largely in the manufacture of soap, medicinal preparations and druggists supplies, and as an adulterant for butter or substitute for lard and butter.

Cohune nuts or Coquitos de aceite (little oil coconuts) are dwarf coconuts about two inches in diameter. They contain a very high percentage of oil, between 50 and 60 per cent. The oil is used in the manufacture of soap, candles, and for

lighting purposes. These nuts are gathered in the winter and are used by the local soap factories, but are not exported.

The success of bee culture has been demonstrated. For eleven months in the year the bees can shift for themselves. Sometimes they require feeding for a month or six weeks in the latter part of summer. Bees are kept mainly for the wax, vast quantities of which are consumed in the manufacture of candles for religious purposes. It is necessary to export the greater part of the honey as the Indians have never formed a taste for that article. Don Carlos Parkins, who conducted an apiary at Tehuantepec, explained to me that one of the good points of the business was that it rendered one independent of the bandits. He could place his apiary in the court of a city house and abide there in peace while his bees explored the country round about for honey. They alone could gather produce in the country without paying blackmail to the bandit.

I heard while there that an excellent wild honey was obtained in great quantities in the mountains of Chimalapa from a stingless bee, and I asked Don Carlos what he thought of it and whether it would not be well to domesticate these bees, since they had no stings. "Well, seeing that you want my opinion, I'll tell you what I think," he said. "In my opinion they are a poor sort of bees because, having no stings, they evidently are lacking in 'pep'."

The timber business will always attract many to the Isthmus and the Chiapas littoral, since it yields more immediate returns than most other lines and the demand for the hard woods of the tropics is steady. The species of valuable timber are numberless. The leading kinds exploited on the Gulf plains are mahogany, Spanish cedar (Cedrela odorata), macaya (said to petrify when cut), guapaque, sapodilla, piqui (ironwood), brazilwood, and guanacastle. The mountains pro-

Bananas are often carried from the field

In the Oaxaquena Sugar Factory Everything is Modern—Cane Unloader at Work

The Peons Working on the Sugar Plantations Have no Labor-saving Tools. Loading Cane

duce pine, Spanish oak (Tecoma penlaphila), sapodilla, brazilwood, and guanacastle; while the principal woods utilized on the Pacific plains are lignum vitae (guayacan), rosewood, jicara (calabash), ebony, mezquite (used in the manufacture of gun stocks), boj (boxwood), brazilwood, cascalote, granadillo, guanacastle, and palo blanco (satinwood). The region abounds in waterpower for the operation of sawmills, and the local prices for lumber are high, thus furnishing a good domestic as well as foreign market.

Lumber is largely imported from the United States, the Mexican mills supplying but a small part of the demand. There will be, on account of the recent revolution, a great demand for railroad crossties for some years.

The present export duties on timber shipped from Mexico are: Ordinary wood (logs), not otherwise specified, $0.75 U. S. currency per cubic meter (35,314 cu. ft.); ties or sleepers, $0.12 1-2 per 100 kilos (220.462 lbs.).

One of Mexico's most pressing needs is well-equipped, up-to-date furniture factories. There are at present none in the country. Furniture is made by hand in a small way in all the towns; furniture distinguished by the excellence of the material used (generally mahogany), but crude and clumsy. In the nature of things light, cheap furniture is not manufactured at all. A modern factory which could turn out the cheaper as well as the more costly grades of furniture would rapidly create a market for the former.

I fear the Isthmus will never be famed for its mines. The scarcity of the precious metals is one of its marked features. The region has been thoroughly explored for gold, which has never been found in paying quantities, nor are there any indications of the presence of silver, copper, lead or mercury. There is, however, an abundance of iron ore in the dividing

range. Beds of specular iron ore exist in Chivela pass and at Campanario Hill and red hematite has been discovered at Tarifa; while magnetic iron ores exist north of Niltepec and in the Laolaga hills. Unfortunately no coal fit for smelting purposes has been discovered. Manganese also exists in the Pass of Chivela.

Petroleum and asphaltum abound along the lower course of the Coatzacoalcos and on the Coachapa, a tributary. These minerals appear to be confined to the Gulf coast. All the oil property on the Isthmus is controlled by El Aguila, S. A. (Mexican Eagle Oil Co.), formerly the Pearson interest, but now affiliated with the Royal Dutch Company. Their refinery at Minatitlan is the oldest in Mexico. This field produces an oil of from 25 to 32 Baumé, and is characterized by the short period of productivity of the wells and the shallow depth of oil. Operations in this field have not been of great importance during the past few years.

The Pacific plains abound in salt, the product of their numerous salinas or salt marshes. The greatest of these is the Salinas del Marquez, a series of great salt flats extending from within a couple of miles of Salina Cruz westward for some seven or eight miles, and separated from the waters of the ocean by narrow sand spits. These flats were evidently at no distant date a part of the sea, from which they have been cut off by the beach, which is steadily encroaching on the sea along this shore.

In the salinas the soil is saturated with salt to a depth of several feet. During the summer these flat bottoms become filled with fresh water from the rains. This water gradually dissolves the saline matter in the soil, and when the water evaporates with the return of the dry season the surface remains covered with a deposit of pure salt, sometimes as much

as three inches in thickness. The salt is generally collected in February. It is gathered by hand and piled in heaps, from which it is loaded onto ox-carts and hauled to Salina Cruz, whence it is shipped to interior points.

Extensive salinas also exist on the borders of the Upper Lagoon. These salinas are altogether, if properly handled, capable of yielding an immense quantity of excellent salt. The primitive methods employed result in a loss of nine-tenths of the possible product.

There exists on the Pacific plain, half a mile from the mountains and midway between the passes of Tarifa and Chivela, a hot spring famed in this section of the Republic as a remedy for rheumatism, scrofula, syphilis, and skin diseases. In the Pass of Chivela, at a point on the Rio Verde a short distance above the ford, where the river flows between high perpendicular walls of limestone, there are several remarkable thermal springs.

What the Isthmus lacks in metals is fully compensated for by its abundant supply of good building stone. The Masahua and Majada ranges of the divide abound in blue mountain limestone, which forms everywhere the summits of the ranges. In fact, soft and compact blue limestones, porphyry, syenite, and granite, not only abound throughout the mountains of the divide, but may be quarried as needed from most of the cerros which dot the Pacific plains. Dani Lieza, at Tehuantepec, produces a beautiful blue limestone, almost as hard as marble, specimens of which may be seen in the street curbing at Salina Cruz; and the finest of white and black marbles outcrop at Chivela and Masahua passes, at the Convento Hill, and in the Cucumates hills.

But the greatest mineral wealth so far discovered in this region is found in the onyx fields which lie in the mountainous

upper portion of the Tehuantepec River valley and along the Tequisistlan, a tributary of that stream. Several valuable fields are known to exist in that locality, and it is probable that more will be brought to light when the district shall have been thoroughly explored. The main field thus far developed lies four miles above Tequisistlan on the river of that name. Onyx is known to exist here over an area of about 1,000 acres, lying close to the surface, so as to require but little stripping. This onyx is much superior to that of Lower California, bringing $7.50 per cubic foot delivered on shipboard at Boston, Mass., as compared with $5 paid for the Lower California article.

These quarries are located at a distance of 35 miles from Tehuantepec, the nearest railway station. There are lesser fields 12 miles further up the Tequisistlan River, also at the town of Tequisistlan, and at a point on the Tehuantepec River 23 miles above Tehuantepec.

The principal field has been worked for a considerable period. In the four or five years immediately preceding 1910 some 30,000 cubic feet of onyx were quarried and exported to the United States. In 1910 the output was 3,000 cubic feet and in 1912, 2,000 feet. After the latter date no shipments were made, the fields being within the territory dominated by bandits.

The principal obstacle to the development of these fields is difficulty of transportation. Up to the present all onyx exported has been hauled a distance of 35 miles, a great part of the way over rough roads, by ox cart, to the railway at Tehuantepec. A railway is projected from Oaxaca City to San Geronimo, but this will pass far to the northeast of the fields and will not materially shorten the haul. It would, however, be quite feasible to construct a narrow-gauge line from Tehuantepec up the Tehuantepec and Tequisistlan rivers to

the onyx fields. Such a line would not only tap these quarries, but would also secure abundance of traffic from these rich river valleys.

At the Tequisistlan field the onyx is largely of the superior white and pink varieties, the remainder being sometimes beautifully mottled. The size obtainable is limited only by transportation considerations. With the present facilities it is not possible to bring out slabs larger than 3 by 6 feet, with a thickness of six inches.

MEXICAN WEIGHTS AND MEASURES.

The metric system of weights and measures is the sole legal system, all others being forbidden. But the conservatism of the people has been difficult to overcome and many of the old Spanish weights and measures are still in use. The sitio mayor and fanega, for instance, are in common use for land measurements; while the carga is frequently used in market quotations and commercial transactions for corn, wheat, beans, etc., and the ton is used for salt, corn, coal, and coke. A table of equivalents follows.

Mexican Units	Metric Equivalents
Linear Measure	
	Meters
Legua	4,190.00
Vara	.83
Pie	.28
Pulgada	.02
Capacity, Dry Measure	
	Liters
Carga	181.62
Fanega	90.81
Almud	7.57
Cuartillo	1.89
Capacity, Liquid	
Jarra	8.21
Cuartillo	.46
Cuartillo, for oil	.51

Mexican Units	Metric Equivalents
Weight	
	Kilograms
Quintal	46.02
Arroba	11.50
Libra	.46
Onza	28.76 grams
Land Measure	
	Hectares
Sitio Mayor Grande	1,755.61
Caballeria	42.79
Fanega de sembradura de maiz	3.57

Official units of ordinary surface measure are as follows, in metric equivalents: Vara caudrada (square vara) 0.702244 square meters; pie cuadrada (square foot), 7.8027 square decimeters. Official metric equivalents of units of volume are: Vara cubica, 0.58848 cubic meters; pie cubico, 21.7956 cubic decimeters.

CONSTITUTIONAL PROVISIONS AFFECTING FOREIGNERS.

On February 5, 1917, a new constitution was promulgated which attempted a radical change in the status of foreigners within the Republic. The Governments of the United States, Great Britain, France, and Holland have protested vigorously against the decrees since from time to time issued in an attempt to enforce the objectionable features of this constitution. Now that the Carranza government has been overthrown, it is questionable whether they will continue to be enforced. The two articles which particularly affect foreigners are given below:

> ART. 27. The ownership of lands and waters within the national territory is vested originally in the nation, which had had and has the right to transmit title thereof to private persons, thereby constituting private property.
>
> Private property shall not be expropriated except for cause of public utility and by means of indemnification.
>
> The nation shall have at all times the right to impose on private property such limitations as the public interest may demand, as well as the right to regulate the development of natural resources, which are susceptible of appropriation, in order to conserve them and equitably to distribute the public wealth. In the nation is vested direct ownership of all minerals, petroleum, and hydrocarbons—solid, liquid, or gaseous.
>
> Legal capacity to acquire ownership of lands and waters of the nation shall be governed by the following provisions:
>
> 1. Only Mexicans by birth or naturalization and Mex-

ican companies have the right to acquire rights in lands, waters and their appurtenances or to obtain concessions to develop mines, waters, or mineral fuels in the Republic of Mexico. The nation may grant the same right to foreigners, provided they agree before the department of foreign affairs to be considered Mexicans in respect to such property, and accordingly not to invoke the protection of their governments in respect to the same, under penalty, in case of breach, of forfeiture to the nation of property so acquired. Within a zone of 100 kilometers (62.14 miles) from the frontiers and 50 kilometers (31.07 miles) from the sea coast no foreigner shall under any conditions acquire direct ownership of lands and waters.

ART. 33. Foreigners are those who do not possess the qualifications prescribed by article 30. (Citizenship by birth or naturalization.) They shall be entitled to the rights granted by chapter 1, Title I, of the present constitution; but the executive shall have the exclusive right to expel from the Republic forthwith and without judicial process any foreigner whose presence he may deem inexpedient.

Chapter XI.

RISE OF THE ZAPOTECS.

DUE southeast of the City of Mexico, some two hundred miles as the crow flies, lies that grand wilderness of peaks collectively known as the Mountains of Oaxaca, and in the heart of these mountains lies a wonderful vale, the Valley of Oaxaca. Situated upon the seventeenth parallel of north latitude and at an average elevation of four thousand feet above sea level, this valley enjoys a mild temperate climate excelled by but few localities. Perpetual spring reigns there, flowers blossom the year round, and the exhuberent soil produces every variety of grain and all the fruits of the temperate zone.

Allah intended this wonderful valley to be the home of a great people, and such, at the dawn of history, we find it to have been. The origin of the Zapotec commonwealth, the Didjazaa of the Mexican southland, or Zapotecapan as it was called by the people of Tenochtitlan in their sweet and expressive tongue, is shrouded in obscurity; but if the traditions handed down by the Spanish annalists of the generation succeeding the Conquest are to be believed, as early as the twelfth century of the Christian era the Zapotecs were the dominant race in that region. Their numbers at that time could not have been great; they were at the beginning of their career of conquest, and for some generations they held by perpetual warfare and doubtful tenure the valley and its circumjacent mountains.

But as time passed the Zapotecs waxed strong in the land.

The Church of San Pedro Vixaana, Tehuantepec. The Men do Not go Into the Church and Have an Awning for Their Comfort

Church of the Laborio at Tehuantepec. The Palms Form Part of the Picture

Under a long line of able monarchs they widened their borders to the south and east and audaciously attacked the indominable Chontals and Mixes in their mountain fastnesses. They built watch-towers against the power of their brave rivals, the Mixtecs, on the highest mountains of their frontiers, and the name of Zapotec was repeated with fear and admiration from the summits of Guaxolotitlan and Tilantongo to the utmost rivers of Soconusco. Teococuilco, to the north, and the far blue mountains of remote Ayoquesco and Miahuatlan bowed to their yoke.

Nor imagine, dear reader, that the Zapotecs prevailed solely by force of arms. Civilization marched with their arms. Whence they derived the rudiments of their culture we know not; but it is certain that from the beginning their customs were more humane than those of the surrounding nations, and that their laws were wiser and their religious rites less indicative of superstition. It is said that under their polity ecclesiastical and military or lay affairs were not confused but were administered by two distinct orders, to which circumstance the priesthood owed a preponderance and importance which was reflected in the public advancement. Their monuments at Mitla, Monte Alban and elsewhere are mute but eloquent witnesses to their ancient culture.

Zaachila Yoo, called by the Aztecs Teotzapotlan, was the national capital. It was founded about the year 1390 A. D. by the able ruler Zaachila I. A sort of second Tenochtitlan it was, for like the latter it sat in the midst of a great lake, called Roaloo, where the waters of the rivers Atoyac, Jalatlaco, Huayapan, Tlacolula, Mixtepec, and others which had no outlet to the south, were stopped in their courses.

A high rock with several summits arose from the waters of the lake and on this Zaachila I ordered the construction of

his castle. We are told that this castle was increased in height from time to time, additional stories being added in proportion as the Zapotecs won victories on the field of battle, in such fashion that by the time of the Conquest it had thirty-five stories,* paved and beautifully decorated.

Eight or ten years later the citizens of Zaachila contrived to partly drain the lake. The city then grew rapidly and soon became undisputed mistress of the valley and the favorite abode of its kings.

This was indeed the era of national grandeur for the Zapotecs who, thanks to the teeming population of their capital and the soverign influence of their laws, had waxed exceedingly rich and powerful. Gazing down from some mountain height overlooking the quiet valley, one can almost imagine that he hears the shouts of their warriors and the echo of their folk-songs, and sees the haughty plumed lords bedecked with gold and precious stones, the wide expanse of cultivated fields, delicious gardens resplendent with many-colored flowers, and wandering among them the daughters of the valley, wondrously fair.

Alas! For a century and a half the city prospered. Beautiful and free, the seat of a benign government administered by a long line of illustrious monarchs, Zaachila shone above the silvery waters of the lake. But now, alas, how changed! The scepter has departed from her. Read the sad words of one who loved her greatly and bore unwilling witness to her decay:

"I have passed that way many times and have viewed the remains of what was once proud Zaachila. It is a large town still, but monotonous and without grace. How different from

*This seems incredible. Possibly the castle or palace was built in terrace form up the side of the hill, after the manner of the pueblos of New Mexico.

that city in the days of her glory! It lies parched and barren, without cultivated fields, and its people are but the shades of what they once were.

"In the valley of Zaachila I found but two lakes, the last remnants of the great Lake Roaloo, and there I found the white heron searching for its nest, for night was approaching, even as it came for the lake and the palace, for the court and for its fair denizens, for their glory and for their memory also."

In the year 1487 the celebrated Cosijoeza ascended the throne of Teotzapotlan upon the death of his father, Zaachila III. A wise prince, a warrior like his ancestors, and like them a statesman, it was the most glorious day of his race and country.

Determined to preserve the national independence, he immediately set about placing the country on such a war footing as should make it respected by its neighbors and effectively protect it from the ambitious designs of the court of Tenochtitlan. By these measures and the scholastic instruction which the sons of the nobles had from ancient times received at the Quehuiquijezaa* of Tectipac, he instilled patriotism and respect for authority among the masses, so that all loved and obeyed him with a blind devotion.

Perplexed by the continued incursions of the Aztecs, he sat on a certain afternoon in April of the year 1494, pensive and silent. Presently he broke the silence. "Alarii," he said, turning to his trusty counselor, "our freedom is endangered. To insure our independence we must without delay drive the Aztec from our territories. Methinks I hear a voice crying:

*The national college.

'Declare war on Mexico and make the Zapotecs great and respected.' Harken, my friend; the hour has come for action, and to lead up to open hostility I have chosen two points, Loolaa* and Liobaa. The first, Huaxyacac, detached from the service of Ahuitzotl, will aid us effectively, and the second, Mitla, once she becomes interested in the destruction of the Aztec power, will place all her forces at our disposal. Of course they will be the first victims of Ahuitzotl's wrath, but the end justifies the means."

"Sir," answered the minister, "while your plan is audacious, I believe it can be put through. Make your instructions a little more specific and I will answer for the result."

"Know then," replied the king, "that a caravan of Aztec merchants is now on its way from Tuxtepec and should pass by Mitla. There they must die at the hands of the Huaxyacatlecas, or even of our own people, if necessary, secretly."

"It shall be as you desire, Sir," Alarii responded. "You will in due time receive word that the Aztecs have passed to the better world."

Three days later the Aztec merchants were slain. Ahuitzotl learned of this from certain Chalcas, also merchants, who, returning from Coatzacoalcos and passing by stealth close to Mitla, saw the bodies of their countrymen lying by the roadside. Indignant at this act of barbarity, he called in council his advisers the kings of Texcoco and Tlacopan and, war being decided upon, set out from Mexico with a great army to avenge the affront.

Reaching Huaxyacac he arrayed his army for battle and gave the order to assault. The columns of the Aztecs dashed furiously upon the city. They joined battle. Blood flowed in torrents. The defense was heroic, but in the end the Aztecs

*Loolaa, the Zapotec name for Huaxyacac, the modern Oaxaca.

Three Happy Flower Girls of Tehuantepec

triumphed and in characteristic fashion followed up their success by slaying the major portion of the inhabitants. After this massacre Ahuitzotl directed his forces against Mitla and, not encountering a vigorous resistance, set fire to the city, leveled its houses with the ground, and put a great part of the inhabitants to death irrespective of age or sex. The sanctity of her temples was desecrated by the slaughter of her priests and the demolition of her gods.

Ahuitzotl returned from Mitla with a train of prisoners and, passing by the desolate Huaxyacac, directed a warning to the kings of Zaachila and Cuilapan that they have him in respect. From this point he dispatched the bulk of his army in the direction of Tehuantepec, Soconusco, and Guatemala in command of Tlacochcálcatl, and himself returned toward Mexico to enjoy the pleasures of victory. The Zapotec prisoners were sacrificed according to custom at the feast of the Aztec war-god.

"King Ahuitzotl is fast bringing my plans to fruition," said Cosijoeza to his minister. "He has slain many Zapotecs and has laid Mitla waste. The affront which he sent us from Huaxyacac can be washed out only in blood. The hearts of the people are moved to indignation and he is soon to learn that the sons of Petela* may not be trampled upon with impunity.

"Leave at once for the city of Achiutla and speak with King Dzahuindanda. Advise him that the march of the Mexican army toward Tehuantepec affords us the opportunity to effect its annihilation, for distant as this is from his capital it will be an easy matter to take one by one the garrisons which the Aztec general leaves behind him. Tell him that to make

*Petela, the mythical progenitor of the Zapotec race.

the event certain I beg that he lend a contingent of troops to accompany me on the expedition, during which the forces of the Mixtecs will keep order in Zaachila Roo* while the kingdom of Achiutla checks and drives back whatever reinforcements may come from Mexico."

Alarii departed at once for the land of the Mixtecs** where he conferred with Dzahuindanda and that king, an ally of the Zapotec monarch, placed subject to his orders 24,000 warriors commanded by twenty-four valliant captains. These forces united to those of the Zapotecs formed a total of 60,000 men, with which army Cosijoeza set out for the southeast in the summer of 1496. As had been foreseen, one after another the Aztec garrisons fell before them and the terror of their name spread far and wide. After a heroic march over two mountain ranges, which the allies surmounted in the face of the enemy, Cosijoeza arrived victorious in the valley of Tehuantepec. The strongly fortified city of Tehuantepec was the key to the situation, and upon its possession the success of the enterprise depended; therefore without loss of time he attacked the town and surrounding heights, winning a decisive victory which placed him in possession of all the territory which had been conquered by the Aztecs.

The following day he took counsel with his minister. "Alarii," he said, "thus far we have triumphed over our enemies and have covered ourselves with glory. The work is but half done, but I believe we have the strength to see it through to the end, if we use good judgment. Tlacochcálcatl will shortly return from the direction of Guatemala, and Ahuitzotl will send his best troops against us. We must therefore choose our position, fortify ourselves strongly, and await either victory or death."

*Teotzapotlan.

**The Zapotecs and Mixtecs are brother races speaking kindred tongues. The latter dwell in western Oaxaca.

Chapter XII.

THE DEFENSE OF QUIENGOLA.

THE next day Cosijoeza and Alarii examined the field closely and chose as the most eligible point of defense the heights of Quiengola,* a peak situated about fifteen miles northwest of Tehuantepec at the point where the Tehuantepec River bursts forth from the mountains.

"Here," said the king to his minister, "shall be the tomb of the bold Mexican who thinks to enslave the Sons of Zaachila. Command that the crest of the mountain be circumscribed with stone walls capable of resisting any force however great, and that there be made within the enclosure great pools of water, which you will order to be stocked with live fish. In forming these pools you will utilize so far as possible the springs which burst forth from the mountain. Besides this, lay in great store of salt meat, corn, beans, chile, and provisions of every sort against a siege which may be prolonged to four or even six months; by which time we shall have come forth victorious."

"I go to execute your commands," said Alarii, "and you may rest assured that within a few days this mountain will be converted by our army into an impregnable fortress."

"Arrange also with the towns of Nejapa and Quiegolani, that they supply us with contingents of men, provisions, arrows, spears, maces, and all manner of arms, so that the defenders lack for nothing. Direct that the pass of the Jalapa River be obstructed; and finally, see that our troops are well

*Quiengola, "the old mountain" as the word signifies in Zapotecan.

treated and thoroughly instructed as to their duties. In all this I will be with you to encourage the laborers by my example."

While these preparations were under way those of the Aztecs who had been dispersed during the recent campaign made their way as best they could back to Tenochtitlan and notified Ahuitzotl of the distster at Tehuantepec. The despot could not conceive it possible that any force, however strong, could hold out against the invincible might of Mexico, and incensed at so great temerity, arrayed all his power against the overbold Cosijoeza, sending against him his most famous captains and the most warlike troops of his empire. So certain did he feel of triumph that as his warriors set out he is reputed to have said: "I charge you, valiant and powerful champions, that you take this fellow Cosijoeza alive and bring him before me, that I may punish him in a manner commensurate with the enormity of his offense."

A few days later Alarii entered the king's presence. "Two messengers have arrived," said he. "What news do they bring?" "Dzahuindanda sends word that he has taken the field in person and has reached the neighborhood of the forces which Ahuitzotl has sent against us; and the Chiapanecs advise your majesty that Tlacochcálcatl is three days' journey from Soconusco."* "Tomorrow, Alarii, we will shut ourselves up within Quiengola."

The following day the king with all his army marched to Quiengola. He posted the Mixtecs, to the number of 20,000, on the opposite bank of the Jalapa River, toward the north and in a small valley, and with his own troops entered the fortress, which had in the meantime been stocked with enormous piles of stones to be cast down upon the enemy, and well supplied with arrows and poisoned darts.

*Soconusco; the littoral of Chiapas next the Guatemalan border.

A Face of Mystery

A Maiden of the Noble Race of Zapotecs

"Here we die," he cried, addressing his men, "before we stain the honor of the Zapotecs." "Yes, yes, we will all die," rejoined the multitude, "before we surrender to the tyrant of Mexico."

Four days later the Mexican army under the command of Tlacatécatl appeared before Quiengola.

"To arms, brave warriors," cried Cosijoeza; "to arms," repeated the captains of the host; "Long live Zaachila!" cried Alarii; and all the multitude answered "Viva!" The fire of patriotism burned in the hearts of the noble Zapotecs who, eager for battle, awaited the assault upon the fortress that they might measure strength with the enemy.

But the army of the Aztecs, exhausted by its march of one hundred and thirty-five leagues, determined to merely camp for the time being by the springs at the foot of the mountain. Indeed they felt but little inclined to storm the fastness, for the dizzy height above them and the martial air of its defenders filled the hearts of the most valiant with terror. For the first time in their career of conquest they realized that the issue was doubtful.

Besides, many soldiers had arrived sick and others were beginning to feel indisposed from breathing the sultry atmosphere of the Isthmus. For this reason, and in order not to stake all upon the issues of a single battle, the Aztec generals resolved not to attack, but to reduce the defenders by hunger. "By proceeding in this manner," said Tlacatécatl, "we reserve our strength until the troops under Tlacochcálcatl, now in the neighborhood of Cuauhtemallan and returning by forced marches, are able to unite with us. Thus we make certain the favorable termination of the campaign."

For some days the two armies watched each other, nothing occurring save certain unimportant skirmishes between

the advance guards of either side. The Mexicans completely surrounded the mountain, precluding all ingress and egress, while the Zapotecs, descending from time to time by secret paths, fell suddenly upon the enemy. Every day the enemy returned to the attack and when night fell, leaving a strong guard, returning to their camp. One night when they were least expected the Zapotecs, who had noted this latter practice, fell upon the guard in its camp with such suddenness that the guard with difficulty avoided a total rout. The Zapotecs had descended so stealthily that the Aztecs were hardly aware of the movement before they were upon them.

After this incident the Aztecs observed the strictest vigilence but this did not prevent the Zapotecs from sallying forth and attacking them again and again with equal surprise and great havoc. In these sallies it was their custom to divide the sallying party into two sections, so that when the vanguard was in the thick of the fight the rearguard could throw its weight into the balance.

Cosijoeza was never-failing in stratagems which were invariably successful because they were the creations of his own fertile invention. Frequently while one portion of his forces feigned a retreat, he with the other part would creep through the woods and ravines and, falling suddenly upon the Mexican flank, surprise the enemy with frightful slaughter.

Thus the conflict continued day by day until presently the Mexicans found that they had lost half their men, without counting the sick and wounded who, far from being of service to the army, were a burden upon them. And besides the Zapotecs, though they were unable to raise the siege, took the bodies of the dead Aztecs from the field of battle, salted and dried the meat, and thus replenished their stock of provisions.*

*Very possibly it is to conditions such as this that we are to look for the origin of cannibalism. Besieged bodies of barbarians must have been

To a wounded captain whom they captured they displayed a sort of bastion which they had constructed from the skulls and other bones of the Aztecs, whose flesh converted into dried beef, they assured him, was already in their storehouses. Then they set him at liberty that he might regale his comrades with the tale of what he had seen and heard.

The siege dragged on; the Aztecs being neither able to take the stronghold alone nor when joined by the forces from Guatemala for whom they had been waiting. Within the space of seven months (from March to September, 1497),* three times considerable reinforcements had been sent from Tenochtitlan, but had been unable to force the passes and reach the valley of Tehuantepec.

Ahuitzotl, seeing that he could not take Quiengola, that his army was rapidly melting away, as well from the ravages of war as because of the diseases which decimated its ranks, and that force acomplished nothing, instructed Moctezuma, commander-in-chief of his armies, to open negotiations, proposing peace to Cosijoeza upon advantageous terms. Moctezuma accordingly sent a herald to Cosijoeza, who, on being brought into the camp, thus addressed the Zapotec monarch:

"May the gods protect you, valiant and fortunate monarch. On behalf of my king I come to propose peace between Aztec and Zapotec. Convinced of your military prowess and approved valor, Ahuitzotl offers you as a pledge of his enduring friendship the hand of his fairest daughter. I beg you to accept of this princely offer and also of this little token of his

often reduced to this extremity. What more natural than that, finding the flesh pleasant to the taste, they were led to a repetition of the unnatural repast and, the taste once acquired, waged battle for the sole purpose of gratifying it. Considering the courageous defenses which preceded these resorts to cannibalism, we can well understand how the belief arose that the eating of the enemy's flesh imparted courage.

*On the authority of Manuel Gracida of Oaxaca, to whose excellent treatise we are indebted for much of this narrative.

regard, a drum and a shield of gold, and know that he will ever respect your dominions and conquests, won on the field of honor and in just reprisal."

"Noble Aztec," Cosijoeza answered, "I am greatly pleased to learn that your lord esteems alike the cause which I defend and my valor, and yet more pleased with the pledge of peace which he tenders. You will please inform him that, notwithstanding the misgivings with which his conduct have inspired me, I accept his friendship and the hand of his beloved daughter, of whose virtue and beauty I know only by common fame."

"Besides, noble sir," continued the herald, "my general has charged me to bid you send an embassy to the court of Mexico to demand the future queen of Zapoteca, where in confirmation of the treaty she will be delivered to you by the emperor."

"Very well, captain, inform your general that from today hostilities will be suspended, and that he may return to his country without fear of molestation, as I will send instructions to my people and allies that no attack be made upon his army."

As final arrangements for celebration of the marriage were bound to be delayed by reason of Ahuitzotl being at so great a distance, Cosijoeza, not wishing to waste time, took a part of his troops and, proceeding by way of the seacoast, conquered for himself the province of Soconusco with the tributary district of Tonalá, through which the Aztec arms had passed, and returned to his place of encampment laden with spoil.

Cosijoeza shortly afterward established himself at Tehuantepec for the purpose of recuperating from the fatigues of the campaign and also to organize the new territory which he had just added to his dominions. While there a rumor

reached him that Ahuitzotl had some covert design in view in suggesting a matrimonial alliance.

"What is your opinion of the matter?" he asked of his counselor.

"My lord," answered Alarii, "it is well to proceed circumspectly in such a delicate matter. Ahuitzotl's pride has been wounded, and he is capable of any baseness which will enable him to outwit one who has beaten him."

"Then," said Cosijoeza, "we had best appear pleased with the prospect of marriage and in the meantime watch narrowly the conduct of our future father-in-law."

This resolution could not be concealed from the keen mind of Ahuitzotl, who, to avoid the demands which Cosijoeza might make, called on his enchanters and wizards, and commanded them to find before his eyes and those of his seductive daughter, some means of withdrawing from the proposed alliance.

Chapter XIII.

THE QUEEN OF ZAPOTECA.

AS King Cosijoeza was taking a bath one January morning at a certain spring embowered within a shady grove, called the Pool of the Marchioness* from the magnificent view and pleasant recreation which it afforded, there appeared before him a maiden of such wondrous beauty, grace, and gentleness as to fairly deprive him for the time being of the power of speech. Recovering himself presently, he thus accosted her:

"Who art thou, beautiful maiden, and what wouldst thou of me?"

The maiden replied: "Happy mortal, unconquerable leader of men, shield of thy country, thou who art the thunderbolt in battle, that killeth when thou breaketh forth in fury, great prince, I salute thee.

"I am Coyolicaltzin, most beloved daughter of the emporer Ahuitzotl, chosen by him to wed with thee. Drawn by your fame, the echoes of which reverberate through the forests and mountains, and feeling the sacred fire of love burning in my breast, longing to meet thee, I besought the gods with fervent supplication that I might be conducted into thy presence.

"The propitious gods heard my prayers. First they mitigated the violence of my passion; then they wrapped me in a white cloud and lovingly said, 'Go quickly and meet thy future spouse.' In divine ecstasy sunk, I felt myself translated. Like a flash of light I compassed flowery plains and

*This place, which is near the town of Laollaga about seven leagues north of Tehuantepec, is called in the Zapotec language Niza Rindani.

precipitous mountains whose surface my foot scarce touched; and presently, floating through space, I reached this river. 'Enter here,' the gods whispered to me, 'and thou shalt find the object of thy love.'*

"I penetrated to this spot and, enraptured, felt the gentle call of love. My eyes were reflected in yours, and behold, that which I sought and in my sorrow thought to have lost, was found."

Cosijoeza, fairly caught in the net of love, interrupted the gentle damsel: "Coyolicaltzin, sweet Mexican princess that shouldst be queen of beauty, blest of the gods, what brought thee to my presence?" Then, beginning to doubt the evidence of his senses and overcome with conflicting emotions, he cried, "O thou in face and form more perfect than the moon when fullest, art thou a phantasm and do I but behold in a delirium that which I seem to see? But no—be thou enchantress, disembodied spirit, or woman, I call thee blessed."

"Behold thou art in thy bath, master of my heart," responded the future queen of Zapoteca and, putting aside the articles which she had brought for her adornment, she produced a bar of perfumed soap such as her father was want to use and, commencing to pour water upon him from a golden cup, bathed him with her own hands.

"Now you see," she said to the king in an endearing and persuasive voice, "I am a woman. Are you convinced? I did not appear to you by incantation from beneath the bubbling waters of the spring. The gods brought me from Anahuac, even as I have told you."

The king being now thoroughly satisfied that the lovely creature was flesh and blood and no other than his intended

*For this portion of the narrative we are greatly indebted to Eduardo del Valle, author of the poem "Coyolicaltzin."

spouse, the royal personages laid aside their heroics and proceeded to discuss very prosaically their contemplated union. "I," said Coyolica,* "wish the wedding to be celebrated with greater magnificence than has even been seen before." "And I," answered Cosijoeza, "want it to be celebrated as soon as possible."

"Calm yourself and heed me well," she said. "That same sentiment of love with which my presence has inspired you burns also in my bosom. But you being my father's enemy, this love which today blesses me, aforetime, I confess to you, terrified me greatly, for a mysterious voice ever whispered in my ear, telling me that that of which I dreamed would never come to pass. But my father, whose name has so long spread terror and dismay far beyond the borders of Anahuac, has at last grown tired of war and now offers you his powerful friendship. If you can succeed in obtaining that boon of him, I will seal it with my hand and thus the future of our mutual love will be assured."

Cosijoeza was so affected by these words from the lips of his beloved that he vehemently declared: "Princess, I am bound captive by my love for you and will treat with your father, free from all anger and ranchor. I will at once send embassadors with proposals of peace and a demand for your hand."

He spoke, and fixing his bright eyes upon the object of his love, enveloped her in the effulgence of his tenderness; took her little hand, lifted it to his lips, and released it, all in a sweet rapture. Thus in silence the two palpitating hearts were joined, and the souls of the two were melted in heavenly tenderness.

The bath and interview concluded, the princess upon taking leave showed him a birthmark on her right arm, say-

*Out of consideration for the reader's feelings we take the liberty of cutting down the fair one's name to manageable proportions.

Indian Maid with Jecapezle Prepared to Visit the Market

Middle Age Zapotecs. Mango Held on the Mango Fork is Readily Handled

ing: "This shall be the sign by which your ambassadors will be able to recognize me at the palace, for it may happen, as my father loves me greatly, that he will refuse to deliver me; for you know from experience that one cannot be sure of the loyalty of a supposedly reconciled but treacherous rival. Farewell. My love, which will prove your fortune in the days to come, will safeguard your ambassadors in the Mexican dominions. Farewell."

"Abide in peace," said the genii who, suddenly appearing, snatched up the lady and bore her away through the air to her native land.

The king, enamored of Coyolica's beauty and simplicity of character, left the bath to inform his confidants of the extraordinary event which had just transpired. All listened in amazement.

"The princess and I have agreed," he concluded, turning to Alarii, "to celebrate our nuptials with all haste and in the most splendid manner, in keeping with our exalted station." "Love conquers all things, my king," answered the minister, "and if the princess be true to you, her constancy will prove a wall against which the machinations of Ahuitzotl will be dashed in pieces."

"So I think," responded Cosijoeza, "and in proof of my confidence I have decided that you go as embassador to Tenochtitlan. You will leave within three days, taking with you a rich present for Ahuitzotl, from whom you will ask in my name the hand of Coyolica. The most renowned of our nobles will accompany you to heighten the brilliancy of the embassy."

"I thank you, my lord," Alarii replied, "for this fresh proof of your regard. Count ever on my loyalty, which seeks only the welfare of king and country."

The embassy left Tehuantepec on January 15, 1498, and from place to place along the way, by order of the king, provided that magnificent festivals be held on their return for the reception of the queen.

Ahuitzotl, who had received notice in advance, gave orders that his capital be adorned with palm branches, flowers, and aromatic plants to receive the embassy from the king of Zapoteca. The facades of the temples and palaces were covered with tapestries of zempaxochitl in token that the city was prepared for a great festival, and on every hand pleasure and joy were reflected on the countenances of the populace.

Suddenly a great shout resounded through the city; a spontaneous cry in which the people voiced their approval of the proposed alliance. The showy Zapotec cortege, slowly crossing the eastern causeway, advanced with measured pace toward the palace. It reached its destination and was received at the door by a deputation of Aztec maidens dressed in the most exquisite costumes.

Installed in the palace, Alarii asked speech with the emperor that he might state the mission upon which he had been sent by his king.

Ahuitzotl seated on his throne, surrounded by the most select of the Mexican nobility, awaited the embassy of his late adversary in arms. It was a solemn moment, of the utmost importance to the peace of those two powerful nations. The hoarse blare of the panhuehuetl announced to the people that the Zapotecan suite was about to be received in audience. It came, passing between serried ranks of warriors whose costumes mimicked, now the wild eagle, anon a serpent, and again a jaguar. The highpriest leading the procession introduced it into the imperial presence.

The assembled suite, in the presence of Ahuitzotl, bowed low in token of reverence; an act which the emperor recognized with all courtesy.

Then the embassador spoke: "Noble lord of Anahuac, potent ruler of the great and flourishing Mexican empire, be pleased to accept this token of friendship from the king of Didjazaa.* And at a sign from him the members of his suite laid their rich gifts at the feet of the emperor. Then Alarii turned toward the throne and continued: "Behold here in this many-colored featherwork, stolen by the birds from the flowers, a mantle for your august person; and here, O prince, by these vases of resplendent gold—a magnificent present—my lord expresses to you his abiding friendship. He accepts the peace proposed by you, not because the late lamentable war has weakened his power, for thou must know that the noble Zapotecs to the last man are ever ready to lay down their lives for their native land, but because he seeks eternal friendship between Anahuac and Zapoteca."

Ahuitzotl, with an appearance of tranquility concealing well the tumult in his heart, made answer: "Sir embassador, I accept with pleasure this magnanimous gift from your valiant lord who has measured strength with me in battle. That peace which is the greatest boon of nations shall be from this day secure; to that I pledge my sacred word."

"Your majesty," said Alarii, "the sure pledge of that alliance which should bind the Mexican and Zapotec nations in unity is found in the hand of your noble daughter. Deign to consent to her marriage with our king, who, enamored of her grace, asks her of thee. Neither unworthy thoughts nor fear for the future have impelled him to take this step. In this matter he has been actuated solely by love; of that I can assure you."

*Zapoteca, the country of the Zapotecs.

This petition troubled Ahuitzotl exceedingly. His face darkened and hard words came to his lips, but he stifled them and made answer: "Noble Zapotec, you ask what is dearer to me than all things else, but I have not tendered my friendship in jest. I consent, therefore, to the marriage of my daughter with your master."

At the crafty despot's command a venerable noble hastily departed to bring the princesses and shortly returned with three of them in his company. Then Ahuitzotl turning to Alarii said, "Behold my children. All three are young, all three are beautiful as tender roses unfolding with the first blush of spring, all possess the magic reserve of ancient lineage, and each of them has the imperial pride; make thou thy choice."

On beholding them Alarii wavered in perplexity. "Are they all alike, as rumor hath it, the heavenly faces of the daughters of Anahuac?" he muttered to himself. Whereupon the beautiful Coyolica, who was not with her sisters but had all this time been sitting beside the emperor, made a pretense of raising her hand to compose her coiffure of precious jewels; by this means discovering to the wavering envoy the birthmark upon her right arm.

At this sign, regarding which the embassador had been particularly instructed, he turned at once to Ahuitzotl and joyfully exclaimed: "The princess whom my king selects and whose hand he demands, is this lady."

The crafty monarch was fairly caught in his own toils. No avenue of escape was open. Wounded to the heart's core he gazed tenderly upon his daughter, faltering, "Coyolica, innocent and pure, my sweet child, I must fulfill my promise though it wound me unto death." Addressing the court, he added: "My idolized daughter is the pledge of peace. I will

make this sacrifice for the nation," and presently, turning to Alarii: "I will comply like a Mexican monarch. I resign her to your king. The monarch consents and the father blesses."

A three days' feast followed; on the fourth the embassy received its queen. The royal suite then left Tenochtitlan, carrying their sovereign in a gorgeous litter. At the end of each day's journey she was received with becoming pomp by deputations sent out for that purpose by Cosijoeza, who in this manner showed his wealth and power, as well in the receptions which he accorded his affianced as in the nobles who were assigned to wait upon her.

Twenty days later the queen set foot upon the torrid soil of Tehuantepec, and there the brave Cosijoeza received her with a splendid cortege which astonished the Mexicans who accompanied her.

"Great lady," he said, "we bid you welcome to your future home. Be seated at my side and look upon your people," and turning to the multitude he exhorted them to thank the benignant gods for the good fortune they had brought to the children of Zaachila. "Here you have the precious pledge of peace," he said, "which secures to the Zapotecs their autonomy and their conquests, to your king happiness beyond measure, and to his people the tenderest watchcare. Let us ever love and respect her."

Coyolica, naturally modest and shy, but carried away by the enthusiasm of the occasion, addressing the assembled nobles and people from her seat responded: "You behold in me, my people, not the queen of their illustrious race, but a mother ever ready to share your joys and console you in your afflictions."

After this the solemn marriage ceremony took place in accordance with the forms of the Zapotec religion. The nuptials were the occasion of universal rejoicing and were participated in by Zapotecs, Mixtecs, and Aztecs with a brilliancy and magnificence never seen at former feasts; Coyolica being the object of the most profound demonstrations of respect and homage, as well at the court of Zaachila, which capital celebrated the event with feasting and merriment, as throughout the lesser towns of the kingdom.

At the end of the eight-days festival the Aztecs returned to their country and later the Mixtecs, to whom Cosijoeza ceded as a reward for their services a place near Tehuantepec later known as Mixtequilla, following in this matter the policy of his ancestors, which consisted in fulfilling a promise in such manner that while the other party was not altogether defrauded, neither was he completely satisfied. This measure displeased the Mixtecs, who a few years later abandoned the site, which finally became incorporated in the kingdom of Tehuantepec.

Cosijoeza and Coyolica loved each other greatly, remained constant to one another, and lived a happy married life.

The king remained for a considerable time at Tehuantepec, enjoying the fruits of victory. The Zapotecs in the meantime, pleased with the fertile plains of the Isthmus, took possession of the lands which they had acquired by conquest, confining the Huaves, the original possessors of the soil, to the narrow area betwixt the great lagoons and the sea. The Zapotecs settled the country eastward to the limits of Chiapas, peopling the plains with that population ever active, restless, and intelligent, which has stirred up so many wars through its restlessness and indomitable bravery. These Zapotecs of

the plains have in the course of time become somewhat differentiated from those of the highlands in speech (they speak a dialect slightly different from the mountaineers), and even more in style of dress, but they are still essentially one people.

Chapter XIV.

COSIJOEZA AND AHUITZOTL.

IN October of the year 1498 the queen gave birth to a son to whom was given the name Bitopaa, that is to say, Son of Delight. The child died while very young. This sad event filled with sorrow the parents' hearts, which a little before had overflowed with joy as they fondled the first fruit of their love. For this reason Cosijoeza removed to Zaachila, leaving at Tehuantepec a relative in charge of the reins of government.

Ahuitzotl in the meantime being free from the cares of war, for profound peace reigned throughout his dominions, bethought himself that the time had come for putting into effect his well-matured plan for subjugating the Zapotecs and sacrificing Cosijoeza on the altar of Huitzilopochtli. The remembrance of Quiengola was a goad which tortured his pride, and he could not rest while his glory as a conqueror remained eclipsed by the popularity of that famous warrior, who he knew had by his valor and talents raised himself to an equality with the greatest heroes. Vengeance on the one hand and ambition on the other urging him to war, he set about the execution of his plan, in which he counted upon the filial love of Coyolica to aid him.

Calling before him two of his relatives who were in the public service, he said: "You will go as ambassadors to the court of Zaachila. Here is a magnificent gift. Take it and carry it to my son-in-law Cosijoeza, to whom you will state that by it he will understand how much I esteem him. This

A Zapotec Beauty and American Gold

A Middle Aged Zapotec Lady

done, you will beg in my name permission for the passage of my troops through his territories in the direction of Chiapas and Guatemala, as I desire to conquer those provinces and permanently incorporate them with my dominions. This granted, you will thank him and request that his people furnish the necessary supplies for the army en route.

"Besides this," he added, "you will endeavor to inform yourselves as to the resources, power, and military forces at his disposal, for you understand I wish to avenge myself of the defeat which I suffered at Quiengola. In furtherance of this object you will seek private audience with Coyolica and persuade her to reveal to you the state secrets of her hubsand, what the nature of his gods may be, and whatever else you may judge of value to us. In revealing these things, you will tell her, she will aid her father in striking his greatest enemy a decisive blow."

The ambassadors bowed low and departed on their mission. After having been fourteen days on the road they reached Zaachila and being announced to Cosijoeza were immediately brought before his throne, that he might learn of them the mission with which they had been entrusted by the ruler of Anahuac.

"To what cause do I owe this favor from the sovereign of Mexico," he said.

"Mighty king," they answered, "Ahuitzotl sends you this present in testimony of his friendship, and begs that you will permit the troops of Anahuac to pass through your dominions en route to Chiapas and Guatemala, provinces which he desires to annex to his empire."

"Noble Aztecs," Cosijoeza replied, "in the name of my people I cordially thank your lord for the present which he has been pleased to send. I receive this token of friendship

as a significant pledge of our alliance and, believe me, trust the gods will grant my father-in-law a long and happy life. But as to the request of the ruler of Anahuac, that is a different matter and must be determined in council, for which reason I cannot make answer at once. As it will be some days before the council assembles, I beg you will wait at court. In the meantime we will take the matter under advisement."

And then the king directed that the ambassadors be quartered in the most luxurious apartments of the palace, in view of their high station.

"It would seem," they said among themselves, for they were completely deceived by the benign and trustful air of the astute king, "that the gods are furthering the cause of Ahuitzotl."

Then, taking advantage of time and circumstance, the envoys approached Coyolica and said: "Great lady, your father has confided to us the secret mission of telling you that he wishes you to ply Cosijoeza with your witcheries and when he is in a trustful mood extort from him the secrets of what are his protecting gods, and where he has deposited the poisoned arms which caused the Aztec army such torments at Quiengola; for the end he has in view is to pounce precipitately upon the unprepared Zapotecs, under the pretext of passing through to Chiapas, seize their military stores, burn them, and destroy the arms. In order that we may effect a complete surprise," they added, "you must observe the greatest caution."

Placed between father and husband by these demands on the part of the former, the queen must make a choice and make it without delay. Not at first seeing a way of escape for the dilemma, she replied: "Give me a little time; I will not long delay my answer," and retiring to her chamber she considered the matter in her heart.

Resolved to do only that which was right she decided in favor of Cosijoeza and her adopted country, and calling in her husband revealed to him Ahuitzotl's plot, at the same time begging that he would spare the ambassadors. Fortunately the king was not of a bloodthirsty turn. He listened calmly to the disclosures made by his wife, and pleased with her love and fidelity said: "Dear lady, I cordially thank you for having revealed this thing to me and promise you, by Bidoo,* that all shall come out well."

Cosijoeza retired to his chamber, meditating how he might frustrate the designs of his father-in-law. The queen remained in her own room, but a little later went out in search of the ambassadors and, calling them aside, addressed them as follows: "I alone know your mission. Depart and save yourselves ere it is too late. Tell my father that while I am his daughter I am also a wife and queen."

An hour after the interview Cosijoeza had concerted with Alarii his entire plan of action. Nothing escaped his farseeing mind. He at once called the ambassadors into audience and said in the sweetest and most ingratiating manner: "Knowing that time hangs heavily on your hands, I have arranged for your speedy departure from this court. Receive these gifts which I bestow upon you, and inform the emperor that he may count upon my permission for the passage of his troops through this country, but that he may not avail himself of this permission until he receives notice from me."

The ambassadors thanked Cosijoeza for his great kindness, and departing from his presence left Zaachila hastily and in great fear; for the treacherous are ever the most fearful of treachery. They believed that the king having discovered their

*Bidoo, Bitoo, Bitao. A Zapotec divinity. Signifies: "God" or "Supreme Being." From Bi or binni, "being," and doo, too, tao, "great" or "supreme." Probably a corruption of Pitao.

treachery would, if they failed to make the utmost speed, seize and sacrifice them to his resentment.

Arrived at Tenochtitlan they gave account to their master, who listened to their story and gave orders that the forces be made ready for the campaign.

Cosijoeza without loss of time took all necessary precautions and prepared for the war which appeared inevitable. He hastened the movement of regular troops to the frontier and directed that the walls and fortifications of Quiengola be repaired. Then he raised fresh levies with which to garrison the strongholds of the land. The public storehouses were provisioned with all manner of foods and other supplies and, lastly, store of new arms were provided, the points of the arrows being touched with poison.

When all these preparations had been made to his satisfaction he sent word to Ahuitzotl that his troops might pass through the country on their way to Guatemala.

Ahuitzotl, directly he received word from Cosijoeza, ordered that the Aztec army begin the march from Mexico. Half the forces, under the command of Tliltototl, were to pass by way of Tuxtepec, Cosamaloapam, and Coatzacoalcos, and thence across the Isthmus of Tehuantepec, where they were to await orders; while the other half, led by Moctezuma, were to pass by the defile of Cuicatlan and attack Zaachila, making an end of Cosijoeza whom he thought to be totally unprepared.

The first army overran the country as far as Jaltepec, a place peopled by Mixes, and reached Amatlan in the present state of Chiapas, but were unable to take Tehuantepec which had been largely reinforced.

The other army followed the direct route leading to the Valley of Oaxaca, but upon entering the territories of Zaachila was met at Loobanna, the modern Etla, by a Zapotec army

numbering twenty thousand, which received it with due honors and joining the Mexicans watched closely their every step and movement. Thus Ahuitzotl, who had thought to effect a surprise, was himself surprised and his designs frustrated. His army passed through the land without being molested in any manner, but with many misgivings and fears and constantly acompanied by the Zapotec forces, who did not leave them until they had passed well beyond Tehuantepec to points from which they could not menace the kingdom.

These events occurred in the year 1500. If the fidelity and love which the wife of Cosijoeza manifested on this occasion was admirable, surely no less so was the prudence of that monarch who, far from taking advantage of the information he had secured of Ahuitzotl's perfidy, to destroy his armies, merely took the necessary steps to secure himself against certain ruin without shedding a drop of the enemy's blood, preserving out of consideration for his wife the most friendly relations with the ruler of Anahuac.

While Cosijoeza was thus successful in his plans of defense the gods favored him with a second son, whom his wife Coyolica presented to him in the year 1500. The advent of this child was celebrated with great court festivities, as well on account of the birth of an heir to the throne of Zaachila as for the favorable omens which preceded his birth. He was named Naatipa, the Zapotec equivalent of "Strong Arm." The royal parents kept careful watch over the rearing of the child and at the end of two years were rewarded by seeing him playing full of life on the tufted carpets of the palace.

About this time the queen became again with child. Assurances to this effect filled the court with joy as it was known that the king had determined to make his third male child

king of Tehuantepec. All the people awaited the approaching birth with the greatest interest. Everyone hoped that the child might prove a male, for it was believed that, being related to the Aztec dynasty, the emperor would be pleased to see his grandson seated on a throne.

But in the midst of all this word reached Zaachila that Ahuitzotl had expired on September 9, 1502. Cosijoeza forgetting his resentment mourned the death of his father-in-law and Coyolica shed many tears for her parent and, following the ancient custom, celebrated in her palace the prescribed funeral rites. The court and principal families of Zaachila joined in her mourning and the populace hastened to assure her of their profound grief. I cannot help thinking that this must have been largely a matter of good breeding, and that inwardly they must have been devoutly thankful that the old villain was dead.

A few days later Moctezuma II sent a messenger to Cosijoeza to inform him that he had ascended the throne of Tenochtitlan. He answered the messenger, congratulating the Mexican people and the new ruler upon the happy event.

On a certain cold winter night there suddenly appeared against the dark background of heaven fiery and radiant flashes of light. A fantastic flame-colored vapor hovered on the distant horizon.

"An evil portent," said a priest, "the child about to be born to our king will be unhappy and unfortunate."

"What is his horoscope?" asked Alarii of the priest.

"Heaven announces," he replied, "that the prince will begin his reign with the might and fury of the thunderbolt, and close like the wind vanishes in a wail of sorrow."

This gloomy prophecy was repeated by more than forty thousand souls who at Zaachila gazed in amazement at the

prodigy in the heavens. For eight consecutive nights the children of the Valley gazed in astonishment at the strange portents in the sky, and on the seventh hour of the ninth day, December 30, 1502, the queen gave birth to the future king of Tehuantepec.

The astrologers, reassembling to interpret the omen, declared that the prince would be great and happy during the first half of his life, that he would reign prosperously and be feared and respected by the neighboring nations; but that in the end, through an unfortunate succession of events beyond his control, he would lose his power and his throne.

"The gods have revealed to us, sir, that the name of your noble son will resound through the secluded glens and hidden defiles of the blue mountains of our allies," said the chief priest to the king, as the court, all in gala dress, awaited in expectation the naming of the new-born babe.

"I fear greatly, Tiboot,"* replied the king. "Heaven and the gods have in the clearest manner foretold the misfortunes which await the child. By this token his name shall be Flash of Lightning," he said, and the whole court repeated "Cosijopii! Cosijopii!"

A malediction had fallen upon the head of the infant; upon that head which the grand ladies of the palace covered with the finest linen and cloth of fine cotton bordered with feathers of every hue.

Two years later, in 1504, the beautiful queen gave birth to a fine daughter. The celestial signs which preceded her birth were favorable and the soothsayers, interpreting the omens, declared that the princess would be as beautiful as the twilight upon the western sea and of exceeding virtue.

*Pontiff—literally "He who watched over the dead.

"Her name, her name?" cried the court.

"Her name?" repeated Tiboot.

"Essence of Virtue," cried the king, his heart bursting with joy.

"Pinopaa! Pinopaa!" repeated the nobility with loud clamor.

The customary banquet, at which the king received the felicitations of his people, followed the ceremony.

In the Suburb of Tehuantepec

Chapter XV.

THE MIXTEC REVOLT.

COSIJOEZA, feared and respected not merely for his power but also because of his profound statesmanship, could not rest so long as the Aztecs retained a colony at the very gates of Zaachila.

"In an evil hour of the Thirteenth of June, 1486," he said to his familiar, "my father Zaachila III permitted the foundation of Huaxyacac. It is a perpetual menace, a spy upon our actions, and if not forestalled may become in time the mistress of the valley. The Mexicans destroyed the city in 1494,* but a few months since Moctezuma II restored the fortifications under the pretext of passing that way when he set out for Guatemala; and this, Alarii, is but the beginning of preparations for an assault upon us. We must not hesitate in this matter, for decision is vital to the safety of the nation."

"And what do you propose doing?" asked the minister.

"Give ear, my friend, while I unfold to you a plan which I have long been revolving in my mind. I propose that the Mixtecs make an end of the garrison. They, as you know, are ever restive under the Aztec yoke and eager to cast it off. With this end in view they have for some years been secretly preparing for war, and if they have not yet arisen in open revolt it is because they imagine they cannot count upon the assistance of the King of Tututepec or upon us in their helpless condition.

*The Christian annalist has here substituted the Christian chronology for that of the Zapotecs.

"Now we must induce them to revolt by working upon their pride and patriotism and lending material assistance to their kings; but we must at the same time use the utmost caution to prevent the Aztecs from getting wind of our project. While the Mixtecs and Aztecs slaughter one-another," he concluded, "we will wait in expectation, but to all appearances neutral. By this means we will prevent our enemies from strengthening Huaxyacac and besides we will be freed from the presence of their troops, who are continually spying upon us."

Admiration for the king's sagacity filled the soul of the minister. "This plan, O king," he said, "is as certain of success as though already carried out."

Alarii set about the execution of the plan with his usual promptness and within the space of two months the Mixtecs were in arms. We shall see the result.

Cetecpatl, king of Coixtlahuaca, and Nahuilzochitl, king of Sosola, were the leaders who stirred up the people. These leaders possessed considerable resources of their own, and besides they counted upon the aid of Dzahuindanda, king of Achiutla, and Casandoo, king of Tututepec. They accordingly got together and agreed upon a plan and to put it into execution devised the following perfidy.

Cetecpatl held a feast to which he invited the chiefs and headmen of the Mexican garrisons adjacent to his territories and especially that at Huaxyacac, begging that they would gather at his palace at Coixtlahuaca with their wives and children, as he desired to strengthen the bonds of friendship which bound him to them.

All who were invited came to the feast without the least suspicion of treachery and were received by the Mixtecs with

every appearance of cordiality. The feast over, Cetecpatl bade the Huaxyacans farewell and they thanked him for his kindness and took their departure. They set forth with their families in the direction of Huaxyacac, discussing the late banquet as they proceeded; going on their way joyfully, totally oblivious of the danger which menaced them. So confident were they, in fact, that they had not even provided themselves with arms for their protection.

They stopped for the night at Huauhtlilla, and the next day resumed their journey in the same order as on the day before. Descending through Duhuacoo (The Pass of the Serpent), since called the Defile of San Antonio, as they were passing through the narrowest part of the gorge Nahuilzochitl with his men fell upon them from ambush and slew the entire party.

This signal act of perfidy occurred in the year 1506 and left Huaxyacac wellnigh destitute of inhabitants; the main object with Cosijoeza, who desired to destroy the hated Aztecs at any cost.

Texacan, the king of Tlaxiaco, advised Moctezuma of the occurrence, and the latter after taking counsel with the kings of Texcoco and Tlacopan sent his commander Cuitlahuac with a great army to take vengeance on the Mixtecs. Cuitlahuac penetrated the enemy's country and after several encounters, in the course of which he was routed by Nahuilzochitl in the defiles of the Pass of the Serpent, retired to Huauhtla where he surrendered to Cozcacuauhtli, brother of Cetecpatl.

This ruler of the Mazatecs, a man of a mean and cowardly nature, fearing that he might be deposed if he upheld the revolt, revealed to Cuitlahuac the designs of Cetecpatl and the other Mixtec lords, assuring him that he had taken no part

in the plot. Cuitlahuac thanked him and did not fail to act upon the information thus acquired.

The Mixtecs, believing that the enemy had retired to Anahuac to return presently in greater strength, placed themselves upon a war footing, formed new alliances, and fortified their cities. Nahuilzochitl, the soul of the revolt, even made a trip to Tututepec to urge upon Casandoo and his people the vital importance of their lending assistance to preserve the independence of the Mixtecs. At this time it was generally believed that the probalities of success lay with the Mixtecs and this ill-founded belief wellnigh worked the ruin of their cause, for trusting to the absence of the Mexicans certain chiefs took their departure from the center of operations, leaving the strongholds well guarded and intending to return to the strife shortly with fresh levies.

In the meantime Cuitlahuac, far from desiring to return to Mexico in dishonor, had merely sent word to Moctezuma requesting reinforcements and the latter, hurt in his pride, at once sent to Huauhtla a well-equipped body of troops, and the campaign was opened anew. Following the counsel of Cozcacuauhtli, the Aztec general now marched by way of the northern mountains in order to avoid the Sosoltecs becoming aware of the movement of his army. The passage was accomplished without discovery.

Reaching the neighborhood of the city by night at an hour when he was least expected, and finding the Mixtecs heedless of danger and without leaders, he arrayed his columns in order of battle and assaulted the fortress with such impetuosity that the surprised garrison barely had time to seize their arms and place themselves on the defensive; but though taken at a complete disadvantage the Sosoltecs fought heroically, finally compelling Cuitlahuac to fall back toward the river

where the men of Huaxyacac had been slain. There the enemy, by occupying the strong positions which the defile afforded, were able to save themselves from annihilation. The slaughter was great on both sides.

The following day the combat was renewed. The Mixtecs gave battle, assaulting the Mexicans in their chosen positions. Both sides fought well but the assailants labored at a disadvantage, many of their warriors having fallen in the previous night's encounter and many others having, as we have mentioned, gone to their homes in the belief that Cuitlahuac had retired toward Mexico. They were consequently forced to abandon the attempt to dislodge the Mexicans from their position, and therefore retired after suffering great losses to the impregnable fortress of Sosola.

Nahuilxochitl received word of this disaster while on the road from Tututepec with strong reinforcements and, hastening his progress and gathering the dispersed as he went, reached Sosola and offered battle to Cuitlahuac. The engagement which ensued was hotly contested and sanguinary, but as one defeat opens the door to many others Nahuilzochitl was repulsed and compelled to seek refuge within the walls of Sosola. A part of his warriors were dispersed, some fleeing down the Valley of Oaxaca and others taking to the mountains for refuge.

After this battle the Aztec army moved against Coixtlahuaca which they attacked and captured, taking Cetecpatl prisoner. Him they carried away to Tenochtitlan with other prisoners, and there, after they had compelled him to divulge the names of his accomplices, he was sacrificed to Huitzilopochtli.

Having placed new rulers over the conquered towns, notably at Coixtlahuaca, where Cozcacuauhtli was made chief

as the reward for his treachery, Cuitlahuac dispatched a new garrison to Huaxyacac which was now peopled for the third time, placing in command one Tlacatetl, a man of great valor and administrative talents.

The only advantage gained by the Mexicans as the result of this campaign was to secure a free passage by the defile of San Antonio to Huaxyacac, for Nahuilzochitl was still at large, keeping up the fight with a handful of braves.

The territories of the confederate kings of Zaachila, Achiutla, and Tututepec were respected by the conqueror both because of the strength of those rulers and because it would have been imprudent to attack them in their positions, compromising the safety of the expeditionary army. Thoroughly comprehending this, Cuitlahuac dissimulated and confined his efforts to humiliating them through their allies.

Knowing that Cuilapan, a Mixtec town, and Tlacochahuaya and Mitla, Zapotec towns, had lent countenance to the rebellion, he moved from Coixtlahuaca and established himself in Huaxyacac, from which point he intimated to their inhabitants that they would be declared tributaries of the Mexican empire if they persisted in provoking the wrath of Moctezuma.

This done, he returned to Tenochtitlan to report progress.

"Events are shaping themselves," said Cosijoeza to his familiar. "While we have not entirely succeeded in our plans, at any rate one thing has been accomplished; the Aztecs and Mixtecs have shed one another's blood and are exhausted, Huaxyacac is but poorly garrisoned, and we can afford to wait our opportunity. Our garrison in Danni Dipaa* safeguards our kingdom, and we must wait in patience while this colony of Loolaa** grows, if the gods will."

*Now known as Monte Alban.
**Huaxyacac, the modern city of Oaxaca.

"You are right, my lord," answered Alarii, "we have triumphed without striking a blow. True, two of our towns have suffered at the hands of Cuitlahuac, but it is as the snarl of the impotent jaguar that is unable to harm the skillful hunter."

"Listen," replied the king, "it is my opinion, and I believe you will find it to be correct, that Mitla and Tlacochahuaya are treating with Nahuilzochitl, which means further war. The people are becoming more and more wrought up over the sanguinary deeds of the Aztecs."

A few months after the termination of the war between the Mixtecs and the Mexicans, in November of the year 1506, Queen Coyolica gave birth to a daughter, her fifth and last child.

"If heaven has favored this royal pair with issue," said Tiboot to those present, "it has also made their joy bitter, bringing down misfortune upon the heads of their descendants."

"What do you foresee?" asked the king of the pontiff.

"Sir," he answered, "at the moment when your daughter was born there shone upon the eastern horizon a dazzling cloud, while at the zenith there appeared a portentious cloud. These signs indicate that the infant is the precursor of untoward events, in the course of which, through love for her people, she will be sacrificed."

"This being true," said the king, "it is fitting that she be called Great-Soul."

"Donaji! Donaji! Donaji!"* repeated the court with enthusiasm.

*This name was also borne by a daughter of King Cosijopii, who after the Conquest was known as Donna Magdalena.

The customary banquet followed, at which all present expressed the hope that the child might possess that virtue, beauty, and courage essential to enable her to accomplish that which the gods had in store for her, be it what it might.

In the year 1509 the peace was again broken. The people of Yanhuitlan and Sosola, making common cause with Mitla, broke out in open war against Mexico. Cosijoeza, who saw in this the final attainment of his desires, merely limited himself to guiding by covert means the policy of the rebellious towns.

"What do you think of this new war?" he asked of Alarii. "I believe, sir," answered the minister, "that it will not result in profit to its promoters. Nahuilzochitl is a brave and active warrior but he stands alone, for the king of Achiutla takes no part nor does the king of Tututepec."

"I am of the same opinion," said the king, "I expect nothing more than that Mitla will be the victim of this ill-starred revolt. Counting on her own naked strength and without first securing promise of aid from the lords of Tlacochahuaya and Macuilzochitl, she has precipitated the revolt without being assured of further help from us than such as we are bound to give her agreeably to the policy of my ancestors; that is to say, that of taking such steps as are necessary to safeguard our own interest. If by misfortune Mitla should be conquered and the Mexicans attempt to impose tribute upon her;—this, Alarii, I will never consent to. No town of our confederacy shall ever be subjected to tribute until the conqueror shall first have passed over my dead body."

"Then, my king, it is best that Mitla confine herself to slight skirmishes with the enemy in case she is attacked, and avoid staking all on the issue of a general engagement."

"Exactly, Alarii, but as it may chance that we must enter the war, make ready the forces for a campaign."

Another of the Numerous Churches of Mexico at San Geronimo, Tehuantepec

The Church of Juchitan

Recognizing the seriousness of the revolt, Moctezuma counseled with the kings of Texcoco and Tlacopan how he might subjugate the southerners and obtain a supply of prisoners for the festival of Tlacaxipehualiztli. He again placed Cuitlahuac in command and the latter set out with a numerous army for the land of the Mixtecs. He first attacked Yanhuitlan which, notwithstanding the strength of its fortifications and the bravery of the defenders, was soon taken and the inhabitants put to the sword.

After this triumph he directed his forces against Sosola, which town he found deserted, for the defenders having learned of the fate of Yanhuitlan had fled. In vain he spent four days scouring the mountains in pursuit of its inhabitants. He could not hit upon their trail. He accordingly set out for Mitla in search of more prisoners, for he had only taken a thousand at Yanhuitlan, a number which would hardly suffice to satisfy the thirst for blood of the Aztec war god.

Now the Zapotecs who peopled Mitla were not wanting in resourcefulness, as they had amply demonstrated at Quiengola. They were as much distinguished for their cunning as for the ingenuity with which they could extricate themselves from the most perilous positions. An instance occurred on this occasion.

As soon as they learned that the Aztecs had arrived at Huaxyacac they abandoned their town and withdrew to a fortified hill situated a short distance to the west. The walls of this fortress and the great store of stones which they accumulated for the defense yet testify to their military skill.

Cuitlahuac arrived, reconnoitered the country, and after viewing the position occupied by the Mitlans decided to take it by asault. But in this he failed, for as often as the Aztecs assaulted the stronghold, so often were they repulsed.

Desiring to save blood and knowing that the defenders were short of provisions, he determined to reduce them by siege. He threw his lines about the place and pressed them closely. In truth the Mitlans were reduced to the greatest extremity, for one night they disappeared as if by magic, without its being known how or by what road they had effected their escape.

The Mexicans entered the deserted stronghold, marvelling greatly that its defenders had been able to leave without being noted, for the place was narrow and their vigilance had been extreme. But greater still was their astonishment when they shortly discovered the enemy posted on a nearby mountain. They had, therefore, to undertake the taking of a new position and to begin the work which they had thought to be finished.

The Mitlans conducted themselves on this second mountain in much the same manner as they had on the first, fighting with spirit but when they found themselves reduced to extemities disappearing as if by enchantment, taking position on a third inaccessible and well fortified rock, which was in turn besieged by the Mexicans. The ingenuity of the one side in interposing obstacles was as great as that of the other in overcoming them.

The third position taken, the Mitlans disappeared as before but in such manner that the Aztecs did not for some time learn of their departure. This is hardly to be wondered at as they made their escape by a subterranean passage.

Cuitlahuac being completely thwarted in his designs reconcentrated his troops in Mitla and taking from there the few old and infirm men who had remained behind, that he might have wherewith to grace his triumph, set out on the march for Tenochtitlan. In passing by Cuauhquechollan he attacked

and took that place, performing prodigies of valor in order that he might secure prisoners to offer up to Huitzilopochtli, since he had captured so few in his campaign against Mitla.

The wily Cosijoeza had kept in close touch with Mitla and learned of everything that transpired to the smallest detail. As soon as word was brought him of the departure of the enemy he smilingly said to his counselor: "Now Moctezuma will learn through his general Cuitlahuac with what sort of people he has to contend and how fully prepared we are for war."

"I am thankful," answered Alarii, "that Mitla has suffered no great losses and am only sorry for our helpless old men whom Cuitlahuac has carried away captive."

"Have no fear on that score, my friend," replied the king, "he has merely taken them with him to grace his triumph. Calm yourself. Moctezuma will not sacrifice our old men in the Cuauhxicalli, not only on account of their age and innocence but also for fear of the Zapotecs, among whom he has a colony at the gates of our court as well as free passage to Guatemala; which, should he be guilty of so great infamy, he would lose without hope of recovery, as Ahuitzotl lost it at Quiengola."

In truth, the old men of Mitla were not sacrificed, but after a time were permitted to return to their homes. The men of Yanhuitlan and Cuauhquechollan were the only victims served up to satisfy the sanguinary appetite of Huitzilopochtli.

Chapter XVI.

THE KING OF TEHUANTEPEC.

AS the princes, Naatipa and Cosijopii, grew rapidly, Cosijoeza in 1510 set about procuring them a careful education that they might be prepared to govern worthily. He placed them under the direction of wise masters and seven years later found them fully instructed in politics, morals, and the other subjects which went to make up a liberal education.

Cosijopii revealing civil and administrative talents which recommended him in the eyes of his father, the king called in his counselor and addressed him thus: "The Aztecs know, Alarii, that the kingdom of Tehuantepec is destined for my son Cosijopii. Very well then; as he is already fifteen years old and well instructed in the duties of a ruler, I propose that he next year be installed as king with all solemnity."

"My lord," answered the faithful minister, "notwithstanding the tender age of the prince the step which you contemplate is prudent. By it you will strengthen the Zapotec power in that remote region, and we shall besides be giving the Aztecs an object lesson in the art of government, for they do not seem to understand that justice should be the main consideration in the government of conquered territories."

"Exactly," responded the king, "for that very reason I wish to place Cosijopii there because, himself a Son of Zaachila, he will know how to uphold with dignity their laws and religion and defend the land. You shall accompany him and be

his counselor," he added. "The new kingdom shall be upheld by my son's valor and your wisdom."

"I am your servant," answered Alarii, "and you will dispose of me as you deem best for the welfare of our people."

"Thanks, most noble soul, and now let us attend to the preliminaries; and believe me, Alarii, this separation will cause me deep affliction."

Two weeks after this conference the capital was in festal array. From all the cities of the Zapotecs and from many of those of the friendly nations round about there had gathered an immense concourse of nobles and commonalty, to be present at the elevation of Prince Cosijopii. The palace of Zaachila, richly adorned, was full of visitors and joy filled every heart.

At ten o'clock on the morning of January 10, 1518, Prince Cosijopii appeared in the principal street richly dressed and accompanied by many of the leading men of the court, who proceeded with him to the palace. The rattle of drums and the strident sound of the conch gave the signal as he passed with his retinue between serried ranks of warriors who inclined the head in token of respect.

Cosijoeza seated on his throne and surrounded by the flower of the Zapotec nobility awaited the prince. The latter was announced and Alarii introduced him into the royal presence and seated him to the left of the king and next the queen, for the high priest occupied the seat at the king's right. Conducted by the latter before the throne, the king addressed him as follows:

"Prince Cosijopii, your father, King Cosijoeza, favored by the gods and the valor of the people, conquered the region of Tehuantepec twenty-one years ago after seven months of continuous warfare with the Mexicans. Neither ambition to

enlarge our territories nor the desire for fame were the motives which induced me to make that campaign. I fought in a more noble cause;—the vindication of our national rights, endangered by the overshadowing power of Anahuac.

"Peace being effected with the Mexicans through my marriage with your august mother, I agreed with her to erect a throne at Tehuantepec to the second of our living male children, that we might show Anahuac that our conquests were governed in the interest of their people. You are that child and I am now prepared to fulfill my promise. I therefore in the presence of the gods and the people declare you king of Tehuantepec. Conserve this inheritance raised up by the valor of your race as the most precious legacy which your countrymen can offer you."

Then the high priest, anointing him with balsam and presenting him with the insignia of royalty, said: "Receive these emblems of authority which symbolize power and justice. Use them with prudence and ever for the welfare of your people."

Cosijopii was deeply moved. In tones vibrant with loyalty he answered his father as follows: "My honored father, I thank you from the bottom of my heart for the unmerited distinction with which you and the nation have been pleased to honor me. I pray that the gods may strengthen my hands, and I accept the charge, not for my own profit, but for the welfare of the people whom you consign to my care; and I do solemnly promise to defend their religion, laws, and rights."

Then the lords and nobles came forward and bowing low before the newly consecrated king offered to him their persons, wealth, and subjects to make the nation great and happy. This finished, Cosijopii gave largess to the poor.

Four days passed and then there was a renewal of festivities; for King Cosijopii on his father's advice then took to

wife Zeetobaa, a damsel of fourteen years, perfect in face and form, the daughter of a noble of the house of Macuilzochitl. The wedding was celebrated with great magnificence and all the nation approved of the alliance.

On the twenty-sixth of January, King Cosijopii, accompanied by his beautiful wife, his counselor Alarii, and a retinue of Zapotecs, prepared to depart for Tehuantepec. As they were about to leave his father said to him: "I commend to your keeping your little sister Pinopaa, the playmate of your childhood. You would feel lonely without her. Provide well for her and may the gods be with you."

"Have no fear, sir," answered Cosijopii. "My queen and I love her greatly and we will both watch over her."

He then embraced his father and departed full of faith in the future. Throughout the journey he received ovations at all the towns through which he passed. But upon reaching Jalapa their contentment was disturbed for the Princess Pinopaa became sick of a cold. Pausing there they tried to effect her cure, but none of the remedies of the Indian physicians would avail. She died, and Cosijopii, hardly more than a child himself, shed bitter tears at the loss of the beloved companion of his childhood.

The Zapotec lords met round about the bier and mourned the premature death of this child beloved of heaven. Preparations were made for the burial when all of a sudden the body of the deceased disappeared. There was a loud report, and behold the body was transformed into a sphere of stone, with surface beautifully engraved, such as the gods designed for the reception of those they loved.

"What was foretold has come to pass," said Alarii, "let us bow to the divine judgment."

When the nine days of mourning were past Cosijopii proceeded down the river to Tehuantepec where, notwithstanding his affliction, he was received in state by his people, over whom he began to reign on the sixteenth day of February. From the beginning he ruled with great wisdom and justice, endearing himself to the people by his exemplary conduct.

His first efforts were devoted to the making of alliances, drawing closer the bonds of friendship with the neighboring states that war might be avoided. Not that Cosijopii and Alarii suspected the intentions of their neighbors or entertained any grave fears of them. The alliances were intended rather as a precaution against Moctezuma, whom they feared and of whose far-reaching designs they never lost sight. In their allies they possessed bulwarks against the Aztec armies on the north and the forces of the lord of Tabasco to the east.

A few months after the death of Pinopaa the Zapotecs raised a temple to her memory on a height near Jalapa, in which the miraculous sphere alluded to was deposited. This temple was rediscovered in the year 1609 by a shepherd who, having lost his way, discovered on the summit of the mountain a spacious square, well swept, in the center of which stood the once sumptuous chapel of Pinopaa. It was built of well-hewn stone.

He entered and in the central chamber found the precious sphere. He reached out and took it, but as he held it in his hands examining it, he heard the voice of an ancient Indian who emerged from a nearby thicket, saying, "Do not profane that holy object with your impure touch, my son, for that is an impiety which heaven will not fail to punish, as has happened in the case of many who have approached it without

Fair Face and Flowers. A Child of the Holy City

A Happy Daughter of the Sun

reverence. Replace it and have a care that you reveal not what you have learned, as you value your life."

The shepherd retired greatly frightened; but being a good Catholic informed the parish priest, Friar Pedro Sobrino, of the existence of the idolatrous fane. The priest immediately sought out the chapel and ascertaining the names of its secret votaries reported the matter to his superior.

The latter entrusted the prosecution to Friar Alonso de Espinosa who, proceeding with characteristic vigor, took the necessary declarations, establishing the cult, sentenced the accused, and handed them over to the secular arm.

The condemned were seven, and at the recantation they were brought before the judge on a great scaffold, naked to the waist, with halters about their necks, their faces masked, and black veils in their hands. The penalties imposed were light. The temple and the sphere of Pinopaa were destroyed.

Someone, perhaps the same parish priest or his successor, perceiving that this righteous procedure failed to eradicate the cult to which the Indians still clandestinely adhered, effected a new transformation of the goddess Pinopaa, converting her into the blessed Magdalen, the patron saint of Jalapa, to whom the same superstitious worship might be paid without running any risk of punishment.

Nothing further of moment occurred during the first year of Cosijopii's rule. But as one deeply versed in the mysteries of statecraft and religion, he was from the beginning greatly perplexed as he pondered upon the significance of a belief which had long prevailed among the Zapotecs and other tribes of the present state of Oaxaca. For a persistent rumor spread among the people that the time would come when there would arrive from the east a strange race of men, fair of complexion

and strong in battle, who would conquer the land, despoil the people of their treasures, and eradicate their ancient beliefs, substituting therefor a new and unknown faith.

This belief, and the circumstance that about this time the people of Tehuantepec became greatly exercised over a certain monument called Guixepecocha* which existed within the confines of the kingdom, whose strange heiroglyphics the astrologers could not decipher, filled the mind of Cosijopii with grave misgivings, as it had the former rulers of the land.

The origin of the monument in question has been imputed to the Aztec god Quetzalcoatl who, in passing through the town of Magdalena, was said to have cut on the pinnacle of a great rock lying in the open country near an arroyo or dry water-course a figure representing a religious clad in a white habit and seated in a high-backed chair, with hood drawn and cheek resting on hand, the face turned toward the right, and on his left an Indian woman with dress and white mantle (like that used by the mountaineers to this day), covered to the head and kneeling as if in the attitude of confession.

This figure so disquieted the Zapotecs that Cosijopii on the advice of his counselor gave command that the priests proceed to the holy island of Monapoxtiac and there consult Pezelao, that is to say, the Oracle of Heaven or, as they were also pleased to call him, the Soul of the World, to the end that it might be revealed to them what the carving signified. They did as commanded and the oracle answered vaguely: "Behold you have the figure for a mystery and a great omen."

*From the Zapotecan Guixe, mountain, and pecocha, prophet.

Chapter XVII.

THE ZAPOTEC RELIGION.

THOU wilt bear with thy servant yet a little, O son of Abdullah, whilst he describes the religious tenets and practices of the Sons of Zaachila. Our narrative deals with prodigies and wonders passing belief, and well I know thee for a true believer to whom the abominations of the idolater are as the stench which ariseth from the bottomless pit. Yea, thy hand longeth for the sword of the Prophet, blessed be his name, that thou mayest speedily make an end of the unbeliever. Yet thou must needs stay thy righteous anger and bear with me yet a little, for unless thou have knowledge of these abominations thou canst not comprehend what in the end befell this people.

And first I must tell thee what the good Gracida has to say concerning the figure called Guixepecocha and the legendary character of Pecocha.

It appears that certain erudite historians have asserted that the Guixepecocha was carved by the apostle St. Thomas or certain of his disciples. Waiving this question for the time being, Gracida devotes his attention to Pecocha. This Pecocha, if we are to believe Gracida, was a Buddhist prophet who, proceeding from Nicaragua arrived in the sixth century on the shores of Huatulco, where he planted a cross much venerated in ancient times and which the corsair Thomas Cambrick attempted to burn in 1587, but without success.

This prophet, according to the native tradition as given by Madero of the Redemption, as he approached the Indians

saluted them in their own tongue, a circumstance which occasioned great surprise. He was, they averred, very old, corpulent, of a light complexion, and had a broad forehead, large eyes, long beard, and long black hair; and was clad in a long tunic and mantle. He remained among them for some time preaching his doctrine, and they observed that he was of a benevolent nature, humane, industrious, wise, prudent, and just; one who sought to introduce wise laws. At the same time they stated that it was he who had taught them the art of smelting metals and sculpturing stone. They seem to have considered him an extraordinary being similar to the Culchunchan of the people of Palenque and the Quetzalcoatl of the Aztecs.

In retiring from that region he is said to have declared to them that he left with them the symbol of refuge and that the time would come in which they would recognize by it the true god of heaven and earth.*

In passing by the River of Sand he sculptured a foot on a round rock and another at the River of the Cross, near Boquilla. From this point he set out for the country of the Chatina, among whom he labored for some time, leaving as a memento, on an arch (?) of the temple of Zentzontepec, three hands painted in red and four or five letters thought to have been Greek.

Tireless in his mission, he next set forth for the valley of Lake Roaloo, that is to say, for the country of the Zapotecs, teaching as he moved toward Totitlan of the Valley, in the direction of Xaquija of the Zapotecs or of Mitla.

Installed among the princes and priests he reformed the religion of the country, so that the Zapotec priests never thereafter poluted their altars with human blood, but were wiser and more enlightened than those of Anahuac.

*At this point the legend has evidently been tampered with in the interest of Christianity by Madero or some later priest.

Having finished his work among the Zapotecs he departed for the country of the Mixes, where he sculptured two feet upon a great rock on Mt. Zempoaltepec. Persecuted by the Mixes, he is said to have sprung from a great height before their very eyes, without suffering harm, and disappeared.

Afterward he appeared among the Chontals preaching his doctrines. He left among them a cross which he himself had engraved and which was preserved until after the arrival of the Spaniards.

He then retired toward the Isthmus of Tehuantepec, sculpturing at the town of Quietabene, now Magdalena, the figure referred to as called Guixepecocha by the Zapotecs. And at last he disappeared on the Enchanted Mountain of the Isle of Monapoxtiac in the Upper Lagoon, and no man knoweth what later became of him.

Our master Gracida, on very slight evidence it seems to me, assigns a Buddhistic origin to Pecocha. He thinks the apostle to have undoubtedly been that Hoei Chin (which in the Chinese tongue means Universal Compassion), called by his disciples Fou Sang, who is reputed to have visited the shores of America in the sixth century of the Christian era. Gracida contends that the doctrines which he preached and the reforms instituted by him in the religion of the primitive Zapotecs clearly demonstrate their Buddhistic origin.

He alludes to the fact that his Zapotec name Pecocha greatly resembled that of the Peruvian demigod, Viracocha; and considers it surprising that Memquanteba, Bochica, and Sube, the apostles of Bogata, Panama, and Nicaragua should have appeared at the same time that Pecocha appeared among the Zapotecs, and that their teaching should have been so similar. He also adverts to the fact that all of these teachers

appeared to the several peoples and disappeared in the same mysterious manner.

Was there but one prophet and was it his several disciples who appeared on the American continent? Gracida complacently assures us that while this question cannot be answered catagorically, on the other hand it is well known that the disciples of Buddha suffered cruel persecution at the hands of the Brahmins and from the leaders of the sect of Siva and were driven out of Hindustan in the fifth and sixth centuries of the Christian era, a period coincident with that of the appearance of Pecocha in the new world. His argument is weak. Buddhism had entered China and had become established there centuries before it was expelled from its original seat, and it is admitted that Fou Sang was a Chinese Buddhist.

The Zapotec theogony as it has been handed down to us by the Spanish missionaries of the time of the Conquest, tells us nothing of the true moral and religious practices of the Indians. The missionaries busied themselves solely with describing the superstitious side of the religions of the new world, the better to justify the vigorous methods employed by them in eradicating the indigenous cults. They seem to have been very careful to prevent the truth from coming to light that the aborigines worshipped the Supreme Being, as they unquestionably did.

But we are far from following Gracida in all his conclusions. From the fact that the Huaves who inhabit the shores of the Upper Lagoon have been surprised on Monapoxtiac engaged in celebrating the summer solstice, he argues that they had been taught the principles of Freemasonry. And again because the number of priests of Mitla taken in the palace at Tehuantepec was seven, and seven that of those of the temple of Pinopaa he infers the Buddhistic origin of the Zapotec forms

of worship. The argument is not compelling. Whence Pecocha came no man knows, but there is little reason for believing that he came from China and none whatever for assuming that he knew aught of Freemasonry.

We conclude this subject by calling attention to the fact that the Pecocha of the Zapotecs should not be confused with Quetzalcoatl, the Fair God of the Aztecs. Pecocha, described as having a long black beard, is said to have appeared from the south and to have disappeared southeast of Tehuantepec; while Quetzacoatl, with long white beard, came from the north and departed toward the southeast in the direction of Coatzacoalcos, in search of Tlapallan, without touching Oaxaca, for there is no tradition of his having passed through the territories of the Mixtecs and Zapotecs nor through Chinantla and Mixistlan.

In attributing the Guixepecocha to the Aztec god tradition had, as we have seen, become strangely confused.

Now we come to the Zapotec pantheon. Their god Pitao was conceived of as uncreated, incorporeal, immortal, and endowed with attributes not pertaining to the other spirits. In speaking of him as the Infinite, without beginning and immortal, they called him Coqui Cilla, Xetao, Piyeepao, Chillatao. If they wished to express the idea that he was the creator of the world they referred to him as Pitao Cozanna; if as the creator of beasts and men, Huichanna; while as the ruler and sustainer of all things he was Coquiza Chibatiya, or Cosaanatao.

To this supreme spirit, whose attributes the Zapotec language so fully defined, other spirits and supernatural beings were subordinated, each of which had its part to perform in the world order.

Pitao Cocobi was the god of abundance and of harvests; Pitao Cociyo, the genius of rain; Pitao Cozanna presided over fishing and the chase; Pitao Xoo was the god of earthquakes. Three spirits, Pitao Zey, Pitao Yaa, and Pitao Pee, watched over the unfortunate and those in distress, and three others, Pitao Peeze, Pitao Quelli, and Pitao Yaaye, distributed among men pleasures and riches. Pitao Pecala was the divinity who presided over dreams, while Pitao Peczi was the god of auspices. Besides these, each town and valley had its tutulary spirit.

From this list it will be seen that the Zapotecs admitted the existence of a number of spirits, but that they recognized the divine attributes as existing in perfection only in the great spirit, Pitao.

Pezelao, which is by interpretation Oracle of Heaven, is said to have been the principal god of Mitla; but in the historic period we find him also established at Monapoxtiac.

Petela was the patriarch of the Zapotecs, saved according to them in the American deluge. He is reputed to have lived a hundred years before Christ and his mummy, preserved at Coatlan, a town of the district of Miahuatlan, was publicly burned by the priest Bartolome de Pisa.

Bezello was the spirit of evil, the Devil; and Hell, his habitation, called Gabela, was supposed to be located in the interior of the Earth. In Tehuantepec and other Zapotec towns, even to the present day, they call this mythical being Binigaba, that is to say, "the bad man;" in Ocatlan, Mexabe; and in the mountains, Tazani.

Bicha is a name applied to all animals, and as according to their superstition the Devil takes whatsoever form he pleases, the belief has arisen that he commonly appears in the form of a dog. He is then called Bihui Bicha, which name is also applied to a sorcerer. In Ocatlan and other towns of the

A Mountain Girl with Ancient Zapotec Costume

A Quarter Blood Italian and Zapotec Blooded Maid with Pure White Skin

A Rainbow Lady. The Fan is Used as a Protection Against the Sun

Valley of Oaxaca this spirit is said to appear in the form of a black dog to whom the name Becu Yace is given. Its mission is to frighten and do evil to those who go forth at night on evil errands.

As to Matlacigua or Mictlancihuatl, called by the Zapotecs Gobezguia, he was a fantastic being who now for a short time would take the form of a little child, then that of a giant, and again in the form of a beautiful woman would seduce men with magical and irresistible enchantments; or again as a gigantic monster filled the boldest with dread.

He was a malevolent spirit whose mission it was to pervert and injure, afterwards turning into smoke and disappearing before the eyes of the spectator. In Tehuantepec this spirit is called Bixee and in the mountains of Ixtlan, Guatza. His mission is ever the same; his forms, the most extravagant.

From what has been said it will be seen that the Devil and Matlacigua, if not the same being, have at any rate the same characteristics.

The Zapotecs were far from being satisfied with the answer of the oracle respecting the Guixepecocha related in the last chapter; and thus it was that on a certain occasion the nobles and people approached Cosijopii and earnestly begged him, in fact wellnigh compelled him, to go personally before Pezelao and ask him the meaning of the omen. For they were desirous to make an end once for all of the uneasiness which the figure produced among them.

The king acceded to their petition and putting on the priestly vestments—consisting of a long white robe and headdress of featherwork—journeyed with the multitude to the Upper Lagoon and offered up in the temple of Monapoxtiac the prescribed sacrifice of birds and fishes. The accompanying

incantations were kept up for some time, for the Heart of the Kingdom (Pezelao) long remained silent. In the end it spoke, but in broken and incoherent phrases. The king, as soon as he had fathomed the significance of the oracular utterance, returned to the capital and thus addressed the people:

"My people, the great god has responded and in sorrow I bring you his message. He has revealed to me that the hour has arrived in which we shall be driven from this land, for presently our enemies will come from the land where the sun is born. White men are they, mighty in battle, whose arms all the kings of this land will not be able to resist, and they will conquer us and reduce us to servitude."

"Afterwards they will bring other men clad in a dress like unto that which you have seen in the figure, who will be our priests and before whom those of us who remain will be required to confess their sins on bended knees, as the woman in the figure is seen doing."

Be this legend as it may, and I for one am tempted to believe that it has been recast by priestly hands, it is certain nevertheless that first King Cosijopii and after him the entire Zapotec nation, having learned in advance of the coming of the Spaniards supposed that they came from Pecocha. And being influenced more or less by recognizing in the coming of Cortez the fulfillment of prophecy, Cosijopii and his father Cosijoeza abdicated their thrones, as we shall see later on.

Chapter XVIII.

THE MOUNTAIN CATS.

NOW, Cosijoeza, you must needs know by this time, O son of Abdullah, while a very good monarch as monarchs go, was far from being a saint. While everything smiled round about him, while peace overspread with her beneficent mantle the Land of Zapoteca, this crafty leader, trusting more to his fame than to the strength of his armies, began to seize certain of the territories of Cuilapan, alleging that they belonged to him of right.

Not content with this, he sent envoys to the king of Achiutla, calling upon him to relinquish the valleys which he occupied and confine himself to those mountains which had in the beginning limited his domains.

Dzahuindanda answered that while it was perhaps true that the lands in which Cuilapan was situated had once belonged to the Zapotecs, nevertheless the Mixtecs had been for a long time in possession and had erected their habitations there; and that many of the inhabitants had been born there and their fathers before them. Upon these grounds as well as because Cuilapan was the bulwark which guarded his frontiers on that side, he professed his inability to yield to his neighbor's inconsiderate demand.

Cosijoeza refused to listen to reason, even though a large part of his army was absent at the time guarding the eastern frontiers against the incursions of the Mixes, and immediately gave orders that the inhabitants of Cuilapan be forcibly expelled, their houses razed and their crops destroyed.

This so infuriated the people of Cuilapan that they, without waiting for orders or disciplined troops, rose en masse and attacked the Zapotecs, who were driven headlong from the field. The officer in command was taken in the combat and hung on a tree.

War broke out in all its fury. It was not simply a case of two nations, friendly until then, shedding one another's blood. All that portion of Mexico was shortly involved in the conflict.

To Cosijoeza the news of the defeat of his troops at Cuilapan was as if a thunderbolt had descended upon his head and he was meditating how he might vindicate his honor when an event happened which led him to alter his purpose.

The Spaniards, under the command of that famous adventurer of the sixteenth century, Hernando Cortez, had overthrown the power of the brave Tlaxcalans on September 23, 1519. The foul traitor Maxiscatzin, an old senator of the republic but a man without principle who placed his personal resentment before the good of his country, opened the gates of the city to the foreign invader.

Word of this was brought to Cosijoeza who, reflecting upon the gloomy prophecies of the sixth century, felt ill at ease. Gazing into the future he perceived that Anahuac would fall before the power of the stranger because the Aztecs had made themselves odious to the surrounding nations. Standing alone they would fall, not for want of bravery, but because the thunderbolt which the invaders bore in their hands would fill them with fear.

"We will await events," he said, "and profit from the power of these white men for our own and our people's welfare. I am far from thinking them our superiors in courage, for the gods know full well the valor of the Sons of Zaachila;

but it were the better policy to maintain a friendly attitude toward them that in the event of their triumph they may respect our territories. Let us conserve our strength, making war neither upon the Mixtoguixe* nor upon the newcomers. The conduct of Moctezuma will determine the policy of the independent states."

Cosijoeza's plan was ill-advised. It prejudiced his interests for it gave the Mixtecs time to organize their forces and attack him in his own capital.

On the eighth day of November, 1519, the weak and superstitious Moctezuma II without having fought a single battle received into his palace him that was to overthrow the nation, and who, under the pretext of civilizing the Indians and bringing them to the knowledge of the true God, was to drive the rulers of the land from their thrones and add the land of Anahuac to the crown of Castile.

Word traveled swiftly to the friends and enemies of Tenochtitlan. All were surprised and all hastened to save themselves, some from considerations of policy maintaining a guarded neutrality, and others shaking off the yoke and welcoming the Spaniard as the avenger of their wrongs. All pursued a natural but mistaken course. Though they had ample reason for hating the Aztec, wisdom counseled the giving of every assistance to Tenochtitlan in her hour of peril.

Cosijoeza on learning of the event at first wavered and knew not what course to pursue. At length he recollected the prophecy: "In the end the Mexicans will lose their independence." He hesitated no longer. No call came from Moctezuma. The words of the prophecy rang in his ears and he felt constrained to recognize in the Spaniards the avengers whom the

*"Mountain cats," a term of reproach applied by the Zapotecs to the Mixtecs.

god Pezelao had revealed to the Zapotecs at the temple of Monapoxtiac.

His decision made, he sent a courier to Cosijopii with this message: "My son, the eternal gods have determined to divest us of our power. I, your father, feel constrained by divine decree to receive the stranger beneath the lofty ceilings of my palace. Let us join together in securing the happiness of our people, returning to the gods the pledges which they have entrusted to our keeping.

"If, as I imagine, you are of my opinion, I bid you name ambassadors who, joining with mine, shall proceed to Tenochtitlan and there demand audience of the chief of the strangers, to whom they will offer our friendship and our kingdoms. By this means since we are powerful we may secure ourselves against disaster."

Now Cosijopii was still very young, nor thought he to question his father's counsel. Gazing in perplexity at Alarii he barely whispered: "Pezelao has declared unto us, 'The sons of the sun will come quickly'." Alarii knew not what to answer. He doubted if the words of the oracle had been interpreted aright but he felt that in this crisis he stood alone, so he finally replied, "Let us follow your father's counsel."

So Cosijopii dispatched ambassadors to Zaachila as his father had bidden him. Upon their arrival they were presented to Cosijoeza, who appointed other ambassadors bringing the total up to twelve. He instructed the twelve fully and delivered into their keeping a gift from Cortez.

Leaving Zaachila they journeyed to Tenochtitlan and solicited audience of the Spanish captain who, learning from whence they came, admitted them forthwith, receiving them with a show of great cordiality.

The leader of the embassy opened the conversation, speaking to the following effect: "Mighty lord, in the names of the rulers of Zaachila and Tehuantepec, also mighty, come I and my companions to offer unto you their persons, their subjects, and their kingdoms; and at the same time that which is of still greater value, their friendship loyal and enduring, if you will be pleased to receive it, even in the same spirit as that in which I now offer you this gift of jewels and gold, which out of their good will they send you."

Cortez was greatly pleased, not only with the rich gifts which they laid at his feet, but even more with the homage of their principals.

"Brave Zapotecs," he said, "I receive the homage tendered by your masters as representative of the king of Spain, whom all should recognize as lord. As for me, I am but his messenger sent to make known to the peoples of this land the true God of Heaven and Earth. You will tell my good friends that I shall acquaint my king with their submission and good will and that they may expect of his goodness great recompense, as they shall shortly see. In the meantime," he added, "you will please convey to them my most cordial greetings."

He then presented each member of the embassy with a rosary of glass beads and solemnly committing to their keeping some equally worthless trinkets to be delivered to the lords of Zapoteca, dismissed them; and they returned to their country, their souls filled with great wonder at the forms, costume, arms and horses of the Castilians.

Moctezuma, who learned through Cortez of the pledges of friendship which the embassy had offered him, was greatly angered at the news, for he had hoped that they and the Tarascans, the two most powerful independent peoples, would lend aid to save the situation in Anahuac, compromised through his weakness.

Meanwhile Cosijoeza was having his own share of trouble with the Mountain Cats. The action of Cosijoeza and Cosijopii, abdicating in favor of the king of Spain the thrones which they had until then occupied with so great fame, produced in the Mixtecs profound misgivings, for they viewed all friendship with the foreigners with dismay. "There are no two ways about it," they declared, "it is unbecoming and unworthy of a ruler to ask aught of these adventurers who are trying to subjugate the land."

These just and patriotic considerations as well as the contempt with which Cosijoeza viewed the Mixtecs who had lent him such timely assistance at Quiengola, of which the invasion of Cuilapan was proof sufficient, moved them to sever every bond of friendship and, taught by experience and having had time to prepare their offensive, they hastened to make an end of the war.

The people of Cuilapan reinforced by contingents from the other members of the league took the initiative and attacked the Zapotecs in their own positions, which were one by one taken by main force. The capital, Zaachila, was next besieged and taken and Cosijoeza was compelled to flee for refuge to the mountain now called the Breast of Maria Sanchez, situated near Santa Ana Zegache. From that point he issued urgent orders to the chiefs who recognized his authority, and in particular to the chief of Magdalena Mixtepec, to come to his aid in all haste with men and munitions of war.

The Mixtecs were in the meantime engaged in re-establishing order in Zaachila and in conquering the towns of the northern part of the valley, as far as Huayapan. These operations finished they turned toward the last place of refuge of Cosijoeza, to which they laid siege with such vigor that his position

A Florist of the Isthmus

Living Flowers of the Isthmus

became critical in the extreme. By this time the conflagration extended westwardly unto Chichicapan and in a southerly direction to what is now San Martin Lachilaa.

But the vengeance of the Mixtecs was still unsated. Not satisfied with these triumphs they sent a message to the king of Tututepec, a member of the Mixtec league who dwelt in the extreme southwest, bidding him march from his capital toward the coasts of Tehuantepec, distracting Cosijopii upon that side so as to prevent him from marching with reinforcements to the assistance of his father. This King Casandoo at once did, dispatching four regiments under the command of an able captain.

The territories of Cosijopii, who had kept the peace for three years and had until then been feared and respected by his neighbors, were again and again ravaged by the Mixtecs. The bonfires of the enemy blazed on every hill, their war songs were heard in the distance, cruel and impious war raged throughout the southern part of the kingdom, and Cosijopii was enveloped by the storm. The somber prediction pronounced at his birth began to bear fruit and the destruction of an entire battalion which had been posted on the frontier seemed to verify it beyond doubt.

This reverse and the critical situation of his father, of which a courier had just brought him word, served but to fire his valor. He collected a strong army and set out from Tehuantepec to relieve Cosijoeza; but he was detained in his march, for Casandoo had defeated the warriors of Miahuatlan at Dannixene, Guinas, and Tinagole and was prepared to attack Cosijopii if he came to their relief.

In view of the attitude of the Mixtecs, Cosijopii determined to act on the defensive. He threw forces into Quiengola and Quiengolani and immediately sent a messenger with a present of gold to Cortez, advising him that in consequence

of the pact of friendship which he had made with him he had been attacked by Casandoo and was unable to withstand him; that his father was besieged by the Mixtecs for the same reason; and that to save the situation it was necessary that the Spaniards send troops at once. If this were done they might by combining their forces save the kingdom from destruction.

This action on the part of Cosijopii changed the face of the Mixtec-Zapotec war and to it was due the fact that the mountain of Maria Sanchez was not the tomb of that crafty old fox, Cosijoeza.

Now Cortez was a man ever faithful to those who were faithful to him, and no sooner had he received the messenger from the king of Tehuantepec and learned of him the evil plight of Cosijoeza than he ordered Francisco de Orozco to proceed to the Valley of Oaxaca and establish peace between the Mixtecs and Zapotecs.

Orozco accordingly left Coyoacan on October 30, 1521,with thirty horsemen, eighty Spanish infantry, and a great number of Indian auxiliaries and proceeded towards the country of the Mixtecs. He entered their territories on the Sixth of November and fought three severe engagements in which many were slain on both sides. In the end he succeeded in forcing a passage of the San Antonio River and penetrated to the Valley of Oaxaca.

On November 25, 1521, the Spanish expeditionary force occupied the site of the present town of Santa Anita, situated on the right bank of the Atoyac and the slope of Monte Alban. Here, beneath a huaje tree (acacia sculenta) the first mass was said by Father Juan Diaz.*

*At the place where this tree stood there was erected about 1826 the hermitage of Our Lady of Remedies, adjoining the national highway and at a short distance from Garita de Xoxo.

In later times the Catholic clergy were accustomed to celebrate this great event annually at the church of San Juan de Dios, anciently called Santa Catarina. This church having been destroyed by an earthquake on December 31, 1603, the chapter arranged that thereafter the festival should be held on July 8, the octave of San Marcial, at the church of the Merciful. After vespers the religious formed in procession and the gentry of the neighborhood all appeared mounted, but upon reaching the gate of the cemetery they dismounted and entered the church in order of precedence, and there they remained until five or six o'clock in the afternoon witnessing the ceremonies of the occasion.

The following morning the civil and ecclesiastical functionaries, notables, and a great multitude of the people attended mass, and after the service they marched in solemn procession, bearing at the front an ancient banner, the royal standard bestowed, as some said, upon the city as a mark of royal favor, or won, according to others, by the Conquistador.

But we have wandered from our subject. The garrison of Huaxyacac, which was not thought strong enough to withstand the enemy, withdrew to Peñoles where it made common cause with the Mixtecs, retiring into the fortress of Ixcuintepec, a rock surrounded by a stone wall of more than a league in circuit.

The place being thus abandoned, Orozco and Juan Nunez del Mercado occupied Guazaca (as they called Huaxyacac), a civil government was instituted, Gutierrez de Badajoz who accompanied the expedition with others of the town of Segura de la Frontera, now Tepeaca, State of Puebla, being appointed alcalde of Huaxyacac, rechristened Villa de Segura de la Frontera.

Cortez directed this step from his residence at Coyoacan. It was the beginning of the Spanish city, at first called Antequera, afterwards Guaxaca, and finally corrupted into Oaxaca.

As soon as Orozco had made himself master of Huaxyacac he sent word to the Mixtecs and Zapotecs, commanding them to cease hostilities. "Have done with your strife," ran the mandate, "since your territories belong to the king of Spain who is lord of the whole land and who in future you must respect and obey."

The Mixtecs were deeply offended at this, which they considered an act of gross impertinence, but they were a wise people and abstained from committing themselves to an open breach with the Spaniard. They refrained from attacking him but endeavored to justify their conduct, alleging that to retire meant the loss of their conquests and the opportunity of avenging themselves upon Cosijoeza; and that, on the other hand that king, the siege abandoned, would unite his forces with those already on the road to relieve him and would then overrun their territories. They added that they were very loath to withdraw because they would then be charged with weakness and cowardice.

But Cosijoeza being the ally of Cortez these objections had no weight with Orozco, who threatened to make war upon the Mixtecs unless they complied with his demands. This threat accomplished its immediate purpose, the cessation of hostilities. An armistice, however, and not a permanent peace, was the result.

Chapter XIX.

PRINCESS GREAT-SOUL.

BUT the Mixtecs would by no means yield Monte Alban, the continued possession of which they deemed essential to their safety. Since they distrusted Cosijoeza whose subtle policy had so often taken them by surprise, so that they had more than once been the victims of his stratagems, they demanded of him a pledge that the Zapotecs would refrain from attempting to retake the fortifications on Monte Alban.

"Let the Princess Donaji* be given as a hostage to the people of Cuilapan," they said, "and let her life be the forfeit if her father fail in his promises."

Seeing no other way out of the difficulty, Cosijoeza consented to this and sent the princess to the Mixtec camp where she was received with the honor due her rank and remained in pledge of peace.

The Mixtecs then raised the siege and Cosijoeza was set at liberty. He was not long in conferring with Orozco and as a result sent forces to succor Miahuatlan and orders to Cosijopii to move upon Zaachila, taking the Quiechapa road, to assist in the military operations of that district.

As soon as Casandoo learned of this he retired to Tututepec and prepared to defend the integrity of his dominions, threatened from the Valley by the Spaniards. The impregnable rock of Ixcuitepec guarded his frontier. Orozco attempted its reduction, but finding that it could not be taken by force of

*Great Soul.

arms permitted its defenders to send a delegation to Cortez to treat with him and another to the king of Achiutla for instructions. The former returned shortly with bad news: The Aztecs were conquered; Cortez would grant peace.

Dzahuindanda advised by his priests thereupon ordered the Mixtecs to surrender to Orozco, informing him that they did so because it was the will of the gods, who judged the further shedding of blood to be useless. Whereupon all returned to their home, contented, the Mixtecs retaining their positions and the Mexicans remaining in possession of Huaxyacac, Tepeaca, Jalatco, Xochimilco, the Marquesate, Mexicapan, and San Juan Chapultepec. Some four thousand persons who had come with the Spaniards were united with the former colony at Huaxyacac, forming the foundation upon which was erected the new municipality of Segura de la Frontera.

In the meantime Father Juan Diaz was busily engaged in baptizing many Indians of both races, among them the Princess Donaji who was baptized under the name of Doña Juana. The Indians regarded this as merely a political function indicative of subjection to the Spaniard. That they had no idea of its religious significance will appear later.

"My lord," said Alarii to Cosijopii, "last night I saw the soft golden light of a fire on the summit of Mount Quiengola, and surely thou knowest that this betokens misfortune."

"Let it be even as the gods will," responded the king with resignation, "for they dispose of the great of this Earth as the fishermen of Roaloo set their nets in that beautiful lake. Alarii," he continued, placing his hand upon the minister's shoulder, "let us act as does the brook of the mountain glen, running straight where there is no impediment and making a turn when necessary, yet ever without complaining."

Then Alarii spoke openly: "A messenger has just arrived from Zaachila. He is the bearer of evil tidings."

"Let him enter that we may hear the story from his own lips," replied the king.

"Noble lord," said the courier, "our people have bowed the head to the Castilian. Your father Cosijoeza, driven out of Zaachila by the Mixtecs, has been compelled by circumstance to enter into a humiliating alliance with the stranger; humiliating since he loses his throne, already abdicated in favor of an unknown king, and is now stripped of his prerogatives. Only at this price has he been able to save his life and the lives of the members of the royal family. The proud warrior of the Valley and conqueror of the Aztecs is no longer the father of his people but the miserable slave of that monarch whom the strangers call Charles the Fifth."

"He has spoken," said Alarii bowing low before the young king.

"I was born to misfortune, my dear friend," said the prince with resignation, "misfortune has followed me from the day of my birth. A voice of terror fills the heavens and the thunderbolt of desolation has wounded us unto death."

"I have but informed you of your father's condition," said the messenger. "Permit me to complete my errand. He wishes you to dispatch a strong force to Quiechapa to succor the people of Miahuatlan and then move upon Zaachila to reinforce that point."

"You will set out upon your return at once," the king replied, "and tell my father that I will tomorrow dispatch six batallions of one thousand men each to the Valley of Loolaa.* If he needs more than this number, you are authorized to take from them that are in Quiengolani, on the summit of the moun-

*Oaxaca.

tain. I will direct the commander there to place at your disposal such forces as you may require."

December came. The little princess Donaji sat brooding in her unaccustomed confinement. Very gentle she seemed and little her captors dreamed of what was passing in her heart. She was the child of Cosijoeza and his heroic spirit burned within her bosom. "I am become a millstone about the neck of my people," she whispered to herself, "I am dragging them down to destruction. I must find a way to free them; yes, though it be at the sacrifice of my life." She still sat there very quietly, did little Donaji.

Some nights later the princess discovered that the Mixtec guard was sleeping in heedless abandon and, ready to yield up her own life, if need be, that her countrymen might be free, sent a female attendant by stealth to the men of Zaachila with a message bidding them fall upon the enemy's camp without loss of time, for that the guard slept at their post. They at once apprised Cosijoeza of the situation, and he answered consenting to the attack provided every precaution were taken to rescue Donaji; and thereupon they sent back word that they were about to attack, but that she must manage to make good her escape when a warning arrow was shot into her apartment.

The signal of assault given, the Zapotecs assaulted the fortifications and made a great slaughter of their enemies. Taken completely by surprise, the latter wavered for the moment, giving way before the superior numbers and resistless impetuosity of the assailants, and finally retired in order over the northern slopes of Monte Alban.

The victors searched high and low but could find nothing of the princess. Finally one of the prisoners enlightened them. "She is not here," he said. "Upon an arrow penetrating her apartment, evidently shot on purpose by a skillful archer, she

Ruins of Mitla, Where Cosijoeza was Buried

Another View of Mitla Ruins, the Seat of the Zapotecs Ancient Splendor

was hurried from the room by the captains who had her in charge. They took her with them and all chance of rescue is past, for they must have slain her ere this."

And so in truth it befell. By the right bank of the Atoyac the Mixtec leaders met in council and decreed the death of Donaji for having violated the pact. And there they slew her, burying the body on the spot that the Zapotecs might not learn of her end.

The two nations now seemed upon the eve of a general resumption of hostilities. Cosijoeza was at the point of attacking Cuilapan and the Mixtecs Zaachila, for both sides were strong and their mutual resentment was deep-seated; but Orozco intervened and they contented themselves with holding their old positions.

Perhaps matters would have proceeded quickly to the shedding of blood had not the great lieutenant of Cortez, Pedro de Alvarado, arrived in time to remedy the situation. As soon as Alvarado reached Zaachila he established peace in such manner that the Mixtecs and Zapotecs laid aside their enmities forever. He then marched upon Tututepec and attacked Casandoo, the soul of the war, who was threatening by turns the valley of Loolaa and the kingdom of Tehuantepec.

After a time, we are told, the Zapotecs discovered that the body of Princess Donaji had been buried at a point on the right bank of the Atoyac. They visited the spot. A blue lily grew from her blood. They removed it and opening the grave beheld the mortal remains of Donaji, but they marveled greatly on beholding the head lowered, the face turned to the east and somewhat inclined to the left, with the roots of the lily

spread over the forehead and right temple. Thus she lay apparently sleeping, her body having been miraculously preserved from putrefaction.*

Rightly attributing this prodigy to the favor of the gods they left the remains as they found them, for they interpreted it as favorable to their destiny, making manifest that in the days to come the Zapotecs would recover their power and the surrounding nations would become subject unto them.

The likeness of a woman's head appears in the coat of arms of the State of Oaxaca. It is the head of the little Zapotec heroine, Donaji, placed there by the state authorities in the year 1827. The children of Petela still make up the great bulk of the inhabitants of Oaxaca; it is their state, and among its many noble women there is none to compare with little Great-Soul, who gave her life in the last attempt to preserve the independency of her people. The mysterious legend of her death was obtained by Manuel Gracida from the tradition preserved by certain old residents of the Valley of Oaxaca, and accords with the prognostication made at her birth.

*In Cuilapan is a sepulcher bearing this inscription: "Don Juan Agular—Dona Juana Cortez." The first is the Prince of Tilontongo, who was governor of the Zapotecs after the death of Cosijoeza; and the second is the Princess Donaji, whose remains we believe may have been removed to that tomb by the Dominican friars upon building the church. Tradition is silent on this point.

Chapter XX.

THE COMING OF ALVARADO.

ALL glory be unto Allah most high, the Lord of the Day of Judgment. Unto him alone it pertaineth to decree destinies and to determine that which shall come to pass. Needs must thy servant recount how manifold evils befell the Land of Zapoteca, though it be not clear to mortal understanding wherefore the Arm of Might was not withholden. But who may question the counsels of the Most Compassionate? Inshallah! Such blasphemy is not permitted unto the true believer. Let us then proceed.

I know not whether it was that old Casandoo was more turbulent than Dzahuindanda and Oconana, the other Mixtec kings, or if perchance he put less faith in the specious promises of the Castilian. Perhaps he was more patriotic than they. But in any event he waged incessant warfare against the Zapotecs and Spaniards, doing them all the harm in his power, regardless of consequences.

As this ruler continued obstinate and utterly refused to recognize the Spanish authority, nothing remained but to bring him to reason by force of arms. Cortez accordingly directed Pedro de Alvarado to proceed to the conquest of Tututepec.

This famous captain left Coyoacan on January 31, 1522, with 35 horsemen, 180 Spanish infantry, and more than 5,000 Mexican auxiliaries under Ixtlilxochil. He reached Huaxyacac about February 20 and remained six days at that city and Zaachila. During this time the forces from Tehuantepec

which Cosijopii had dispatched to the succor of Miahuatlan appeared and presented themselves before Cosijoeza.

In the meantime Alvarado, with the assistance of the wise and prudent Father Olmedo, consolidated the peace between the Zapotecs and Mixtecs with such success that the two peoples forgot their animosities and became good friends as of yore. The combined commands of Orozco and Alvarado made up a force of 80 horse, 200 Spanish infantry, and 5,000 Mexicans, which, united to 10,000 Zapotecs placed by Cosijoeza at their command, gave them 15,280 men; with which army Alvarado set out from Huaxyacac (then Segura de la Frontera) on the twenty-sixth of February in the direction of Coatlan, marching by the way of the great valley.

After three or four engagements with the southern Mixtecs, who were dispersed without any great difficulty, on the fourth of March Alvarado discried Tututepec in the distance.

Casandoo fought stubbornly against him. Seeing that further resistance was useless and bearing in mind the old adage that discretion is the better part of valor, he decided upon a complete reversal of policy. He went forth with the principal men of his court to meet the conqueror, whom he conducted to his palace, and in that palace, spacious and beautiful, the Spaniard and his soldiers were entertained with the utmost hospitality. We shall see in what manner Alvarado repaid the king's kindness.

A few days after they entered the city Olmedo pointed out to Alvarado that since the roof of the royal palace, like those of the adjoining buildings, was covered with thatch, they ran great risk that the inhabitants, being still hostile, might set fire to the whole neighborhood as soon as the Spaniards relaxed their vigilance.

"By this means," he said, "they can by enveloping us in

flames fight us successfully. In such an emergency our cavalry would be useless since the town is situated on broken ground. I have for some time been studying the situation carefully and have already found a safe position just outside the town, to which he had best withdraw."

Alvarado heeded this timely advice and, commending the priest for his zeal, removed with his troops to the site fixed upon.

The honest old king followed him to his camp, and supposing that Alvarado had been won over by his kindness and was about to retire from his dominions, presented him with a substantial gift of gold, pearls, and precious stones, and at the same time provided him with abundance of provisions.

This generosity was the ruin of Casandoo, who was ignorant not only of the real cause for the withdrawal of the Spaniards from the city but—a more fatal ignorance—of the character of the Spanish leader.

For the cupidity of Alvarado was awakened by this gift. He demanded greater and ever greater sums of the king, who made him daily gifts. Indeed, the thirst of this "illustrious and Christian" conqueror reached such a pass that, notwithstanding what he had already secured, he ordered the king to have his goldsmiths make for him stirrups of gold similar to the wooden ones which he possessed. Marvelous as it may seem, this was done. He next directed them to make a chain of gold for his horse and the king delivered it without delay, for the Indians handled gold as though it were clay or wax.

His greed still unsatisfied, Alvarado demanded more gold and the king, whose treasures were now exhausted, was unable to comply. Vexed at his refusal the unscrupulous adventurer charged the honest Casandoo with having formed a

conspiracy to burn the palace that the Spaniards might perish in the flames.

The king, who would have considered such an act derogatory to the honor of the lord of Tututepec, protested and vigorously maintained his innocence. But it is folly to plead with the unscrupulous when he has one at his mercy. Alvarado not only would not listen but on the contrary, treating Casandoo with studied contempt, ordered him to be placed in irons and imprisoned until he turned over his royal treasures.

Ixtlilxochil asserts that he suggested and advised this act of treachery, while Bernal Diaz says that the Zapotecs instigated it through hatred of the Mixtecs. But who will rely on the testimony of the former? and as for Diaz, he speaks from hearsay. Gracida thinks the whole matter a gratuitous invention of Father Olmedo which Alvarado turned to his own account to obtain the king's treasure, with which view I coincide.

Neither the king's innocence nor his treasures, of the value of thirty-six thousand pesos, sufficed to liberate him from prison. Fretting under this unaccustomed usage, his health failed. Father Olmedo attempted to console him in his misfortune, but his soft words availed not to stay the fatal hour and in a few days he died of rage and despair.

Upon his death the royal prerogative descended to his son who, being in Alvarado's power, suffered even greater despoliation than his father.

Cortez, learning that Tututepec was the center of a rich and populous district and fearing that the disaffected Mixtecs might rise in revolt, thought it best to establish a colony at that point. He accordingly directed Badajoz to transfer

the corporation of Segura de la Frontera from Huaxyacac to Tututepec. This was done. In March, 1522, Badajoz left Huaxyacac with all the members of the colony. Arriving at Tututepec he immediately set about apportioning lands among the colonists, whom he continued to govern as alcalde.

This disposition of Cortez who had in view the reservation for himself of a rich district, for the time being furthered the plans of Alvarado who, being in authority in a hostile land, could practice every sort of extortion while widows mourned the disappearance of their husbands and orphans the loss of their parents.

Utterly licentious and selfish, he came very near perishing at the hands of his own men. The Spanish soldiers, with equal will but lacking his special means of enforcing compliance, following his example had tried, but with indifferent success, to enrich themselves. "If the captain puts the leading Indians in the cannon's mouth to force them to give up their gold, and kills them," they reasoned, "as he has done with many who failed to yield, so let us also be diligent, since he pays us so illy." They robbed but obtained so little that they became the more infuriated against Alvarado, who had taken what in their opinion belonged of right to them.

The disaffection spread and it was not long before a plot was formed to make away with Alvarado; but it failed because one of the conspirators, the soldier Trebejo, revealed the conspiracy to Father Olmedo.

The priest informed Alvarado of the plot. As he was hunting at the time with certain of the conspirators he dissembled and, pretending to be taken by a sudden pain in the side, returned to his dwelling. From thence by means of the alcaldes, constables, and his brothers Gonzalo and Jorge he apprehended the ringleaders of the conspiracy, two of whom

were hung, receiving the consolations of religion from the same Father Olmedo who had betrayed them.

The conspiracy of Tututepec nipped in the bud, Alvarado prepared to proceed against the Chontals. These Indians, a race totally distinct from Mixtec and Zapotec, occupied an enclave in the Zapotec country stretching from the seacoast northward toward Miahuatlan; their principal cities being Aztata and Huamelula. They had shown hostility toward a party of Spaniards sent out to explore the coast lands, stoning some of them at Aztata and compelling the remainder to beat a hasty retreat to save their lives. Angered at this, Alvarado set out from Tututepec on April 2, 1522, accompanied by the son of King Casandoo and his allies, proceeding by the way of the coast. Passing by Tonameca he learned that the ruler of that place was rich, and upon the pretext that he had not recognized the Spanish authority commanded him to be seized and imprisoned together with certain of his leading men. Three days later they obtained their liberty at the price of much gold and pearls.

From this point he continued his journey to Pochutla. Thence he descended to the coast and after reconnoitering the littoral directed his march toward Huatulco, a Chontal town which at first threatened hostilities but presently yielded and opened its gates. On April 12 he continued his march through the south of the Chontal country where the Indians offered some resistance. Defeated by the Spaniards they reconcentrated in the mountains.

Four days later Alvarado reached Aztata and proceeded to wreak vengeance upon the place for the ill manner in which they had received the Spaniards, killing some and robbing others of their gold. From Aztata he passed on to Huamelula

Butterfly Women

A Rich Zapotec Maiden. Note the Jewels

A Neat Little Tehuana

which submitted without having made any great resistance, and here he was met by envoys from Cosijopii, with whom he departed for Quiengola. He made that fortress his headquarters until the twenty-third of the month, exploring that portion of the country and, the exploration concluded, set out for Tehuantepec.

On the following day he drew near the royal city. Cosijopii awaited him in his palace. Alvarado entered Tehuantepec and saluted the king in these words:

"Intrepid prince, rather as a friend than as the conqueror of this beautiful realm, I come in the name of my commander Hernando Cortez and of the great emperor to offer you their protection and tender you their generous friendship. Your father the great lord of Zaachila, may he live forever, has accepted this offer and has become our friend and colleague. This is well known to you, and I trust you will not lose the opportunity of taking this occasion to become our friend and the subject of the Emperor Charles V."

Cosijopii was far from being deceived by these beguiling words, for he had heard much of Alvarado's conduct at Tututepec and among the Chontals, but he concealed his feelings. "I appreciate your offer, illustrious captain," he answered, diplomatically, "and since the gods have permitted the visitation of our realm by such illustrious guests they shall be received in a befitting manner. We repose the utmost confidence in your knightly offers and bid you a hearty welcome to our city."

The Spanish leader bowed in token of a humility which he was far from feeling and the king continued: "Here near my dwelling, captain, I have caused quarters to be prepared for your accommodation, and there," pointing to another

building at some distance, "are those of your forces. My minister Alarii will conduct you to them. Take possession and enjoy the repose which you so richly merit." "Thanks, my lord," Alvarado replied, and entered his lodging full of the confidence born of finding himself at last quartered within the walls of a friendly city.

Alvarado pursued the same course with the kings of Zaachila and Tehuantepec as his superior, Cortez, had pursued toward the Aztec emperor; the same dissimulation, perfidy, and secret deceit. Cosijopii was not slow in imitation, meeting deceit with deceit. It availed him not and served in the end but to bring about his complete downfall.

Alvarado was greatly pleased with the city, as everyone has been who has ever had the good fortune to visit it, and rechristened it Guadalcazar because of the beautiful river on whose banks it stood. But the name did not persist and the place is still known by its Aztec name of Tehuantepec,* though the inhabitants prefer the Zapotec name Guisi.

Three days after the arrival of Alvarado, the king addressed his minister upon the subject nearest their hearts. "I perceive, Alarii," he said, "that you are in great anguish of soul. Have courage; for the present we are in the enemy's hands and can do nothing. Listen. Distrustful as to what the future might have in store for us, last night I went secretly to consult Pezelao for the last time. As is the custom on such occasions, I vested myself in the double robes of royalty and the priestly office. I made the journey alone and, as our rite directs, to the temple of Monapoxtiac. At the portal I ex-

*It is a curious circumstance that practically all towns in the Zapotec territory bear Aztec names; thus, Miahuatlan, Juchitan, Ixtaltepec, Niltepec, Huilotepec, Ocatlan. Was the land once completely dominated by the Aztec power, or were the names first applied by Aztec colonists coming in the wake of the Spaniard?

tinguished my torch and put off my sandals. Complete darkness enveloped me. No sound was heard save that made by the waves of the lagoon dashing against the foundation of the edifice and the low mutterings of the guardians of the sanctuary. I invoked the presence of the Oracle of Heaven, rapping three times with the sacred rod. I consulted the god and in a sad voice he responded: 'Thy empire is at an end as I have already told thee, and with it the religion of thy forefathers.' He spoke no more."

"Break then the arrows of our warriors," said the aged counselor in despair, "and may the robes of our seers and the flutes of our priests be consigned to the flames that are to consume and destroy our race."

But Cosijopii was younger and hope died less easily in his heart. He reassured his minister and before dismissing him gave instructions as well for the security of the kingdom as for the hospitable care of the Spaniards.

About this time the lord of Jalapa, in whose keeping the sons of Cosijopii had been placed, refused to recognize the king's authority. The latter to avoid civil war took the matter up with Alvarado, giving him ten measures of gold upon condition that he capture the offender and bring him before him for punishment. Alvarado, upon whom the sight of gold had a magical effect, told Cosijopii to have no fear as he would see that the matter was properly attended to.

In referring to this incident the enemies of Alvarado state that the king led him into a room filled with great store of gold, sliver, jewels, precious stones, and elegant feather-work, telling him that he might choose whatever he liked, and that the captain took ten measures of the best. Seeing the good effect produced by the gold Cosijopii promised him more when the lord of Jalapa was delivered.

Alvarado was never long in hitting upon an excuse to justify the greatest villainy; nor was he in this instance. He suddenly bethought himself that his intended victim had failed to go through the form of rendering obeisance to him and thereupon, notwithstanding that he had committed no act of hostility, ordered him to attend upon him with the chief men of Jalapa that he might be reprimanded for his conduct.

Fearing perfidy the lord did not respond to the summons. Whereupon to enforce obedience Alvarado set out from Tehuantepec for Jalapa with his Spaniards and 24,000 warriors whom Cosijopii had placed subject to his orders.

He reached Jalapa and, greedy for plunder, ordered the recalcitrant lord and his brother and sister to be brought before him. Upon their answering the summons he received them with austerity and after his manner in such cases confronted them with trumped up charges. Their protestations of innocence were unheeded by Alvarado who finally said: "Make me a substantial present of gold to show the goodness of your hearts, and I will dismiss you without punishment."

They denied possessing any treasure and he then ordered that the two men be put to the torture; the while remaining himself with the lady for objects purely personal. The accused in the end escaped torture by complying with their tormentor's request for gold.

Neither caring to set the men at liberty nor to take them with him to Tehuantepec, he banished them to Mexico, placing them in charge of Ramon Lopez and three other Spaniards. They started for Mexico with their prisoners but before reaching Tequisistlan were attacked by a party of Chontals who freed the prisoners and slew one of the Spaniards. The prisoners fled for Jalapa, which had in the meantime been

evacuated by Alvarado, while the three remaining Spaniards made their way back to Tehuantepec.

The people of Jalapa, enraged at the conduct of this scoundrel who was pleased to style himself the friend of the Zapotecs, now rose in revolt. As soon as Alvarado learned of this he returned against Jalapa which was taken after some fighting. Master of the place, he ordered a general massacre and consigned the city to the flames. Many were slain, his enemies placing the number at twenty thousand souls; but this figure seems incredible.

After these events Alvarado departed with his cavalry for Tequisistlan to avenge the death of his countryman. He found the Chontal Indians strongly fortified, the body of their troops being hidden in a thicket on the outskirts of which a detachment deployed for the purpose of attracting the Spaniards towards the ambuscade and finishing with them.

Alvarado drew his forces up in line of battle. He reconnoitered the position and fearing a surprise resolved to await the arrival of his infantry before beginning the attack. But he was not permitted to wait, for the Indians of the detachment understanding well the impression which their strong position had made upon the Spanish leader waited not, but fell upon the cavalry. Early in the engagement Alvarado was struck in the forehead by an arrow which endangered his life, and presently the Spaniards began to give way, overpowered by superior numbers. But at this critical moment the infantry arrived and surrounded the Chontals.

It seemed now but a matter of minutes when the brave little band of Chontals would be wiped out, when suddenly the main body of their countrymen, who until then had remained hidden in the woods, emerged and with wild shouts of

rage fell upon the enemy. A state of indescribable confusion ensued while Chontal and Spaniard met in hand to hand engagement. More than once the Chontals beat back the enemy; but in the end the superior arms and discipline of the Castilians prevailed. The Chontal leader was made prisoner and his warriors were dispersed, leaving the field covered with the slain.

Alvarado was not the only Spaniard to water the ground with his blood. Cristobal Flores, Garcia de Pilar, Gonzalo de Ojeda, and others came forth wounded from the battle which, although it went against the Chontals, did their bravery credit. After this last attempt the Chontals remained subject to the Spanish authority.

Alvarado returned to Tehuantepec with his prisoners. In passing Jalapa he pardoned the lord of that place, an act approved by Cosijopii who had himself already taken the same action.

The brave Chontal leader paid with his life for the Spanish blood which he had caused to be shed in defense of his country. The philosophic Alvarado naturally made no distinction between traitor, spy, and the enemy taken in open combat.

Now our Alvarado prided himself greatly upon being a good Christian, and his conduct as I have described it, O son of Abdullah, will serve to show thee, I trust, wherein the good Christian excels the miserable heathen. Well then, this good Christian and Father Olmedo, valuing at their true worth the talents and influence of Cosijopii, and realizing the advantage to be gained by converting him to the Christian faith, set about the accomplishment of that worthy object. Why the captain did not resort to his usual argument, the sword,

is not entirely plain to me, but as a matter of fact he did not. His conscience seems to have been rather tender on this point. At any rate they depended on moral suasion alone. To their surprise the king readily embraced the faith.

And thus it came to pass that on the seventeenth day after the entrance of the Spaniards into Tehuantepec, on June 24, 1522, the baptism of Cosijopii was celebrated amidst salvos of artillery and the blare of trumpets. The diadem which until then had encircled his brows was discarded and in its place he wore a broad-brimmed hat turned up on the left side and adorned with a gallant blue plume.

All this seemed very proper to the Spaniards but produced a very different effect upon his people, whose hearts were filled with rage at beholding their king vested in European dress and on hearing him accosted by his new name of Don Juan Cortez Cosijopii de Moctezuma. The countenances of the multitude darkened and the ominous words "traitor" and "coward" passed from mouth to mouth. Matters soon proceeded from bad to worse, the more violent plotting several times both to compass his destruction and to attack the Spaniards.

In his extremity the king went to Alarii and told him all. The ancient minister, who had been following developments with a watchful eye, was ready with a plan. Cosijopii approved and they immediately set about putting it into execution. Alarii left at once for Monapoxtiac.

When night fell the king and his beautiful wife Zetobaa, taking the San Blas road, followed after. Profound peace brooded over the summer plains and as the royal travelers pursued their way they found it hard to realize that the end of their rule was nigh at hand. As they reached the edge of the great lagoon a robust boatman emerged from the gloom.

Another moment and they were seated in his canoe. The pallid moon shone on the distant horizon, the dark waters of the lake were reflected in changing colors on the sides of the silent craft, and away in the distance the Heart of the Kingdom reared her lofty head; an enormous rock illumined on one side by the last rays of the setting moon, holy Monapoxtiac, where dwelt the god of their hopes.

The canoe bearing the royal pair reached the hallowed shore. They made their way up the steep ascent to the Enchanted Cave. In those silent precincts, in that cavern fragrant with copal recently burned in honor of the god whose shrine it was, Alarii at the head of the priests and ancients awaited his master. He entered and all saluted him with reverence.

"I have come to you," the king began, seating himself upon the throne which awaited him, "to cast in your faces your injustice and ill-considered zeal for my person. True it is that I have submitted to baptism, but false are the motives which have been imputed to me. You, my people, should know me better. I have but submitted that I might the better conceal my real intentions from the eyes of our oppressors. Later, when circumstances permit, I will sound the alarm, call you to arms, and we will revindicate our honor, stained by the enemies of our country and our gods."

The congregation bowed their heads in token of respect and adhesion and the king departed, leaving the leaders of the people satisfied.

While Cosijopii busied himself with rearranging the administration of the kingdom in conformity with the new order of things, the conqueror spent his time in military expeditions, sometimes against the Chontals, passing by way of

Pancha, a Belle of Santa Maria

A Tehuana in Middle Life

A Tehuantepec Maid Decked with U. S. Gold Coins

Jalapa, and at other times against the towns of the Huaves; with the object of reducing all to the Spanish allegiance and filling his coffers with booty.

As a reward for his services and to prevent further trouble between Cosijopii and the lord of Jalapa, Cortez gave Alavarado the following encomienda, which I give verbatim as throwing much light upon the manner in which the Castilian dealt with Indians in those days. The document runs as follows:

> "Cedula depositing in trust with Pedro de Alvarado the towns of Tututepec and Jalapa and other towns—By these presents are entrusted to you, Pedro de Alvarado, a citizen of Villa de Segura de la Frontera, the lords and inhabitants of the town of Tututepec, with Quisquitale, Apichagua, Chacaltepeque, Centepeque, Teteltongo, and Chila, which are subject to it, and the lord and natives of Jalapa, that they may serve and aid you on your estates, agreeable to the ordinances which have been and may be made in this matter and with your oversight of the things which concern our holy Catholic faith, exercising in that behalf the care and vigilance possible and necessary. Dated, August 24, A. D. 1522. Hernando Cortez—By order of the great Captain, my lord—Alonzo de Villanueva."

Thus authorized, Alvarado designated a lieutenant to govern the town of Jalapa in his name and apportioned certain towns amongst his principal friends, giving others allotments of land. Visiting Tututepec at a later date he chose for himself a beautiful property at Jamiltepec, now known as the Plain of the Widow.

His presence on the Isthmus being no longer required, toward the end of September he started for Mexico accompanied by Father Olmedo and the prince of Tututepec.

Alvarado did not retain the encomienda for long, for Cortez, learning that it was of great value, took it from him. Tututepec alone had been yielding him fifty pesos daily.

Chapter XXI.

THE PASSING OF ZAACHILA.

IN October of the year 1522 Queen Coyolica, mourning the death of her daughter the Princess Donaji, whom she loved greatly, sickened and died after an illness of seven days in her palace at Zaachila at the age of fifty-four years.

This sad event caused profound sorrow at the court. The aged Cosijoeza wept like a child over the loss of his faithful companion. In his anguish he cried out before his friends: "Stricken down by fate she has gone to the other world, leaving us overwhelmed with sorrow and crushed beneath the heel of the oppressor."

Her remains were laid away with all the pomp of the Zapotec ceremonial in the royal tomb called Zeetobaa. Coyolica had been a model of virtue and fidelity, her many acts of kindness had endeared her to the people of her adopted country, and it was many years before they ceased to mourn the loss of the good queen.

While these events were transpiring in Didjazaa* trouble was brewing in the Tututepec colony of Segura de la Frontera. The colony did not prosper, partly because the natives of the place remained unreconciled to the new order of things and partly because the torrid climate sapped the vitality of the Spaniards and the Indians who had accompanied them from the high plateau. Finally the colonists met in council and,

*Didjazaa: The country of the Zapotecs.

all being in favor of abandoning the place, decided to return to Huaxyacac where living conditions were more suitable.

The removal was effected in November, the colony returning under the leadership of its officers, Gutierrez de Badajoz and Juan Nuñez Cedeño, to Tepeaca, a place adjacent to Huaxyacac, where they set about re-establishing the colony with enthusiasm. The climate of this locality was ideal and they were resolved to settle there and die in the place.

As soon as Cortez was advised of the matter he ordered Diego de Ocampo to proceed as examining magistrate against the authors of this breach of authority. The judge made a thorough investigation and in the end sentenced them all to death; a penalty stayed only through the influence of Father Olmedo, who prevailed upon him to commute the sentence to banishment.

Notwithstanding this the colony remained as founded, thanks to the accession of power of Gonzalo de Salazar and Pedro Almindez Chirinos in 1524. Before Cortez had been long absent from Mexico these men openly declared against him, ordering the colony repeopled and taking from him the principal Zapotec towns, which they declared patrimony of the Crown. In this they did well, for Cortez had appropriated to his own private use practically all the lands now embraced within the State of Oaxaca.

Although Cortez upon his return to Mexico set diligently about the vindication of his rights he was unable to get the colony included in the marquisate which he obtained in July, 1528. The vicissitudes through which Huaxyacac passed were brought to an end in the same year by an event of the greatest importance to the political life of the place. The emperor Charles V sent to the Audiencia of New Spain a cedula of date September 14, 1526, creating the place a royal villa. It

is thought that he left the naming of the new villa to the Audiencia and that through the influence of one of the members it was named Antequera.

The Audiencia sent the cedula to the alcalde, Don Juan Pelaez de Berrio, and the latter caused it to be published with all pomp on July 24, 1529. Later, on April 25, 1532, the emperor by royal cedula signed at Medina del Campo raised the place to the rank of city.

The withdrawal of the colony from Tututepec naturally weakened the Spanish power greatly in that district, but notwithstanding that the conquerors were now few in number they continued to oppress the Indians. This led to the Mixtec revolt of 1523. Their first and only act of vengeance is related as follows: Learning that a party of some forty Spaniards was traveling by way of the coast they started in pursuit of them and, falling suddenly upon them, made them prisoners. After securely binding them they conducted them to a court encircled by an embattled wall of considerable height. More than two thousand Indians surrounded the enclosure and from a safe distance hurled in firebrands upon the Spaniards. Their unfortunate captives in attempting to escape were caught on the merlons of the battlements, upon which they left the bloody imprints of their hands as a testimony to their cruel fate. In the end they realized the impossibility of regaining their freedom and resigning themselves to their fate fell upon their knees, raised their eyes to heaven, and encouraging one-another laid down their lives with Christian fortitude.

When Cortez learned of the occurrence he directed Alvarado to proceed for the second time against Tututepec. The latter entered upon a vigorous campaign against the rebellious

city, in the course of which great numbers of the Indians and not a few Spaniards were slain. Realizing that defeat was certain the Indians finally surrendered at discretion. After this the land remained pacified and the government of Tututepec was entrusted to the son of King Casandoo, whom Alvarado had taken with him to Mexico, Cortez wisely restoring him upon promise of loyalty.

The Mixtecs of the south once more pacified, Alvarado returned to the Valley of Oaxaca where he was well received by the Zapotec lords and especially by King Cosijoeza, who lodged him in his palace and conferred rich gifts upon him.

Profiting by the favorable opportunity thus afforded Father Olmedo set about the conversion of the king and his nobles. Cosijoeza to please him, and trusting in the future, outwardly embraced the Christian faith. According to the tradition he was baptized as Don Carlos Cosijoeza, many of the nobles and people following his example.

After this event Alvarado returned to Mexico, well satisfied that in assisting in securing the outward conversion of Cosijoeza he had washed away his own many sins.

The fatal year 1529 witnessed the last of the glory of Zaachila. It was but eight years since the first appearance of the Castilians in the Valley of Oaxaca, but what a change those years had witnessed. The Spaniard, we are told, filled the land with rapine, robbery, and extermination. The native lords were powerless. Their power and glory were submerged by the waves of conquest and they could but wait futilely for the day that should free the land from their oppressors.

Prince Naatipa, the heir apparent, married, taking as his consort the beautiful Guielachi, daughter of Baaloo, lord

of Tlacochahuaya. That he might add brilliancy to his wedding the prince invited Zapotecs and Spaniards alike. An immense crowd gathered at the house of Baaloo and the entertainment was magnificent. There was joy and good feeling without limit, and all rejoiced.

But presently a commotion arose among the guests; they seized their arms, they fought, and many Indians and some Spaniards were slain, among the first being the young prince, the hope of his race, who on the third day after his marriage was buried with great pomp by those who had been invited to his wedding feast.

Thus runs the current tradition but the actual facts are shrouded in mystery. Burgoa, the historian of Oaxaca, affirms that the prince died of his extreme lasciviousness. Carriedo follows him in this particular. But I adhere to Gracida's belief that he was purposely killed by the Spaniards, who were determined to remove the royal line of Zaachila from their path, cost what it might, that their dominion might be made secure; for the kings of Zaachila were the only ones who might have made war with any prospect of driving the invaders from Mexico.

This sad event deeply affected Cosijoeza and the Zapotec nation, who were dumfounded at losing their future king in a manner so tragic.

And now the end of Didjazaa was near. Cosijoeza, without the ascendancy of former times, shorn of the powers which he had inherited from his predecessors, old and full of sorrow because one by one he had seen the members of his family pass away, was stricken down at his palace in the year 1529 at the age of seventy-two years.

His last words were: "My subjects' faith in Heaven will resign them to bear the orphanage in which I leave them, and me to the peace of the future life."

His death was bewailed by all the Zapotecs, who saw the Zaachilan monarchy extinguished with the passing of this famous king, the honor of his race and the bulwark of its liberties. On the third day his funeral took place in conformity with the national rites. Very early in the morning the procession set forth for Mitla. A company of the royal guards led the way with a military band playing solemn strains in token of mourning. A multitude of functionaries and civil and judicial officials followed in the order of their rank; and behind these a choir of singers, chanting poetical lamentations and recounting the achievements and wonderful exploits of the defunct monarch. After this came another band of music, and then the priests in their orders. Next came the nobility, taking precedence according to rank and bearing in their midst the body of the deceased king in a magnificent sedan chair.

The dead potentate, sitting bolt upright, was dressed in his richest robes and adorned with precious jewels, necklaces of gold, and massy bracelets. On his arm he bore the shield and in his right hand the spear which he had carried in battle.

The procession closed with more members of the royal household and another detachment of the bodyguard, followed by people from the city of all classes and conditions.

At certain intervals along the way funeral fanes had been erected, at which the priests, halting the procession, celebrated the Office of the Dead.

They reached Liobaa* and the highpriest, followed by the other religious, received the body and, conducting it with ceremonies and chants, placed it in the vault prepared for the purpose and left him buried in the pantheon of his forefathers.

*The Zapotec name for Mitla. The word signifies, according to Burgoa, "Place of Rest." It is believed that the correct rendering was Yoopaa, "House of Burial."

Since by the death of Cosijoeza the throne of Zaachila was left without a legitimate claimant, for they could not elevate Cosijopii by reason of his having accepted the throne of Tehuantepec, the principal lords of the realm gathered in council to consider what might best suit their interests. A long and hot discussion followed. Some proposed the brother of Cosijoeza, while others contended that it was useless to elect a king since they already had a sovereign who neither regarded the ancient lords of the soil nor permitted them to exercise authority, and that thus it would be better to remain without a king who would be such in name only.

After wavering for some time between these two opinions they finally came to decision, as men will in such cases, more to experiment in a strange case than to accept either plan propounded with so much eloquence by the orators of the occasion.

Recollecting the terms of friendship upon which they had always lived with Ocoñana, king of Tilantongo, they chose as their ruler the second son of that Mixtec lord, Don Juan de Aguilar, who accepted the throne and entered upon the government of Didjazaa amid general satisfaction. But Spanish policy viewed all exercise of real authority by the native kings with disfavor, and as a consequence he was gradually stripped of his powers. In disgust, he abdicated the royal authority, which passed to the Zapotec chieftain, Don Luis de Velasco, heir in the direct line to the crown of Zaachila, and afterwards to Don Antonio, as governors of the Indians; after which the office was suppressed and the realm became an integral part of the Spanish crown.

After that the people of Zaachila wisely refrained from choosing a king. It is related that in 1672 the lineal descend-

ant of Cosijoeza in the fifth degree lived in a state of abject poverty, and Burgoa tells us that out of pity the convent was accustomed to pass him out a plate of food to keep him from starvation.

Chapter XXII.

THE FALL OF COSIJOPII.

FOLLOWING the course agreed upon with his people Cosijopii had, from the very beginning of the preaching of the Gospel at Tehuantepec, pretended to be a most devout adherent of the Catholic faith which he had ostensibly embraced; so much so, in fact, that he actually bore the expense of constructing the church and convent of Santo Domingo in that city.

From the year 1544 until the dedication of the church in 1550 the fathers Gregorio Beteta and Bernardo of Albuquerque ceased not to praise the generous king who supplied their every want from his abundant resources and everything needed for the erection of the buildings. Even after it was finished he presented the church with many articles of value for its ornamentation and proper upkeep, for which Father Bernardo commended him publicly.

But notwithstanding the favors which he had showered upon the church, its ministers, and the Spaniards generally, he was doomed to fall the victim of the one or the other. Let the reader read the history of his fall and decide which. It matters little.

Now Cosijopii possessed through the tribute paid him great riches which he scattered with the utmost liberality among his people, and from this in great measure sprang his popularity and power. This the conquerors perceived and they determined to take the kingdom from him as the only

means whereby the flow of tribute into his coffers might be stayed. This was the source of his downfall.

We must explain this matter of the tribute more fully. Cortez had left the king in the enjoyment of a part of his wealth, but the amount was barely sufficient to maintain his family and establishment, even in a manner which ill comported with his rank. Notwithstanding this the viceroys still further reduced his income to such an extent that it no longer sufficed to meet the ordinary expenditures. In fact, in 1555 the Viceroy Luis de Velasco approved a decision made the year before by the Visitor of the Marquis of the Valley (Cotez), reducing Cosijopii's annual rents to one hundred pesos.

This contemptible action, taken in utter disregard of the feelings of the friend and protector of the Spaniards, wounded Cosijopii deeply, but he resigned himself without a murmur, trusting that in the end his good works would be rewarded.

Now the big-hearted Zapotecs could illy brook this treatment of their king. They were no longer legally obligated to pay tribute to him, for the tribute was imposed by the conquerors; but when they beheld their king in such straightened circumstances their loyal hearts revolted, and rich and poor came flocking with their substance. This source of income, in its nature precarious, besides wounding the natural pride of the deposed monarch awakened anew the suspicions of the conquerors, who determined to make an end of him.

The king's poverty compelled him finally to accept the gifts of his people but, well aware of the danger involved, he resorted to cunning, managing the matter with such circumspection that for many years it remained a secret to the Spaniards.

The constant intercourse of Cosijopii with his faithful people, for the greater part still idolatrous, kept alive the remembrance of his past glory and led him to view his fallen state with secret chagrin. Such bitterness of spirit urged him toward that act of apostasy upon which an unforseen event determined him.

Mitla having been occupied by the Spaniards, her priests were no longer able to exercise their functions at that sanctuary, and so it came to pass that they removed with their idols to Tehuantepec. The huijatoo, that is to say, the Great Watchtower, the copabitoo or Guardians of the Gods, and the subordinate ministers of the cult presented themselves at the palace and begged asylum of the king. Cosijopii was caught in a dilemma. While on the one hand he could not receive the old gods into his house without proving traitor to his baptismal vows, on the other hand his noble heart rebelled against the thought of casting out the old priests, once held in so great respect but now, alas, so unfortunate.

After weighing the matter for some time he finally decided to receive them and directed that the idols be housed in a little frequented hall of the palace. There, at dead of night, surrounded by a number of the faithful who entered by stealth, the priests continued to offer the customary sacrifices. Thus did Cosijopii apostatize.

It seems wellnigh incredible, but these idolatrous practices remained a secret for some years; nor would they have been discovered had it not been for the greed of a certain Spaniard. This individual had observed that Cosijopii frequently gave largess to the poor, from which he inferred that the king possessed secret sources of revenue. Now the king seldom shared his riches with the conquerors and the Spaniard realized that he himself had nothing to expect from his bounty.

A Full Blood Zapotec of San Geronimo

A Zapotec Type with Elaborately Embroidered Dress

What he could not gain through the benevolence of the monarch he determined to achieve by craft and deceit.

Keeping a close watch, the Spaniard was not long in ascertaining that many Indians stealthily congregated at night at the house of Cosijopii. Judging that the time had arrived to possess himself of a share of the royal treasure, he dressed himself in native costume, and sneaking along the darkest streets made his way toward the palace. He experienced no difficulty in gaining admission. His costume and perfect command of the Zapotécan tongue proved an open sesame, and he soon found himself mingling freely with the humble worshipers at the shrine of the forbidden gods.

The hopes he had entertained were not realized, for he was unable to share in the liberalities of the king who was at the time dispensing gifts at some distance; but he witnessed the homage paid the ancient gods.

Possessed of an important secret, the Spaniard thought that if he could but guard it his fortune was made; and in this he was right. But unfortunately for him, and still more so for Cosijopii, he was not the man to keep the secret; for his silence, being based upon interest and not upon principle, could not endure. And thus it came about that from certain hints which he let drop relative to the discovery which he had made, the vicar of the place, Friar Bernardo de Santa Maria, was led to entertain strong suspicions of the king's infidelity.

Actuated by more honorable motives but with no less determination the priest set about unearthing the mysteries connected with the king's palace. Since it would have been impossible for him to gain admission without being recognized, he made use of the fiscal, an Indian much attached to him, whom he carefully instructed as to the precautions which he must take to avoid recognition.

The fiscal, totally unconscious of the fact that he was about to play the part of traitor to his king and executioner of liberty of conscience, acceded to the friar's request. He went from the priest's house by night, entered the palace as one of the initiates, saw what took place in the secret chamber, and stealthily and swifty departing returned to the priest and told what he had seen.

Having secured the evidence against Cosijopii, Father Bernardo went straightway to the chief justice and addressed him in this wise: "I beseech your Honor's powerful assistance. The Church is in grave danger, for I have just discovered that King Cosijopii, besides that he continues to attend the ancient rites in the Enchanted Cave on Monapoxtiac, permits the meeting of Indians in his palace at night to offer up adoration to the heathen gods."

"It is well," the justice gravely replied, "keep up the good work of unearthing this idolatry and you will earn a crown of glory in the world to come. I assure you my constables will not lose sight of the matter. Go without fear, my father, and trust in my zeal and efficiency to do whatever the service of God and our king requires." And the lawyer eyed the ecclesiastic narrowly as the latter took his departure.

Friar Bernardo was far from being satisfied with the judge's assurance. It was evident to him that the judge had a warm spot in his heart for Cosijopii and that he looked upon infidelity with a tolerant eye. So the priest talked the matter over with the alcalde and they fixed upon a day to surprise Cosijopii in the very act. It would then be impossible for anyone to shield him.

A few days later the alcalde and vicar again met at the convent and with them various residents of Tehuantepec who were to attend as witnesses, and with an escort of armed

men set out silently at the hour of midnight for the palace. They entered the great court without being seen. Reconnoitering the halls of the palace by the light issuing from certain windows they discovered the place of worship. Gazing through the windows of the secret chamber they beheld what passed within.

An idol surmounted a high altar illumined by the light of many torches. At its feet Cosijopii, clad in a robe of white and wearing a golden miter, performed the functions of highpriest. Acolytes (Vijanes) received from the worshipers the turkeys and other victims and carried them to the priests of Mitla, who at once decapitated them, dying their hands in their blood. Braziers and censers also burned, filling the hall with the fragrant odor of copal.

Through the midst of the astonished natives the friar made his way, advancing with grave mien the full length of the hall. The altar reached, he and his companions turned and faced the assembly. The surprise was so great that no one thought either of resistance or flight. The alcalde conducted the six miserable priests to jail while Friar Bernardo spirited the king away to his convent.

The priest gave his noble prisoner every care and attention, nor could he have done less, for, besides other motives, he was moved by the most imperative considerations of gratitude. Cosijopii had employed the remnants of his fortune in constructing the magnificent church and convent of Tehuantepec, the same convent in which he now found himself a prisoner. Long and earnestly the two discussed the matter, the friar laboring to persuade the king to renounce his idols and admit his errors, and the king contending that as he had paid the tribute and shared his wealth with the Spaniards they ought to leave him in peace with the gods of his choice.

The news that the king had been imprisoned spread like wildfire and caused great excitement among the Zapotecs. From distant parts of the kingdom contingents poured into the city and joining the inhabitants of the place threatened the Spanish power. The spirit of revolt spread rapidly.

A few days after the arrest a great multitude gathered before the convent and with wild cries and menaces demanded the king's release. The Spanish residents were stricken with terror and the monks hurried about in great confusion, not knowing what to do. Every moment the situation grew more tense and all were persuaded that the scene would terminate in blood.

In this extremity Friar Bernardo approached the king and begged him to calm the people, at the same time assuring him that, rather than set him at liberty, he was prepared to die at his side. The king listened patiently to the plea of him who had, through his own foolish attempt to bind the conscience of another, provoked the tumult, and then consented; but before passing out to speak to the people he said:

"Priest, I have been to my people a true father and they would not be my children if, seeing me yesterday king and today a miserable prisoner, they were not prepared to die in my defense. If I, once feared and respected by my neighbors, find myself treated like a very felon, what though I have yielded my throne to your king, what have my people to hope from you and yours? But let us go. I will speak to my people and they will obey me and return to their homes."

This just reproach failed to touch the bigoted heart of Friar Santa Maria who, full of joy at the success of his plea, went to communicate to the alcalde and monks the fact that Cosijopii had consented to address the people. They surrounded the king and led him forth to the court of the con-

vent where most of the people were assembled. The latter, when they saw him, redoubled their menacing cries, at the same time manifesting their sorrow for the king by shrieks which moved even the hearts of his captors.

The king lifted his hand and a hush fell upon the multitude. Repressing the anger in his heart he addressed them on this wise: "I well know the fidelity, gratitude, and love of my people and am satisfied there is no one among you who would knowingly aggravate my affliction. I have long since told you that the kingdoms of this land must come to an end with the arrival of certain strangers, to whose dominion we would be subjected. This was foretold by the powers above whom it is not lawful to resist. Now it has come to pass."

"I desire to ease the burden of my misfortune, which has been softened through the goodness of these priests. You will not aid by your clamors; rather, if you commit excesses, my condition will be made worse and you yourselves will receive chastisements which will add to my sufferings. Convinced that you love me, I charge you to submit to the new order of things and keep the peace."

As soon as he had ceased speaking he returned to the monks and entered the convent, leaving the people sad but silent.

The passions of the populace calmed, the friars set about convincing Cosijopii of his errors. The bishop, Bernardo de Albuquerque, an old friend of the prisoner, learned of the matter and without loss of time sent two religious commissaries to Tehuantepec with the advice that in matters of this nature it was ever better to resort to charity than to invoke justice.

The judges arrived and visited Cosijopii. They saluted him in a friendly manner and informed him of the commission with which the bishop had entrusted them. After the reading of the charge the king said:

"I except to the charge and interpose a challenge to your jurisdiction, upon the ground that I am both a friend of the bishop and a king of the land. The trial of my alleged crime pertains to the crown of Spain, to which I appeal my case."

By this plea he freed himself from the ecclesiastical jurisdiction which he rightly viewed with horror. Had he been able to penetrate the future he might have decided otherwise; for as we shall see, he gained nothing by the appeal, and it is quite possible that the church would have strained a point in his favor. But this was withheld from his sight.

The matter now passed to the Royal Audience. The authorities at Tehuantepec were instructed to produce Cosijopii to answer the charge and they so informed the king. He answered that he was prepared to see the case through to the bitter end.

The next day the king set out for Mexico. As he passed through the cities and villages of the land over which he had ruled for so many years the populace received him with every mark of respect and love, offering their persons and wealth to save him, for he was the idol of their hearts. The Spaniards also greeted him with respect, not merely on account of his noble descent, but also because of his true worth, demonstrated on many an occasion.

He arrived at Mexico and the Royal Audience opened the hearing. For more than a year he was kept waiting and finally, in 1563, Spanish justice pronounced sentence, brutally ignoring the many services which this magnanimous king had

rendered the Spaniard and condemning him to the loss of his towns, his office of Governor of the Indians, and his revenues.

This barbarous treatment wounded Cosijopii to the quick, but he repressed his resentment and set out for his former kingdom. On reaching the town of Nejapa he sustained an attack of cerebral congestion from which death speedily ensued, thus terminating his days in a tragic manner in conformity with the gloomy prognostications pronounced at his birth.

While in Mexico he had given indications of having repented of his apostasy and in Nejapa immediately upon falling ill called for a priest to reconcile him to the Church, but death intervened and he passed away without having received the last sacrament.

His companions, the six priests of Mitla, better called the six Masters, who had remained in the power of the ecclesiastical authorities, were tried and being found impenitent were relaxed to the secular arm; and whether the venerable Cosijopii died of congestion of the brain or of poison administered by his guards, certain it is that these unfortunate priests, to the eternal disgrace of their judges, were executed in solemn auto de fé. The tribunal of the Inquisition brought them forth with ropes about their necks, penitential robes, black veils, and scourges in their hands, and they were consigned to the flames.

It was the death-blow to the religion of the He-Who-Sees-It-All, the "It is finished" of the doom foretold by Pezelao the oracle of Heaven, regarding Guixepecocha.

Friar Bernardo reaped little joy from what he had done. Doubts struggled within him and gave him no rest. Should he have surprised Cosijopii in his palace as he had done, or

ought he to have proceeded more in the spirit of charity and used gentler measures for his conversion? We marvel not that these thoughts should have assailed him; the wonder is that they came so late.

Continued toil for the welfare of the Indians served in a measure to divert his mind from these harrassing thoughts; but even in the midst of his labors the bitter recollection of the past assailed him. Consumed by remorse, his health gave way. He removed to Jalapa (which lies above Tehuantepec in the mountains), hoping that a change of climate would mend matters, and there he died.

The Indians had received so many marks of kindness from the friar that they forgot their resentment. They greatly lamented his departure from Tehuantepec and when he died, removing his remains to the latter place, gave them honorable burial. Verily their hearts were ripe in mercy, for had it been thy servant he had not found it in his heart to forgive the priest, nay, not even in the last day.

But a little remaineth and our tale is told. Cosijopii had three legitimate children born to him of Zeetobaa, known after the conquest as Doña Magdalena, Don Felipe, and Don Hernando, and one natural daughter whose name has not been preserved.

Doña Magdalena, legitimate heir to the throne of Tehuantepec, was in the Zapotecan tongue called Donaji. She was renowned for her beauty, discreet, a good Christian and, like her father, generous to a fault. Her people loved her exceedingly and stood in such awe of her that they humbled themselves before her and dared not look her in the face as she passed by. Of this princess history records two incidents which cast no uncertain light upon her character.

The first is this: On the occasion of the good Bishop Albuquerque making a visit to Tehuantepec in 1560, this noble lady begged audience of him. The prelate having set the hour, she proceeded to the parish house accompanied by two hundred persons of rank, dressed in all the splendor and majesty of the ancient kings. The bishop received her with great benevolence. She saluted him with respect and was about to kneel to kiss the pastoral ring, but the prelate restrained her, saying: "Madam, I cannot permit such an act from one of your rank." To which she responded: "I have come to you that I might thank you for the labors which you have undertaken on behalf of my people. In recognition of such services, and in their name, I now present you with these precious tiger skins, this beautiful plumage, and these jewels of gold."

The bishop accepted the tiger skins only, bidding the princess divide the gold amongst the poor. This generous act completely captivated Doña Magdalena, who took leave of the bishop and returned home greatly pleased.

The other incident is this: Silencing the voice of her just resentment after the imprisonment of her father, she gave to the Dominican friars for the support of the church the Tehuantepec salt flats; her orchard, a park of fruit trees half a league in extent; her baths, certain springs of crystal pure waters which formed a beautiful pool at a point four leagues from the city, called Laollaga; and, finally, she set aside an ample endowment for the support of the convent.

As to her brothers Felipe and Hernando, who succeeded their father in the government of Tehuantepec, all that is known of them is that with neither the influence nor the talents of Cosijopii, without that ascendency which the remembrance of great achievements gives, and with no other power

than the petty authority conceded by the Spaniards to the governors of the Indians, Felipe and Hernando were little respected or obeyed by their people. Their descendants sank into obscurity.

And now, O son of Abdullah, my tale is told. It were useless to follow the fortunes of this noble people through the centuries of their oppression. Verily Allah ordereth the lives of all creatures by his commandment, according to the Writ which affirmeth the appointed term. But no man knoweth what lurketh for him in the womb of the future, and what the Omniscient hath decreed for him. Nor knoweth any man what the Decree sayeth concerning the Sons of Zaachila. Of a surety it is not written in the Perspicuous Book. Nevertheless it is borne in upon me that Allah will not leave this people without a witness and that the day of the restoration of Zapoteca is at hand. Peace be with thee, my brother, until we meet again.

THE END.

Word List and Index

WORD LIST.

Where the accent is not indicated a Spanish word ending in a vowel or in "n" or "s" is generally accented on the next to the last syllable; if in any other consonant, the accent is on the last syllable.

Aguacate ..... avocado, alligator pear
Alcalde ..... magistrate
Almendra ..... almond
Arroyo ..... a dry watercourse
Balsa ..... raft
Baño ..... bath
Barrio ..... ward
Burro ..... donkey
Caballero ..... gentleman
Calle ..... street
Cantina ..... bar room, saloon
Capitán ..... captain
Carcel ..... jail
Carrancista ..... a partisan of Carranza
Cedula ..... rescript
Centavo ..... a cent, the one-hundredth part of a peso
Cerro ..... mountain, peak
Cervecería ..... brewery
Chica ..... small, a little person or thing
Conforme ..... agreeable, willing
Conquistador ..... conqueror
Cuartel ..... barracks
Dani (Zap) ..... hill
Estero ..... estuary, inlet, coast lagoon
Exploradora ..... troop train

Fiesta ..... feast, holiday
Frijole ..... bean
Guanabana ..... sour sop
Guayacán ..... lignum vitae
Hacendado ..... the owner of an estate
Hormiga ..... ant
Ingenio ..... sugar mill
Istmo ..... Isthmus
Juchiteco ..... a citizen of Juchitan
Loco ..... crazy
Machete ..... corn knife
Mescal ..... a native alcoholic drink
Mestizo ..... mixed-blood
Milpa ..... a corn patch
Oración ..... prayer
Pan ..... bread
Palenquero ..... pole man
Patio ..... house court
Paisana ..... countrywoman, fellow citizen
Perro ..... dog
Peso .....a Mexican dollar, worth at par 50c American money
Pitao (Zap) .....god
Pitaya (Zap) ..... the fruit of species of cactus
Plaza ..... public square
Posada ..... inn; also a Christmas festivity
Presidente .....mayor, village president
Pueblo ..... town
Rancheria .....stock farm, ranch
Refajo ..... wrapper
Robles ..... oak
Salina ..... salt marsh
Sombrero ..... hat

Tehuana..... a woman of Tehuantepec; also used loosely to designate any Zapotec woman of the plains
Tehuano ..... a man of Tehuantepec
Tejocote (Zap) ..... haw
Tierra caliente ..... hot land, hot zone
Tierra templada ..... temperate zone, temperate lands
Venganza ..... vengeance, revenge
Viajero .....traveler, traveling salesman
Zopelote ..... buzzard

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